THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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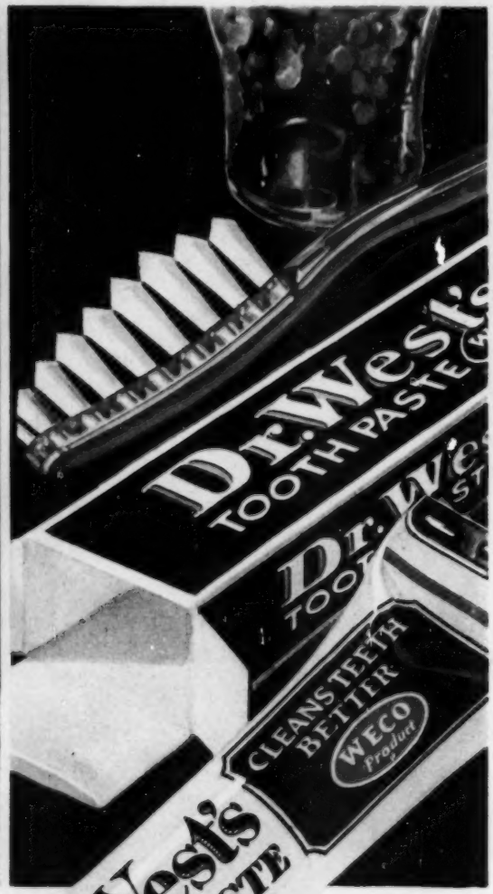
Volume 202, Number 33
Feb. 15, 1930
10c. in Canada
5 cts.

Garet Garrett—Octavus Roy Cohen—Winston Churchill—Louis T. McFadden
Margaret Weymouth Jackson—James Warner Bellah—Alfred Pearce Dennis

5 *out of every* 6 who brush their teeth

Have already tested this delightful modern tooth paste. Its quicker, combined results may pleasantly surprise you, too.



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Why, do you suppose, millions—including most dentists—prefer DR. WEST'S *Toothbrushes?*

This is a quicker, more immediate dentifrice success than any other of which we know.

To people who really want the best available care for their teeth, it may suggest something valuable.

Our figures are approximate, but accurate to the best of our judgment. About 6 million American families brush their teeth. Ten million tubes of this modern tooth paste were sold during its first 100 days.

It suggests a test

Doubtless you now prefer one of the good, standard dentifrices. You *may* continue to prefer it, after a test of DR. WEST'S. Or... *this test may pleasantly surprise you.*

For here is a tooth paste produced by the best modern knowledge and skill. It is backed by the name and reputation—*worth millions!*—of DR. WEST'S Toothbrush makers.

* * *

It acts with uncommon speed. Combines all the desirable results you have sought.

Two-fold polishing (not scouring!) really brightens teeth quickly.

Your mouth is delightfully cooled and refreshed, each time you use it.

Acid conditions are instantly neutralized. Gums are invigorated and protected (no harsh, coarse particles). Staining, sticky deposits are dissolved and removed by purest vegetable cleansers. Every tiny crevice is washed by the generous, cleansing foam.

Try it. See what it *does*. Then see what *you think*.

USE IT TONIGHT

Find out how the unique double polishing gives teeth new brightness

Your favorite store has DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste for you. Two sizes: extra-large 25c tube, and double-quantity 40c tube. These are the largest tubes of any standard dentifrice at the prices. Start using it tonight. Note how it refreshes your mouth, and brightens teeth! The Western Company; Chicago, New York, Toronto.

And this offers another way to make a test

FREE—20 BRUSHINGS

THE WESTERN COMPANY
402 W. Randolph St., Chicago
Send free test of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste to:

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* SEP21330

Roads enough, *soon* enough, *safe* enough

"Good roads at low cost" are a more pressing necessity now than they ever have been before, not excepting the early days of the automobile. The longer we delay the more we must spend—in lives, in time, in money.

ANYTHING that accelerates the coming of enough good roads in this country performs a distinct service for everybody. For, in comparison with the traffic they must carry, good roads are actually becoming scarce in the United States.

The pleasure and relaxation of motoring are menaced by our crowded, traffic-jammed roads. Business is held back by inadequate highway systems. A great insurance company authoritatively reports that automobile accident mortality doubled in 1929 as compared with 1919!

Quantity production—and unprecedented economy—yielded cars enough to clog our roads. Now it will take quantity production—and equally effective economy—to provide roads enough, soon enough, safe enough to relieve the existing conditions.

Every community which approaches this problem with due attention to obtaining maximum mileage, speedy completion and safety, will be irresistibly attracted by Tarvia performance and Tarvia economy.

For 26 years, Tarvia low-cost construction and low-cost maintenance have been applied with memorable success to all types of highways. Tarvia today meets these requirements more impressively than ever—for it will take the utmost economy to provide, even from the stupendous sums available, roads enough, soon enough, safe enough. The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City.

Tarvia
GOOD ROADS at LOW COST

New Modes for Your Table

"The New Elegance": for your dining-room! Fragile, cobwebby flowers: glass delicate as ice-crystals, china heavy with gold.... and, for silverware—the flowerlike *Grosvenor* design of Community Plate—with its reticent and feminine beauty and its unchallengeable poise.... *And you can get a complete service for eight people in this aristocratic design for as little as* $48.00... The tall delicately sculptured tea things (shown on the sideboard) are $50.00 for the three pieces. The waiter is $20.00.

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Independence Square, Philadelphia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D¹ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall, Wesley Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin, Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., and Los Angeles, Cal.

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Volume 202 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., FEBRUARY 15, 1930 | $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) | Number 33

ENERGY, WILD OR TAME

By GARET GARRETT

WHAT is a new thing? Let it be what men mean when they say we are coming now to a gas age, and talk of its transforming effect upon the economic scene. There is suddenly much of that idea, and it is expanding. What of it is new?

When the locating engineers fly from the Louisiana gas fields to St. Louis and lay down an imaginary line on the terrain—that is new. The tractor animals that presently follow the line and ditch it—they are new. The way the pipe is laid in the ditch, the welded steel pipe itself, the great compressor engines that at intervals squeeze the gas and boost it along—these and all the modern means are new. As for the basic idea—namely, to conduct gas in pipes from where the earth vents it to where people may wish to burn it—that is very old.

In 1865, when the oil excitement was running high in Pennsylvania, some men in West Bloomfield, New York, hired to be drilled there a test hole 500 feet deep. They were looking for oil. At a depth of 480 feet the drillers tapped a body of natural gas. It vented itself with such terrific pressure as to make further drilling impossible. Gas, but no oil.

Dawn of the Gas Age

THE gas was lighted and the flame could be seen for many miles around. A pavilion for dancing and dining was hastily built there to turn the spectacle to account. Five years later, Elmira men had an idea that cost them $1,500,000. They bought the well, stopped the flame, and conducted the gas through wooden pipes to Rochester, twenty-five miles away. There they turned it into the local gas mains in place of manufactured gas, but for many reasons, including the failure of the wooden pipes to withstand the pressure, the undertaking was a total loss. Long before this, in some era B.C., the Chinese, boring salt wells, encountered natural gas, piped it away in bamboo and made some economic use of it—to evaporate their brine, perhaps.

COURTESY OF COLUMBIA GAS AND ELECTRIC CORPORATION

A Long-Distance Gas Pipe Line Before the Ditch is Filled In. Over Mountains, Under Rivers, These Lines Now are Running From Far-Away Gas Fields to Cities and Industrial Centers

Well, now, in a very sudden manner and with a kind of pioneer excitement, men are laying steel pipe lines of large diameter from far-away gas fields to the industrial centers. There is one from the gas field of Northern Louisiana to Birmingham and Atlanta, another from the same field to New Orleans, and still another to St. Louis. There is one from the great gas field in the panhandle of Texas to the city of Denver, and there will presently be one from this same field to Chicago. It is not improbable that in a short time natural gas will be delivered in New York City from the fields of West Virginia, 400 miles away. More than 80,000 miles of such pipe lines have already been laid, and this is said to be only the beginning. The country will be crisscrossed with them, as it is with electric high lines. The capital expenditure is enormous.

The development is new, and is bound to have many consequences, most of them uncontrolled. In the idea there is nothing new. Simply, engineering skill and mechanical art have been brought to bear upon the problem of how to distribute a kind of energy which hitherto has been either wastefully and unscientifically used, or neglected altogether. Neglect is a curious fact touching all the problems of gas. Those now talking of the gas age will tell you that what is new—what makes the gas age possible—is that the technical and engineering problems of long-distance transmission have been solved. The case heretofore was that where the earth gave vent to natural gas the immediate quantity was far in excess of any local demand, and yet, because it could not be conducted long distances away, it had to be consumed locally, which meant using it wastefully, if at all. But there was a similar problem in the case of electricity, which at first had to be locally produced and locally consumed. Technically, the problem of long-distance transmission was more difficult to solve for electricity than for gas, and yet it was solved much sooner for electricity. Why? Because gas was without the benefit of the intense scientific thought that brought electricity through. From the time of Faraday down to now, the development of electricity has been in the hands of scientists. The gas industry, on the other hand, has been all this time largely in the hands of technicians.

Our Buried Treasure

CERTAINLY this factor of long-distance distribution is very important. It will enormously increase the availability of gas in cities and industrial centers. But the only result may be that gas for purposes of heat and power will be pressed for sale in a competitive manner against coal, oil and electricity. Such is evidently the motive thought of the gas industry. How to sell gas as gas is its first anxiety. Its trade journals exult if the use of gas increases faster than the use of electricity or at any sign that the competition of gas is causing the electrical industry to worry. The gas industry, they say, is the economic Rip Van Winkle. It has come awake; now the industrial development of the future is bound up with gas. On this line, it is true, heat and power may be cheapened by competition; the gas industry may grow very fast and call itself a new thing, but if that is all that happens, we shall simply go on consuming and wasting energy very much as we have always done, with no more thought than before for what would be an ideal utilization of energy as such, taking into account, first, our total resources and, secondly, the diversities of need, use and convenience in our complex economic structure.

There is nevertheless the true possibility of a new thing. The way to it lies through the secrets we have beguiled Nature to tell us about cosmic quantities of solar energy which, as a chain of hydrocarbons, she buried millions of years ago in the crust of the earth. The members of this chain are coal, oil and gas, and together they constitute our stock and treasure of energy. This is to speak of our world and our time in the modern sense.

There is, of course, energy in wind and water. Windmills and water wheels are the oldest engine forms. Then, also, animal power and man power, representing the conversion

BY COURTESY OF LEWIS COMPRESSOR STATION, UNITED FUEL GAS COMPANY, CLENDENIN, W. VA.

On a Long-Distance Pipe Line There Must be Compression Stations Like This to Squeeze the Gas and Boost it Along

into muscular energy of solar rays caught day by day in vegetation and eaten as fuel by living engines. The horse, the ox, the man himself are living engines.

These resources—wind, water and muscle—sufficed for all civilizations before this one in which we are living. Slaves and beasts of burden were natural engines corresponding to our trucks, tractors, automobiles and locomotives.

What makes our civilization so amazingly different from any other, and what makes this world of ours to be a new place, is the artificial engine. The sound of it now is so universal that it belongs to the earth tone.

And these millions of artificial engines—steam, gas and electric—are simply converting into various forms of mechanical power that chain of hydrocarbons, one solid, one fluid and one gaseous, in which the mysterious thing we name energy was in a cataclysmic manner trapped and buried in the earth long before man knew how to make a fire. It took science several hundred years to discover and disentangle the physical and chemical secrets of coal, oil and gas, and then to see them as a chain.

Now we are able to break them down, manipulate their atomic structures, change them one into another, convert them into light, heat and power at will. We know also how to make one do the work of another, each in its own way.

The three sides of the triangle are not equal. At least that is supposed to be the case; it may be that we suppose it only because one side is measurable and the other two are not. The measurable side is coal. We do not know how much oil and natural gas we have. We cannot measure them. They lie in porous domes anywhere from a few hundred feet to a mile or more deep in the crust of the earth. When a hole is bored to them, they gush forth of their own pressure. At the top of the well hole man captures and imprisons them again, conducts them away in pipes, and cunningly obliges them to do his work.

The Smoke Nuisance in 1580

COAL is the inert member, the solid base, of the triangle, and has to be dug out of the earth. It is in many senses more important than either oil or gas, since it contains in itself the chemistries of the other two. Neither from oil nor gas is it possible to obtain coal. But from coal may be derived both oil and gas, besides nitrogen for plant food and a by-product of tar from which we get dyes, drugs, flavors and perfumes.

Coal is probably the most important substance existing in the earth. For purposes of our civilization it certainly is so, and through it lies the natural approach to an understanding of the great hydrocarbon chain that heats and lights the modern world and drives its mechanisms.

Coal is first mentioned in England in the ninth century. Its crude uses must have been very slowly found out, for it is not until 400 years later that it begins to be burned in London. Then there is a royal proclamation against it, because of the smell. Nevertheless, it continues to be burned. In the year 1580 Queen Elizabeth forbids its use during sessions of Parliament, out of consideration for "the health of the knights of the shires during their abode in the metropolis." Already the smoke nuisance.

There came a moment during the next one hundred years when it occurred to someone to ask, "What is coal smoke?"

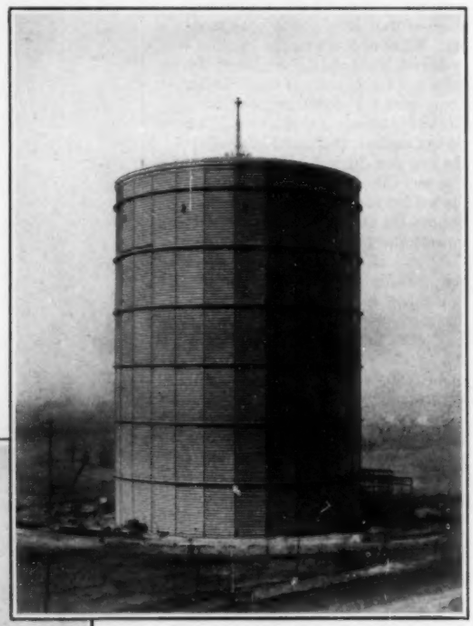
How pregnant a simple question may be! Out of this one came gas and tar from coal smoke; then from the ugly tar came the synthetic color range, the aromatic series, many drugs which we would not like to be without, and there remained a residue of coke, which is the char of coal, like the char of wood, which we call charcoal. Its value is that it burns with a fierce, smokeless heat.

But this took a long time. First, in 1609, the chemist Van Helmont discovered that from combustion—from the burning of anything—arose an invisible body, which he sincerely named "*Geist*," meaning "Ghost"—the ghost of what is burned. From *Geist* comes our word "gas." This was before anybody knew the chemical composition of the air we breathe, or why anything—a stick of wood or lump of coal—burned at all. Fifty years later, at Lancashire, England, a Doctor Clayton captured the ghost of coal, imprisoned it in a vessel and ignited it. In our time a comparable discovery would be turned almost at once to some practical use. At that time there was no current news of science. Laboratory experiments were not published in technical journals and popular magazines.

Putting the Ghost of Coal to Work

MORE than one hundred years after the ghost of coal had been proved at Lancashire to be an inflammable, luminous gas, a teacher of chemistry at Louvain University materialized the same ghost and lighted it as an experiment before his class. In one whole century nothing practical had happened. However, the time was near. In 1802 William Murdoch gave a public display of gaslighting in London to celebrate the Peace of Amiens, and three years later there is the record of the first gas works, at Manchester, to light a cotton mill. Suddenly people began to talk of burning air.

There was tremendous excitement about it. Napoleon called it a grand folly. Sir Walter Scott wrote a letter to a distant friend telling him how the world was going mad, for some men were proposing to light the streets of London with—what did he suppose?—smoke. Nevertheless, the madmen did it. The streets of London broke out in gaslight about 1807. Before the end of that decade gaslighting had appeared in this country. The first American gas company was one at Baltimore, in 1816. Boston was second and New York was third. When Samuel Leggett, at No. 7, Cherry Street, New York, lighted his dwelling with gas, crowds gathered to gaze at his windows.



The Newest Type of Waterless Gas Holder, With a Capacity of More Than Five Million Cubic Feet of Gas

The next seventy-five years may be called the gas-illuminated age of the world. Gaslight all that time was superior to any other, even with the gas burning as a raw flame in the open air. Technical progress in the art of manufacture was rapid enough; inventive thought concerning use was slow. For nearly three generations there was no improvement in the gaslight burner. It was merely a slotted nipple at the end of a pipe. Gradually gas began to be used for heat, and then for power. An internal-combustion engine was invented to run on gas direct. But by that time it was already too late. People were turning to liquid fuel—petroleum, that is to say—and were very soon to embrace electricity.

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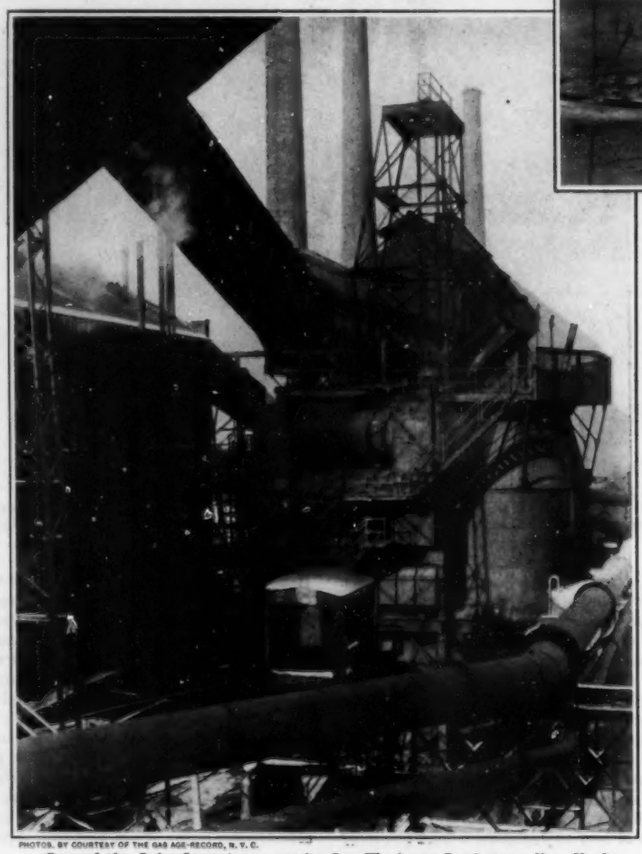

PHOTOS. BY COURTESY OF THE GAS AGE-RECORD, N. Y. C.

One of the Coke Containers at the Gas Works at Rochester, New York

CONVALESCENT FINANCE

Surgery may remove a health-sapping growth from the body, but it is a shock to the system, nevertheless.

By LOUIS T. McFADDEN

Chairman, Committee on Banking and Currency, U. S. House of Representatives

OUR financial patient had, with sheer lack of proper preparation on the part of some of the attending physicians and surgeons, been permitted to lapse into perilous unconsciousness. A series of major operations removed, perhaps, "a health-sapping growth," but the shock to the system was obvious, nevertheless. The wheeze of the pulmotor sounded through the sick room. The attention of 20,000,000 of our people was fastened upon the patient. Illness, followed by the surgeon's knife, had resulted in the loss of $26,000,000,000 on the value of stock-exchange listings alone, as estimated by financial experts.

This did not include the value of depreciation of shares of stock dealt in on the curb exchange, or the over-the-counter market; nor did it include listed bonds dealt in on all three of these exchanges; nor did it include securities on other stock exchanges than the New York Exchange. The probable loss in values was easily between forty and fifty billion dollars, or in excess of the entire cost of the World War to the United States, which is estimated by Bogart as being thirty-two billion dollars. Now these were good, red, monetary corpuscles which were lost within a period of two to three weeks. Entirely too much for our patient to lose, and yet I feel that he will survive unless he is to be subjected again, too frequently and too recklessly, to those major operations which, in my humble judgment, have been too ill-directed and too ill-advised.

COURTESY OF KENNEDY & COMPANY

Wall Street. From an Etching by B. J. O. Nordfeldt

The Easy-Money Market

OUR patient had gone through a speculative debauch. The family physician—namely, the Federal Reserve—persisted in cure-alls which, certainly in the light of our patient's subsequent condition, were neither practical nor beneficial. Despite this, I am hopeful that our patient will recover. Convalescence may be rapid or slow. It all depends, in my judgment, upon the successful application of more modern and sensible methods as to whether our patient may be fully restored to health. Fever may recur intermittently; temperature may rise or fall, as one high New York financial authority pointed out in the midst of our patient's crisis; and we shall certainly find our patient, for some time to come, showing the effects of the disease suffered and the operation undergone. But by all means let us all join in assisting our patient back to health, in getting him back upon his feet again, and in devising ways and means to prevent any relapse in the future!

How may this best be accomplished?

1. Operate the Federal Reserve System for the benefit of all the people of the United States.

2. Keep away from the international bank and its many possible alliances.

3. Have competent and intelligent management, free from international domination.

4. Have a united banking system where national and state banks operate in entire harmony.

5. Operate the stock markets honestly, for the benefit of all traders, free from manipulation of insiders, with ample physical, mechanical and financial equipment to function in times of stress as well as under normal conditions.

Most of the lessons of the financial upheavals of the past three years have apparently been lost upon those intrusted with the management of the Federal Reserve System. Or have some of these lessons been ignored purposely? When, in 1927, the system was plunged into a questionable policy of easy, or cheap, money, the Reserve Banks were permitted to increase their holdings of United States Government securities from $253,896,000 on May eleventh of that year, to $627,403,000 on January fourth of the following year. They were also permitted to run up their holdings of acceptances from $183,217,000 on June 22, 1927, to $387,131,000 on January 4, 1928. All this was done deliberately to compel an export of gold, on the pretext that the sending of large quantities of this precious metal would assist our European friends to reëstablish themselves more firmly upon a gold basis. This changed policy not only made money cheap in the United States through the lowering of the discount rate and open-market operations but resulted in the exportation of $500,000,000 worth of gold from this country. The Federal Reserve management, in order to accomplish this, released a larger amount of credit than was necessary to attain its objective. It must have been thoroughly aware of the risk involved in the release of so vast an amount of credit, aside from the exportation of so much gold—namely, the use of these funds for speculative purposes. Of course we were told that the Federal Reserve management was prompted by a desire to conserve the best interests of the American people by getting the world back to a gold basis and thereby enabling trade relations and settlements to proceed in an orderly manner. We were assured that the Federal Reserve management could and would deal with the speculative situation, if and when it developed; that it would not permit such a situation to get out of hand. Which is just the reverse of what did happen subsequently.

Hardly had the echoes of the market crash of last fall begun to die away when there appeared, early in December last, a Federal Reserve statement which revealed gold exports of $10,977,000 during the preceding week; $9,269,000 of which went to France and $1,341,000 to Sweden. In addition, $6,000,000 more gold was earmarked for foreign account, making a combined loss of nearly $17,000,000. But this was not all. Two other shipments of gold for London alone, aggregating $21,000,000, were announced—the first since May, 1928. During the month of November last the export movement of gold from this country was reported by the New York Federal Reserve Bank at $30,000,000, of which $14,500,000 went to France, $5,010,000 to Poland, and $10,002,000 to Switzerland. As this is written, a total of $85,000,000 has been exported to December thirtieth, and additional heavy gold exports are in prospect, which promise to deplete further the gold stock of this country. Many observers predict that a total of $250,000,000 will be exported during the next few months. Just to what extent this movement will again affect our economic and financial situation remains to be seen. We know that on December eleventh last the stock market was deeply disturbed by the heavy outflow of gold, and a severe break in prices was caused thereby.

The Federal Reserve Policy

AFTER referring to the unfortunate easy-money policy of the Federal Reserve Board in 1927, the Financial Chronicle, among the leading financial journals, in my judgment, in this country, stated the situation clearly in its issue of December fourteenth last:

> Are we to assume that the Reserve Banks are engaged in another attempt to force gold out of this country? We imagine the Reserve Banks, if now charged with such a purpose, would vehemently deny the allegation. And yet, such is unquestionably the working of the policy they are pursuing in keeping the Reserve credit outstanding, for which there is no call in trade through large purchases of government securities and bankers' acceptances.

As it happens, the huge outflow of the metal is now exercising a disturbing effect. This week's renewed decline on the stock market, which, be it remembered, is no longer in an inflated condition, indicates how the financial markets are viewing the matter. There can be no doubt that if this feeling persists trade and industry are destined for further recession, whereas what is needed is an injection of confidence in the business world, so that industrial activity shall, as nearly as possible, be fully maintained and unemployment of the laboring population be kept down to a minimum. In this sense, Reserve policy is directly in conflict with the purpose and endeavors of President Hoover in the numerous conferences he has had with leaders in the industrial, agricultural, financial, and banking world, and the plans he has set in motion for giving effect to his endeavors. For this reason alone, Federal Reserve policy should be changed, if for no other. Federal Reserve credit should only go out, and should only remain out, in response to the needs of trade as reflected by direct borrowing on the part of the member banks. The open-market operations of the Federal Reserve Banks are a meddlesome interference with the natural functioning of the Federal Reserve System, and should be discontinued for the benefit of all concerned. The fact that the holdings of United States Government securities this week are $386,934,000 against only $135,704,000 on October twenty-third, and that the

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THE POLISHED ENGINE

He Looked Out of the Window. His Heart Was Sore. Joan Had Come Out and Stood Talking to Her Father

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

THE trouble with you fellows down here," said Paul Edwards, as he stepped back, tack hammer in hand, and surveyed with pride the great bunting sign he had just nailed over his brand-new place of business, "is that you haven't any modern business methods."

"So that's it," said Walnut, citizen of Hilltown, and newly employed mechanic for Edwards, who had arrived from the capital of the state the week before.

"Yes," explained Paul. "You're still selling cars down here in the sticks as you were trading horses fifty years ago. Look at Mr. Fox, across the street there."

"I'm looking," said Walnut, regarding with a gleam the fat proprietor of the Spate Garage and Car Agency.

"He just sits there in the sun, like Bernard Shaw taking a sun bath. He doesn't half know what's going on. Leaves practically the whole business to his young daughter. A successful car dealer has to be up and doing. He's got to have snap. Verve! That's a good word, now. It ought to be easy to sell cars around here, with a few modern business methods applied. The county is undersold. It's way below its quota. Nothing but Spates and flivvers sold around here for the last ten years. And there's plenty of money around. The farmers have it. And look at the pay rolls. There's the farm paper, and the mill, and the quarries—for a little county seat there's wonderful possibilities. That's what buys cars—incomes!"

"Yeah," said Walnut unbelievingly. He pulled his canvas cap a little farther down over one eye and looked at his new employer with bright, sardonic eyes. He didn't say much, ever.

His alert, pointed face, stubborn and professionally protesting, his large, grease-blackened hands, his faded and stained coveralls, at present clean, were the inevitable accompaniment of his skeptical voice, sign manual of a great fraternity—the garage mechanic. He, too, looked up at the new sign. It read, in great crimson-and-black letters on a snowy banner:

GROVER CARS AT POPULAR PRICES

"Old Grover Cleveland would turn over in his grave to know that anything as Republican as this here, now, car was named for him," said Walnut. "And anyhow, you don't need no sign, Blondy. There's nobody within ten miles of Hilltown that don't know you're started in a car sales agency here this week. They all know how many cars you brought down from the state distributor, and what they cost delivered. They know you've been a salesman for Mortimer, the distributor, at the capital, and they know how old you are, that you're single, and never had a tooth pulled. You're the biggest news since the last car sales agency went broke here last winter."

"Sure they know about me," scoffed Paul, who did not believe it. "But I'm not taking any chances. I'm going to advertise anyhow."

"Don't you think they know?" Walnut laughed soundlessly.

"Why should they?" asked Paul. "They've worries of their own, haven't they?"

He admired the view before him with intense gratification. Through the shining glass of the window could be seen the glittering array of new automobiles, five of them, each in a stall marked off with fresh whitewash on the clean cement floor. The office, at one side, was roped off with a green silk rope supported by standards. Here he had his desk and file; a show case of accessories arranged in orderly fashion on new red crêpe paper; a table in the window, displaying batteries and a tire. The calendar on the wall, the charts and price lists were all new and spick and span. Back of the showroom, with its new cars, was a vacant space, set aside for trade-ins, and in the rear, partly separated by a partition, was a shop, tooled and outfitted and put in Walnut's care. Double doors led from the shop to a small back yard that gave upon the alley.

Paul's heart beat high with hope and anticipation, and with a strong self-confidence. He had been Mortimer's crack salesman. He could have been assistant sales manager for the state distributor, if he had stayed with him. But he had saved five thousand dollars in five years, by stern self-discipline. He was ambitious to go into business for himself. His mother's brother had loaned him another five thousand to add to it. The state distributor had given him this territory; rich, if properly developed, but one in which Grover had never been able to maintain a dealer. And Paul was in business with a minimum of capital, and the necessity upon him of making money or going to the wall in short order.

"And will I show them something around here!" he gloated.

He had it all figured out. He took the envelope out of his pocket and gazed at his estimates. He would sell fifty new cars a year—an average of one new car every week, and its trade-in. He would make a minimum of a hundred dollars on each car, clear profit. That would give him the five thousand dollars for his uncle the first year, and then he would have his own nice little business clear of debt, in which he would increase his capital investment four or five thousand dollars a year, until he could buy out the dealer in the next county. At thirty he would be one of the big Grover dealers in the state. There was no limit to it. If he could sell cars in the state capital, where there was such keen competition, what couldn't he do here! He almost felt sorry for the fat old man across the street.

Except for his cocksureness, he was really a most attractive young man, tall and slim and very fair. He was as fresh and clean as his own showroom and gleaming new cars. He had a scrubbed, rosy look, and his trousers were pressed to a knife edge, his shirt was as white as snow, his silk tie gaudy, but good. He wiped his hands carefully. He opened the journal of the elaborate set of books designed for a "two-hundred-car dealer," and wrote solemnly:

Business opened April 1, 1929.

Suppose he could net more than a hundred on each car, he dreamed. Clear profit, over and above Walnut's pay,

the rent, and lights, power, water and heating, wages for Tom, the wash boy, and his own expenses? Why not? He might as well figure on a hundred and a quarter. Couldn't tell him Mortimer didn't make that much, for all his crabbing. It just depended on selling the prospect your new car, instead of letting him sell you his old car! It was sales talks and demonstrations and hard work that did it!

"Here comes that darn Joan Fox again," he said to Walnut, who was following him about and looking over his shoulder, for lack of anything better to do. Walnut looked up through the open door and saw the "darned" girl coming across from the Spate garage.

She was a big girl, tall and sturdy, and cheerful, with wind-blown hair and the fine creamy skin that comes with a few extra pounds. She had an oval, calm and happy face, with clear dark-blue eyes and a wide, generous mouth, shaped by smiling. Her nose was somewhat soft and snubbed, for the size of her, but her whole appearance, in her linen jacket suit of dark blue, was certainly not such as would cause any young man to put such an opprobrious adjective before her name. It was, on the other hand, a rather breath-taking picture of glorious youth and health and fine spirits.

"Aw, Blondy," said Walnut deprecatingly, "you don't want to get a strafe on her. She's a grand kid. Everyone likes her. Why, she's sold more cars for her father than anyone else could have done. You ought to see her drive a car. She can take an old trade-in and make a prospect think he's riding in the latest model. And she's a nice young 'un. She means to be friendly to you, because you're new here, and a stranger."

"She doesn't need to come over here and keep a line on everything I'm doing, to be friendly," Paul told him. "She's a competitor, isn't she? I never knew one yet that wasn't trying to find out who your prospects were, what you allowed, what you were taking in, for his own good, not yours. Usually, they go behind your back to find out, but she just walks in the front door and asks you! No wonder those other fellows failed!"

"She didn't have anything to do with them," said Walnut. "She was in school until last year."

They fell into silence, for Joan herself was with them. Paul rose formally when she came in, and greeted her.

"How's tricks?" she asked him in a vibrant, friendly voice. "Any prospects?"

"I should tell you!" said Paul. She sat down on the edge of his desk. She laughed. Her nose crinkled softly. The inside of her mouth was as clean and pretty as something made of coral and pearls.

"I've got a tip for you," she said. "There's a man here in Hilltown—a Mr. Folsom, rich old-timer. He used to be the bank president, but he quit working several years ago. He has an old Jewel car. Hasn't he, Walnut? He's been wanting a new car, but he won't trade with Cap'n, because they quarreled years ago. He doesn't want another awfully expensive car, like the Jewel was when it was new. He won't go out of town to trade, because he's a crank on trading at home. So he goes on driving the Jewel, year after year. I think you might trade with him, but don't allow him too much for his old car. It looks nice, but they're hard to resell."

"Not if you find the right buyer," said Paul, just to know more than she did.

"You won't find him around here," she assured him gravely.

"What's wrong with the trade?" said Paul. She needn't think he was going to take it all in as fast as that. Her eyes widened on him. He thought irrelevantly that he had never seen a girl before whose eyes were really the color of violets. Prettiest eyes he'd ever seen.

"Wrong with it?" she said, a little confused. "But of course you're teasing me. Nothing's wrong with this trade, Mr. Edwards, except Mr. Folsom's idea of the great worth of his car, and you're warned about that. He's got the money. It would be cash. He's a close trader, but his wife wants him to get a new car, and she's mighty persistent."

"Thanks," said Paul, a little reluctantly. The girl looked at him closely. Then she laughed again. She laughed easily.

"Just remember what I told you," she said. "Don't give him too much!"

"I won't," said Paul. "Trust me for that."

"Your cars look awfully nice," she complimented him. "I wish Cap'n would clean up our place, but he won't do it. Says it's all right as it is. He's afraid some farmer will think he's trying to be swell. But I like things so beautifully clean. It's awfully attractive." She looked around her admiringly. She smiled at Blondy. "I've got to go back. I'm looking after the pumps. You're not going to put in pumps?"

"No. It would mean hiring someone to look after them."

"Walnut could easily take care of the pumps. He won't be busy for a while. But then, of course, that's up to you. Though I've thought more than once that pumps on this side of the street would be good. This is a state road, you know. You'd get them coming in town, and we'd get them going out. They can't cross over to our pumps without going around the square."

She left as casually as she had come, and went back across the street to the old tin-roofed livery barn where her father, Cap'n Fox, had been in business, first as a liveryman, and then as a garageman, for half a century. He sold Spate cars, ran a general garage, and stored cars. His staff consisted of a temperamental mechanic named Lew, his daughter and himself, and a colored car washer. The business was mixed up. There was an office with a stove in it, left up the year around, where an ancient desk held his simplified books and records, a telephone—often to be found on the floor—and odds and ends of spare parts and chains and accessories. Cap'n himself, a fat old man—Joan was the youngest of a numerous family—could usually be found in the garage door in a chair too tight for him, smoking a pipe, his small feet dangling. His round red face wore the same look of amiable cheerfulness which marked his pretty daughter. He was even more casual than she. He seemed never to make the slightest effort. Paul began to discount the warning Mr. Mortimer had given him.

"There's been seven automobile agencies started there in seven years," the distributor had cautioned Paul, "and every one of them has failed; some with quite serious financial loss. Fox in name and fox in nature, the Spate dealer might be called. He was born there, and raised there, married a local girl and raised a large family right in the town. He's not rich, but he's secure. He knows everyone in the county by his first name. He sells cars, and how! He doesn't seem to know what he's doing, but don't be deceived. He's always there when the others quit. He's sent four boys through the state university, and you know what that costs. All his children have worked for him at one time or another. His overhead is small. He's handled Spates so long and sold so many, he gets a distributor's discount. He'll be able to trade wilder than you. You've got a better car and you'll have to outsell him."

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"I've Got a Tip for You," She Said. "There's a Man Here in Hilltown—a Mr. Folsom, Rich Old-Timer"

AWAY FROM IT ALL

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"Oh, Then You Probably Already Know About Our Engagement"

THE afternoon of the day I got off the boat I went looking for Fuzzy Horan. He'd been owing me thirty-five dollars since we covered the Dempsey-Willard fight together, and it seemed to me it was about time he settled up and made a man out of himself. Besides, I needed the money or whatever he could let me have on account.

The first place I went to was the Writers and Artists' Club, which is the kind of club where the committee on membership consists of a waiter named Harry, who is talented at recognizing faces through a slot in the door; and I went there because it was only two doors from the Dispatch, and Fuzzy was always a prominent clubman in places two doors from the office where he worked.

A half-dozen fellows came in from the Dispatch, among them the managing editor and the publisher, and one of the fellows I knew, named Gus Roe. We used to work on the old Globe together. In a minute or two he came over and sat down.

"I'm looking for Fuzzy," I said after we'd lied a little to each other about how we'd been getting on. "He owes me some money."

"Fuzzy Horan?"

"He owes me big money," I said.

"He's off the Dispatch," Roe said.

"Where is he?" I said. "On the Dispatch or off, he still owes me money."

"You know," Roe said, chewing his cigar thoughtfully, "Fuzzy's changed a lot in the last year or so."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that," I said, "because I'm pretty near strapped."

"No, that isn't it. What I mean, Fuzzy's got very sensitive."

"That gorilla!"

"Very sensitive indeed," Roe nodded. "Very touchy, you might say. He isn't the old Fuzzy at all." He gnawed on the cigar and stared at his glass. "That's about the only word for it—sensitive."

"Thirty-five fish," I said, "is what he owes me."

"How long you been away?"

"Little over a year."

"He must have got sensitive after you left," he said. "I got married, too, since you left."

"That's fine," I said. "She certainly got a lulu when she got you. Where's Fuzzy now?"

"Yeh," he said, "she's a very happy woman."

"Marriage is the greatest thing in the world," I admitted, "especially for a single man. What did you say become of Fuzzy?"

"I'd like to tell you about my marriage," he said. "Have you got a few minutes?"

"I want that thirty-five."

"I tell you!" he said. "I'll lend you ten."

"In that case," I said, putting the bill in my pocket, "tell me about your marriage."

The way it happened—he said—I was working on this rag on the Coast, in Los Angeles, and there was a row of some kind and I told them all where they could head in, and just went over to Imperial Pictures and got myself a regular job as press agent.

I knew the head publicity man—a fellow named Moe Gainesborough, that used to be a copy boy on the old Trib—and he fixed me up. And who do you think they gave me to handle! Who but your old friend, Hilary Maxwell, the Silver Screen's Greatest Lover! The old eyeball roller himself and nobody else!

"Listen," Moe said. "You won't have no trouble with the ordinary publicity on this boy, because every time he draws a breath six more women frame his picture and put it on their dressing tables. Statistics will prove that. There's something else," he said. "It just happens that there are times when it don't look like he has got good sense. He begins to get notions that he is an actor. That's when you got to keep an eye on him because he is liable to walk into lamp-posts. Not a bad guy, what I mean; just a little slow on the uptake."

Well, I thought, I have come into my reward at last. This is going to be about as hard as getting Lindbergh's name in the papers. And for a month it was great. Then I began to pick up what Moe was driving at. This guy was dame crazy—girl goofy. He had an address book with four hundred and thirty-six telephone numbers in it, and outside his bootlegger, the rest were girls. I tell you he opened my eyes to the amount of territory one man can cover.

There isn't any question but he was the dizziest guy I ever saw, and I am a seasoned reporter, as you might say. All he was, he was a chorus boy that got a great break, and his pan hadn't scarcely been shown on the screen before everybody saw he was a natural—just one of those babies that is right down the cinematic alley, as we doggier guys phrase it in Hollywood.

Time, however, has brought no wisdom to this cluck, and a month after I became his nurse, what do I find but that he is no longer living in the modest little reproduction of Grant's Tomb in Beverly Hills that he has learned to call home, but is commuting fifty miles a day by car from a town down the coast named La Bella.

"Go to La Bella," Moe said, "and warn all the mothers of the community to hide their daughters."

To hear, with me, is to obey, and at five o'clock that afternoon I was at the hotel, the local Ritz, where Hilary was putting up. I went up to his suite, and the door was open, so I walked in. Sitting in the parlor, or whatever you call it, of this suite was something very exceptional in the way of good looks, a girl that didn't look a day more than seventeen, with soft brown hair and nice big eyes. She wasn't exactly sitting, but curled up, on a divan.

"Hello," I said. "Is the master in?"

"Mr. Maxwell?"

"Yes."

"He's busy now in the bedroom, being interviewed," she said, "but if you'd sit down ——"

"Oh, yes? Who's interviewing him?" That was part of my job, watching what he said to reporters.

"A gentleman from the Spy?"

"The what?"

"The La Bella Spy."

"That's interesting," I said. "Maybe I better introduce myself. My name is Gus Roe. I'm Mr. Maxwell's uncle."

"Oh," she said, clasping her hands, "then you probably already know!"

"Know?" I said.

"About our engagement." She'd jumped up and was smiling delightedly at me. "He's told you, hasn't he?"

All I could do was look at her. This poor little kid, not a day more than sixteen, smiling up at me and wondering if I'd heard about the fifth engagement our Hilary had contracted, to my private knowledge, that month. All I did was smile back.

"Is that the bedroom?" I asked, pointing.

"Yes."

She sat down, looking a little puzzled, and I went over to the door, which was closed.

I moved up against it and listened. And what I heard was Hilary speaking.

"I feel, Mr. Moran ——" he said.

"Horan," I heard the fellow say patiently. "Horan. H-o-r-a-n—Horan. Not Moran. Horan. H for Harvard, or happiness, or Honesdale, Pennsylvania. The name is Horan."

"Whose voice do you think it was?" Roe said.

"I can't guess," I said.

"Try!"

"Rutherford B. Hayes'."

"No! Fuzzy Horan's!"

"Get out!"

Then Hilary's: "Excuse me, Mr. Horan. I mean I feel, Mr. Horan, that in this little chat you've somehow been able to get the real me—the real me. That is, you've been able to get the—the real me. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yeh," I heard him say, "I see."

"I mean, when I say I love the Miltonian touch, I feel you understand what I mean by the Miltonian touch. You take Shakspere. You take Shakspere's plays. I've always worshiped Shakspere. Even now"—there was a pause—"well, what I mean, in Hollywood I got a whole set of Shakspere, leather bound."

"Limp leather?"

"Tooled leather."

"Ah," I heard Fuzzy say, "that's the only way to get Shakspere—in tooled leather."

"Exactly, Mr. Moran!"

"Horan."

"I mean Horan!"

"H for Hollywood."

I moved away from the door. For the moment I'd heard enough. Hilary was having one of his brainstorms. He was laboring under the impression that he was an actor. I looked at the little girl. She was still staring at me, puzzled.

"Hot stuff," I said.

"Isn't it grand?"

I put my ear to the door again.

"Yes, yes," Hilary was saying vaguely, "it is a drain. The steady call of this public, the demands of the industry, and more than anything else"—another pause—"this storm of inspiration here!"

"Yeh?" I heard Fuzzy say.

"It never dies, Mr. Moran!"

"Horan—H-o-r-a-n."

"It rages day and night! I sometimes feel that it is—that if I could only get away, get away somewhere apart from all the world, somewhere where I could be alone—all alone—I might find peace!"

"Yeh," Fuzzy said wearily, "I been feeling that way myself."

"Away from it all," the chump went on; "in some lighthouse, perhaps, miles from anybody, where I could think and work, and work and think, day and night! That, somehow, and I believe you understand, is what I mean—a lighthouse, with the surf thundering at its base and naught but gulls for company."

"Naught?"

"Just gulls," Hilary said.

I went back and sat down with the girl. This was just the sort of thing I was hired to ditch; I couldn't listen to any more of it, because I would have got sick. After a while they came in. Fuzzy and I shook hands; the last time I'd seen him he was on the Dispatch. Hilary, I may say, was none too pleased to see me.

We got introduced all around, and the girl's name turned out to be Janet—Janet Shanley. La Bella girl. Where Hilary'd met her I couldn't imagine. We sat around for a half hour punching the bag, and then Fuzzy had to go, and I went with him as far as the lobby.

"Nice guy you got there," he said, making a squishing noise in his cheeks; "awfully nice guy."

"Listen, Fuzzy," I said; "he ain't so bad, once you get to know him."

"No?"

"No," I said, and I knew I wasn't even getting to first base on that fake. "What are you doing out here?"

"I'm a publisher. I'm publisher of the La Bella Spy."

"Yeh?" I said. "And where do you get your opium?"

"It's on the level," he insisted. "There's a nice old guy that owns the sheet, but he had to go up to Arrowhead to keep from dying on the premises. During the interim," he said, casting an emphasis on the word, "I am the works. I run the rag. I always wanted to run a newspaper," he said, "just so I could run a story in it about a guy like this potato you got in tow."

At that minute they passed—Hilary and the girl—and when he stopped at the desk to leave his key, he saw us and smiled.

"Drop in again sometime, Mr. Moran," he said.

Fuzzy didn't answer. He just stared at Hilary and the girl as they passed out of the front door.

"Nice guy," he said again, making that same squishing noise in his cheeks; "very, very nice guy indeed."

Then he left.

I knew then that he wasn't going to be good. The minute he made that squishing noise in his cheeks I said to

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Plop! I Knew It Was Going to Happen. Somehow I Just Knew It. I'd Have Told Hilary, But What Was the Use?

MR. FENTRISS SAILS AT SIX

"Beggin' Your Pardon, Sir, Like, But You've Put on Mismatched Socks, Sir, if I Might Myke So Bold"

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

MR. CHARLES BODINE was worried. He pulled down the points of his waistcoat and breathed heavily upon his eyeglasses, polishing the lenses carefully and replacing them upon the bridge of his nose once again. Before him lay a sheaf of market-closing check lists for the past fortnight.

From them once again he transcribed the Consolidated Mercantile Navigation listings from their nadir of 40½ through their rise to 82 as of three days before the landslide, and checked each purchase with the corresponding day's activity of the Chicago office of Bodine & Fentriss.

Then he rang for his chief clerk.

"Gardner," he said, "by whose orders were Carmeline Bastion & French transferred from the house to Mr. Fentriss' private account?"

"Mr. Fentriss', sir—the day after you were taken sick."

"Bring me his statement."

"I can't, Mr. Bodine. Mr. Fentriss has been doing his own clerical work."

"Well, let me have his vouchers then."

"I can't do that either, sir; they haven't gone through the cashier's office since the account was transferred."

"But I don't understand that," insisted Mr. Bodine. "Hasn't Miss Maxwell any information?"

"I've asked her, sir. I thought quite naturally, with the market the way it is, that she was on the Carmeline Bastion account exclusively, but she doesn't know anything about it."

"Ask Mr. Fentriss to step in."

"He hasn't come in from the floor yet."

"Good Lord, man; find him then! He sails tonight."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Fentriss sails at six o'clock. His tickets are in my desk and he left his bags in his office this morning."

"Don't stand there like a dummy, man! Find Mr. Fentriss!"

Gardner hurried out and shut the soundproof door. Mr. Roger Fentriss was coming briskly up the hallway.

"Mr. Bodine wants you, sir."

"Mr. Bodine? Has he been in today?"

"Yes, sir."

Fentriss stopped in front of the door; then he shrugged and went into his senior partner's office.

"So you got here?"

"I didn't know you'd be up and around until Monday."

"Never mind that, Fentriss. The point is that I want an explanation on Carmeline Bastion."

"What about it?"

"You've run it in your own account?"

"That's true."

"Why?"

Fentriss shrugged. "Convenience, I suppose."

"Convenience, hell!" said Bodine. "I want your account and your vouchers."

"See here," said Fentriss, "this is a pretty nasty manner you've got. You'll find everything as it should be"—he pulled out his watch—"and as I've only got an hour and a half, suppose we discuss Hagenblock."

"Hagenblock, nothing. That was finished last night. Besides, that's out if you don't clean up Carmeline Bastion to my satisfaction in your hour and a half." Bodine pushed the check lists and his own transcription across the desk. "There it is," he said. He picked up a typewritten sheet. "And here is Carmeline's memorandum—from 2 to 3½ points off on each buy. What's the answer?"

"They're crazy! We billed at the market!" shouted Fentriss.

"You lie," said Bodine quietly. "You sent this to Carmeline yesterday over your own signature. How did you think you could get away with it? Get your vouchers."

"And suppose I don't?"

Bodine leaned back in his chair and put his finger tips together.

"Fentriss, you're as crude as lard," he said slowly. "I'll take your check for what you've snagged on this skunk bucketing before you leave this room, and then I'm going to make you stink. I'm going to see you walking the streets, blacklisted from here to Timbuktu, without a nickel to buy yourself a cup of coffee with. To pull a thing like this when a man is laid up, and to pull it dumbly! Good Lord, you couldn't even be clever about it. Are you going to get the vouchers now?"

"Suppose I don't?" asked Fentriss desperately.

"It won't make any difference. I'd blow up the firm like that to get a dirty rat like you." Bodine snapped his fingers. "I'll see you in the Tombs in handcuffs tonight. Sit down!" He leaned forward and reached for his bank of desk buttons.

"Don't do that!" Fentriss leaned forward. "I'm sailing tonight, and I won't have my plans interrupted!" he shouted. "You heard me, Bodine! You heard me!"

"I heard you," said Bodine, "but what you say doesn't make sense. Sit down." He reached again for Gardner's button. Mr. Fentriss stood up. Mr. Bodine pressed Gardner's button. Mr. Fentriss stepped toward him.

Gardner tapped on the door. Mr. Fentriss opened it.

"Oh, yes, Gardner. You have those tickets of mine? Let me have them and send a boy down to get me a cab, and tell him to sit in it with my bags until I get there."

"Yes, sir. Mr. Bodine's dinner has come up from the rathskeller."

Mr. Fentriss turned his head.

"Want your tray?" And to Gardner: "Yes, send it in; he'll take it now."

Five minutes later Gardner came back with the tray and handed it to Mr. Fentriss. As he went down the passage he heard Mr. Fentriss say: "Good-by, old man. I'll cable you the minute Hagenblock signs. See you in three weeks."

II

HARRY PROUT stood in the line of bedroom men in the rotunda, watching the milling crowd of passengers. He liked the subdued excitement of that last half hour before sailing. It made him feel that something was going to happen perhaps, like it said on the backs of the tickets—"other than piracy, barratry or an Act of God." Only nothing ever did happen, of course; but still you had that feeling that you got when you were reading a good detective book or sitting in the cinema.

Everybody talked quickly in that last half hour—talked quickly and laughed at things they wouldn't laugh at usually. And everybody was worried about baggage and good-by messages and where their cabins were, and what kind of weather they were going to have, and if the deck steward could get them a chair, and what not.

"No. 214? Yes, ma'am," Harry Prout touched his forehead. "Your luggage, ma'am?"

A short, stocky woman, dressed down to thirty and almost making it, in square-cut traveling cheviot and an open raglan of camel's hair, with a Roman scarf over her shoulder—Mrs. Hubsher, that would be. "'Ate to be 'er 'usband."

"It's here somewhere, steward. . . . Freddy, there it is. . . . Those three bags and that hat box, and I have two trunks. You must find out if they came aboard."

"Yes, ma'am. You saw them on the dock?"

"Yes, they were in behind the ropes with all the others."

"They'll be aboard then, ma'am. No need to worry." Harry picked up the four bags and led the way aft through the starboard passage, with the woman and her friends laughing and talking loudly behind him. Up the companion he took them and down to 214, unlocking the door and racking the luggage.

"No, sir; the bar is not open, sir. . . . I'm very sorry, sir, but I carn't. It isn't allowed."

They always asked that, they did. Harry went back to the rotunda.

Ships never smelled good in port—heavy flowers and steam heat and tar from the shed roof and old timbers and horses and mucky river water, with the thick, crummy smoke of tugs rising like acid fumes from below the rail to choke you and make your eyes itch. The fifteen-minute bugle sounded from below, and its brass voice lashed across the dark slip waters and died flatly against the corrugated iron of Pier 50. The gangway was choked now with the last-minute rush, and the donkeys forward screamed gleefully as they whipped the final sling loads of trunks through the overhead darkness and lowered them into the open hatches. Someone was banging home wedges on No. 2 and a shrill young New York voice was yelling:

"Telegram fer Mister Koloschnik! Telegram fer Mister Koloschnik!"

In the rotunda, 216 was pricked out in tiny electric disks beside the purser's window—winking.

"Coming. . . . 'Ere, sir. No. 216, sir." Harry Prout slid through the crowd and touched his forehead. Mr. Roger Fentriss, that would be, according to the door cards.

"Luggage, sir?"

"Those two carryalls," said Mr. Fentriss. Harry picked them up. Cruel heavy they were, but then, it was only once with a man. They never lost things or left them kicking abaht the decks to send you back for. Not Mr. Fentriss' kind anyway. Nearsighted he might be, with them thick, heavy lenses that bleared his eyes under his snapped-down hat brim so you couldn't see 'em, but there was a quick, decisive thrust in his walking, and a tilt to his chin above his muffler and coat collar, and a flair to the neatly waxed points of his mustache. Never bothered a steward much, Mr. Fentriss' kind.

"If you'll follow me, sir"—and again he led the way aft to the B Deck companion and up to 216. The passage was crowded with people calling good-by's, kissing hurriedly and leaning and stumbling over luggage to shake hands.

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do!"

Harry unlocked 216 and racked the luggage.

"Shall I open them, Mr. Fentriss?"

"No need. You're the cabin man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Right; thank you."

The all-ashore gong was pulsating in the B Deck passages now, filling the ship with an insistent undulation of sound, beating heavily through the gangways and echoing up the after companions as Harry went below. He had all his passengers but two—a Miss Theresa Ochinloss and a Mr. Crackell.

"Took up your 218 woman, Harry," Joe Collins passed him.

"Good boy." That left only Mr. Crackell. Well, no need to worry. Always can do with an empty to pop into for a bit of a break-off and a smoke.

The first officer monkeyed down the boat-deck ladder on his way to the foc'sle head. The after gangways were in and the assistant purser was herding the last of the seeing-off parties ashore.

The liner's whistle sighed at the lip of the forward funnel and burst into a bull roar that vibrated in people's teeth and peppered the upper decks with a fine shower of condensed steam. A tug sobbed in alongside, and there was a yell and a heavy splash as a cable slapped the water. Then the banked and crenelated lights of Manhattan moved away slowly like a theatrical backdrop and melted into a great jewel cluster hung low above the widening water.

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A Stream of Steaming Water Gushed From the Teapot's Spout, and Cascaded Down Upon Mr. Crackell's Silken-Clad Left Ankle Above His Shoe Top

WOODROW WILSON, Princeton Schoolmaster—By Alfred Pearce Dennis

LOOKING back through the thickening mists of thirty-five years, I see the vivid apparition of Professor Wilson in his Princeton classroom. Dickinson Hall, where he lectured, has been razed these many years to give ground for a splendid new academic building. The material self of Professor Wilson also has fallen, but no splendid successor has risen to occupy his vacant place.

I write of him out of my own vivid memories of his personality and of his teachings. As to his public career and the great transactions in which he bore a part, I can write no better, and probably no worse, than some millions of his contemporaries. I shall stick to what I know of him from personal contacts corresponding to a period in his life about which relatively little has been recorded. The record of his schoolmaster days is to be read in the intangible influence of his teachings upon the minds and hearts of his students.

PHOTOS. BY PACH BROS., N. Y. C.

A Room in Dickinson Hall, Princeton, Where Many of Professor Wilson's Lectures Were Given

What I am trying to present is a picturization of a tiny segment of the great sphere of a great man's life. I knew him well during the first four years of his teaching work at Princeton. Not being satisfied with two elective courses under him in my senior year, I returned for three years of postgraduate work, taking every course which Professor Wilson offered during his teaching days at Princeton.

Wilson's Fighting Jaw

PROFESSOR WILSON came to Princeton from Wesleyan University in the autumn of 1890 to fill the chair of jurisprudence and political economy. As a young Titan in the educational world, he made a great stir from the start. His political writings—notably Congressional Government and The State, the one a masterful dissection of our public-law system, the other a review of the morphology of our own state system and those of Europe—brought him wide public recognition. What was more important to the undergraduates was his fame as a patron of athletics. His title deeds to glory in this respect turned out to be defective. He was never on the personal side a devotee of athletics, and his interest in football, the major Princeton sport, was like the seed which sprang up apace on stony ground but withered quickly for lack of root. In the year preceding Mr. Wilson's avatar, Princeton's star team of veterans had overwhelmed both ancient rivals—Yale and Harvard. In the following season the situation was completely reversed. Most of the crack players had been lost through graduation, and the first and only Princeton team which Professor Wilson coached on the field was a lamentably weak one and was beaten by Yale at the close of the season by the heart-breaking score of 32 to 0. My classmate, Edgar Poe, of the famous Baltimore football family of Poes, captained the team in both years. He says of Professor Wilson's coaching that it was inspiring but not instructive.

But as I say, his fame as a patron of athletics at Wesleyan had preceded him. The tale ran that, snorting under the injustice of a rank decision against Wesleyan in a football game with Amherst, Professor Wilson had rushed onto the field demanding the immediate expulsion of an obviously incompetent referee—indeed, some had it that he cried out, "Kill the referee!" This, of course, is one of those myths that great enthusiasms weave about heroic personalities. It is enough to say that Professor Wilson came to us with the happiest credentials. We expected great things of him, and our hopes were not disappointed when we gathered in Dickinson Hall for the first lecture of his first course.

How Mr. Wilson came to consider himself unprepossessing in appearance, I can't imagine. His first appearance made quite the contrary impression upon us. At the age of thirty-four, he was a man you would turn twice to look at in a crowd, and he grew more distinguished and patrician looking as he grew older. He knew the arts of pleasing—particularly mass pleasing. I should rather have looked like Wilson than any matinée idol of his generation. His lean spareness of figure conveyed the impression of dominating height as he stood on the lecture platform, an impression which was lost, of course, with later-day accretions of flesh. His prognathous Hapsburg jaw closed after a rounded period with the snap of finality. Every inch of the jaw—and there were three inches of it—was that of fighting man and oracle combined. Those windows of the soul, his luminous eyes, looking out of the body, commanded it, but these same eyes, reflected backward to the seat of intelligence, indeed conveyed the impression of pure intelligence itself. His mind worked as if he secreted thought easily, naturally, unaffectedly, as a cow secretes milk or the liver secretes bile.

Professor Wilson During His First Year as a Member of the Princeton Faculty

His teeth were lamentably bad, ignobly patched and cobbled by sundry artificers in metals. The consummate arts of odontology in later years completely redressed to outward seeming these defects of Nature. His smile thus became more engaging with the years. His black, stringy locks, which later became a beautiful silver, revealed his character—hair typical of the man, stark, straight and unsocial, rather than sleek, sinuous and gregarious. He waxed in personal pulchritude with the passing years. He was never so handsome as the day he was driven through the streets of Rome in a landau, seated beside the abbreviated King of Italy. It was the American rather than the Roman who looked the part of Imperial Cæsar returning from successful wars.

In the Classroom

HE DRESSED, as some erroneously thought, after the fashion of a Southern gentleman, appearing before us in a black cutaway coat, low turnover collar with black string tie, looking quite the part of a nonconformist Scotch parson or a meticulous undertaker's assistant officiating at an ambitious shabby-genteel funeral. His spike-tail coat, the dean of his wardrobe, served when he mounted a bicycle as well as on the lecture platform. His home on Library Place was a goodish mile from his lecture room and he found a time conservator in his bicycle, which he bestrode with the stately dignity of the King of Siam making stately progress on the back of the royal white elephant. The low collar disclosed beneath an Adam's apple, which oscillated as he talked, a wisp of nethermost beard which through its strategic defensive situation remained unscathed by the ravages of an inimical razor.

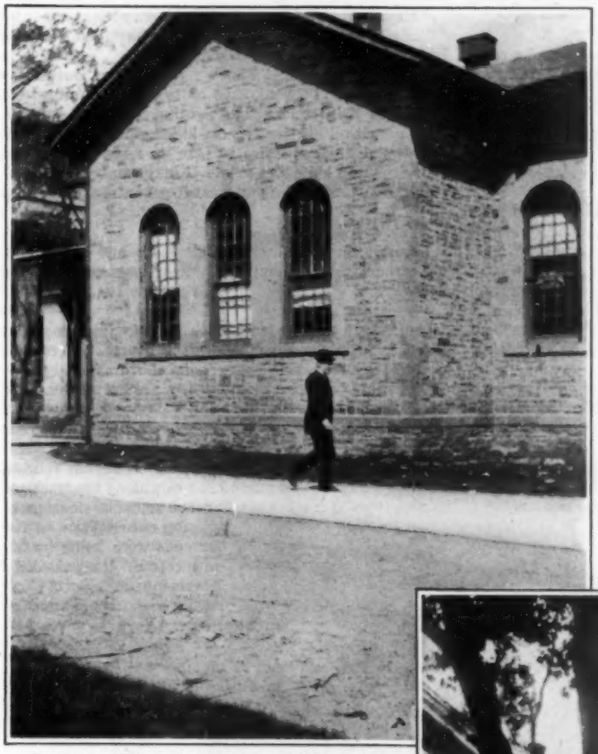
Professor Wilson habitually stood during his lectures. Speaking from a mere skeleton of notes, he hammered in his teachings with an up-and-down, full-armed gesture. Thus he was a perpendicular lecturer, his talking nose and his oscillating Adam's apple moving up and down with speech, along with his pump-handle gestures. He gestured as if operating the handle of a spray pump. He was there to spray students with a shower of knowledge, his superior mind acting downward upon the mass—a Scotch Covenanter bent upon describing how man acts politically, hammering information into reluctant minds. He was essentially the lecturer rather than the teacher, nor were his lectures as helpful as the books, such as Bagehot and Dicey, from which his own inspirations were drawn. Having sprayed his audience, Professor Wilson little recked whether inoculations of knowledge took or not. In those days not a few indolent, good-natured students attended lectures as a matter of condescending concession to certain disagreeable academic formalities.

These lollers out front conveyed the tacit challenge: "Here we are. Teach us something if you can!" Unimpressionable Arctic puffin birds of the classroom! But

as far as Professor Wilson was concerned, the loafers could either take it or leave it. He gauged his discourse to the requirements of the serious-minded, taking no pains to conceal his contempt for inferior minds. Unlike the Great Apostle who suffered fools gladly, Professor Wilson suffered them not at all.

Professor Wilson could not bear to be crossed and his dignity was quick to resent restlessness, inattention or the least sign of disorder in his classroom. He conducted his classes with an air of imperiousness, suggesting the grand manner just as his writings carry the suggestion of the grand style. He clearly imitated Burke—a master in the use of the grand style. A whispered conversation in the back benches would instantly stiffen him into the grim, magisterial defender of his own dignity. His stock rebuke, uttered with Olympian superiority, was: "Gentlemen, try to remember that you are supposed to be gentlemen."

Professor Wilson's touchiness, his quick irritation over trifles, may be laid, I think, in some measure to the fact that he was unused to opposition at home. Mrs. Wilson was put into this world, it would seem, to make it an easy



Professor Wilson Passing the Old Chapel. He Habitually Wore a Cutaway Coat, Even When Riding His Bicycle or Strolling About the Country

place for those she loved to live in. His three daughters also lived to please and to ease. Professor Wilson, habituated at home to ease, to softness, to amiable compliances, never got to understand how people can be rude, thoughtless, uncomprehending, noncoöperative. If he had been blessed with a headstrong if not troublesome son, he would have better known how to be patient under the irritations of jarring, difficult, cantankerous souls.

A Born Theorist

WHAT survives the dead hero? The true self of the man? Not at all, as seen through the mists of years. We remember a great king by the legend of burned cakes. Another hero by a cherry-tree myth. Another public servant by the trivial if not apocryphal jocosity: "What the country needs most is a good five-cent cigar." The scribbler pens the apothegm; the apothegm survives not only the scribbler but the true self of the hero. So it is that the veritable stature of the hero shrinks and shrivels to the phantom of an attitude. Time blurs the clear-cut lineaments of great men as we are swept remoteward on the heedless current of the years. Living men who toiled and aspired, working out their life wrestle on this planet, are soon swallowed up in oblivion, or if remembered at all, it is by some relic of a catch phrase—their memory attenuated to the phantom of an attitude or the echo of an echo. We sum up the many-sided, complex Woodrow Wilson in the label "idealist." Well, an ideal world is one without poverty, drunkenness, crime, police, noxious insects, zymotic diseases—where nobody works for money, nobody labors for hire.

Professor Wilson impressed me not so much as an idealist as a born theorist, and his theories grew by what they fed upon. In his younger and obscure days, I am wondering if he ever consciously put before himself an exalted self which he intended to realize. He could say, "These are my books, this is my typewriter, this is my gifted brain—what are these things for?" And he could answer, "They are for me—for my help, my convenience, my security, my livelihood." But did he ever ask himself, "These things being for me, what am I for?" What was his *summum bonum?* Fame? Glory? Yes, he intensely craved honor, esteem, fame. These things he set about to attain, hitching together a powerful thinking machine with habits of invincible industry. He was as industrious as Mr. Hoover, without possessing Mr. Hoover's genius for the concrete. He was as zealous in answering the great call as Peter the Hermit or Paul the Apostle, but they sought after an incorruptible crown.

He cared little for the affection or companionship of men. He never could have been a clubman or risen to phantom dignity as a Serene Potentate in a fraternal lodge. In the classroom he was theorist rather than idealist. He had no concrete proposals to make for augmenting human happiness—indeed, he ignored the element of individual happiness—but he had principles to apply, and these principles, though agreeable to the auditory nerve, were on analysis difficult of practical application.

PHOTO. BY PACH BROS., N. Y. C.

James Cowden Meyers, Star Performer in Professor Wilson's Courses

Later the world came to know of him through the enunciation of felicitous phrases which were flattering to the human heart but contradictory to the human understanding: "Making the world safe for democracy"; "Open covenants openly arrived at"; "The heart of the world is awake and the heart of the world needs to be satisfied"; "Self-determination" for the divers swarming peoples that dwell upon the surface of this planet.

A Fountain

PROFESSOR WILSON, like other scholars with a taste for history, was strong on the genetics of the state. He would theorize both backward and forward, taking us backward to the uttermost limbo of the known facts of human group life on this planet and beyond that into the fields of pure speculation or, again, on an ascending scale, he would carry his speculations about the state into the rarefied air of German metaphysics. He recoiled before the concrete. As far as I can recall, he made no mention in his course—Administration—of the Interstate Commerce Commission. For some years the writer has been a member of one of the Federal administrative boards—the United States Tariff Commission—but Professor Wilson's course in Administration did not supply what the scientific man would call a chemical trace of practical preparation for his daily task as a petty governmental administrator. That might not have been Professor Wilson's fault, since a lecturer may give a dull student information without giving him understanding. So one might say that he had never been able to make the smallest practical use of higher mathematics studied in college. We received, however, from Professor Wilson things that are more valuable than practical profit. He had an affection for certain words, and one of his blessed and overworked words was "fountain." He himself was a fountain—a fountain of inspiration. The best thing which many of us received from Princeton was not information but inspiration.

(Continued on Page 113)

PHOTO. BY PACH BROS., N. Y. C.

Lolling One's Way Through Princeton in the Early Golden Nineties

TAKE UP

By KENNETH FOREE, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

The Overalls Stirred. A Woolly Black Head Blinked. "Callin' Me, Mistuh Dave?" He Asked Sleepily

OLD DAVE BEACH came out of his long-distance telephone booth in the corner of his upstairs office at Wilton, with a faint corrugation marring an otherwise placid, round face.

"Reckon I was born for trouble," he commented. "S. E. Lotz! Mr. Slippery Ellum himself."

A plump hand scratched reflectively at a graying shock of hair as he waddled sturdily back into his barnlike cotton-sample room, where three men, holding cards in their hands, sat at a table near a stove under the mellow rays of a government skylight.

The active cotton season had practically closed before Christmas, with the remaining receipts in strong hands, awaiting a higher spring market, and the afternoon session of penny ante for idle cotton buyers was in progress in Old Dave's office.

"I'm sorry to prevent some of you birds from beginning to get even," Old Dave informed the three men, "but I've got to catch the 4:15 for Port Estes. D. O. Hord's man there is down with the flu and I've got to take up some cotton from S. E. Lotz & Co."

"S. E. Lotz?" echoed an f. o. b. dealer who turned most of his cotton to Old Dave.

"Yep."

"Yow!" exclaimed the brightly dressed and youngish Jimmie Lang. "I don't envy you that job. He's the hardest shipper in Texas to get along with. You either class the cotton the way he wants you to or you don't get it. If you do take it up the way he wants, you lose your shirt and pants in class. I know," he affirmed. "I lost three hundred dollars on one hundred bales once. I went to get middlings, and it finally ended up with me taking some strict lows in the list, and strict lows then were seven dollars and fifty cents a bale under middling. Then they had the cotton damp and the staple pulled better. I took a few bales seven-eighths of an inch in length at a fifteen-sixteenths price, and another two dollars a bale went glimmering. That was when I was with R. H. Wester," he said reminiscently.

The f. o. b. man laid down his cards and leaned back in his chair.

"There's another little verse to your song, Jimmie, if my one sale is any judge," he stated. "One sale was enough."

"Uh-huh," grunted Old Dave, "I reckon there is something to what you pallbearers are mouthing. I've heard something about Mr. Lotz. I suppose everybody has. Somebody told me that he was the one cotton man in Texas that never worried if he lost his door key and came home singing Sweet Adeline after midnight."

"Why not?" asked young Lang.

"Twists himself through the keyhole," Old Dave grinned.

"Why did Hord buy the cotton from him, anyhow?" pursued the f. o. b. man. "I had heard Lotz couldn't sell cotton any more in this country."

"D. O. said he bought the cotton on description through a broker, and did not determine who the seller was until the confirmation of sale was delivered," Old Dave explained. "Then he tried to cancel out, but he had to accept the cotton when Lotz absolutely refused to cancel. He hates Lotz plenty. Back in '23, when the market was skyrocketing, Lotz sold D. O. Hord a big list of cotton, and when Hord's man went to get the cotton later, Lotz claimed that the sale was on seller's call and the price had not been fixed. Hord lost a wad of money, and Lotz has never forgotten that Hord came very near having him blacklisted. So, with Mr. Lotz refusing to cancel and with his buyer at Port Estes in the hospital, D. O. gives me a ring, and gently and pleasant-like asks if I'd like to make a little money and do him a favor at the same time. And when I get far enough out on the limb, me explaining that I'm some distance from retiring yet, why, of course, D. O. gets out his little buzz saw and saws the limb off."

"What kind of cotton are you going to get?" young Lang wanted to know.

"Strict middling, inch and a sixteenth."

"More agony, Mr. Beach. Don't you know he can't have much white cotton this time of the year? And then he doesn't buy in territories that produce a staple that long."

"Well, Jimmie, that's what D. O. bought," Old Dave affirmed, "and that's what I'll accept."

"How many bales?"

"Three thousand."

Young Lang guffawed. He sympathized with Old Man Beach as he nearly bent double with laughter. He had to admit that he was unable to buy much cotton in the Wilton territory in competition with the old man, as the f. o. b. buyers and credit merchants wouldn't sell anyone else down in this neck of the woods unless Old Man Beach was out of the market. But at the port, receiving cotton from experts and from S. E. Lotz, there would be an entirely different tale for circulation.

"It took me two weeks to get one hundred bales from him," he informed Old Dave, "and I looked through almost one thousand. You'll still be trying to get this cotton in July, Mr. Beach. That is, if you don't lose Hord about two dollars a bale in class."

"You cheer me up so, Jimmie." Old Dave grinned at him. "Well, D. O. is paying the expenses, and maybe I can get in a little fishing if Mr. Lotz wants to work by the almanac. But I'll admit that D. O. slipped up on my blind side. Salary and expenses anyhow; four-bits-a-bale commission if I get the cotton at its value. Fifteen hundred berries if I lick Mr. Lotz. But this isn't taking up that cotton, and, as it's going to take a couple of years, perhaps I'd better be stirring."

The three buyers picked up the change in front of them, raked the cards into a drawer, gave last-minute advice and departed in search of another warm office and a fourth man.

Old Dave glanced about the room. On the opposite side of the stove and on a number of tow sacks stuffed with loose cotton—trimmings from samples taken from the bales—was a huge heap of sleeping ebony in overalls.

"Gus!" shouted Old Dave.

The overalls stirred. A woolly black head blinked. The big negro sat up on a sack.

"Callin' me, Mistuh Dave?" he asked sleepily.

"Nobody else. Get a hump on, Gus. We're traveling."

"Goin' to git some cotton, Mistuh Dave?" He frowned. "Hit's mighty cold in dat wind," he pointed out.

"Yes, but it won't be as cold where we're going. Rouse up."

The huge negro sampler and handy man arose with an alacrity his size belied.

"Have you ever been out of the county?"

"Sholy, Mistuh Dave. Don't you remembuh dat time I went to de big fair at Dallas?"

Old Dave grinned. "That's right. It cost me thirty-three dollars and seventy-five cents and a warning from the police judge to do your fighting with Jess Willard. Didn't want all his city negroes killed off. Well, this time we're going to Port Estes to take up some cotton. Get your sampling knife and stone. I may want you to sample some cotton. And if you want to get some clothes, snap into it."

"Yas, suh."

Finding his wide semibutcher knife and sharpening stone, the big black thumped behind his employer down the stairway.

Somewhere around ten o'clock the next morning, Old Dave, in his tightly buttoned black overcoat, accompanied by the huge Gus in several pairs of overalls and jumpers, went briskly along the water front of Port Estes. The raw wind off the water, carrying a cold salt spray, sped their search. On the land side of the street were numerous cotton offices; on the water side was warehouse after warehouse; the majority of concrete, an occasional relic of wood. Puffing engines pushed box cars along the tracks or into switches in front of the warehouses, while steamers of varying nationalities on the far ends were being loaded with cotton. Along the dirty pavement, strings of low-swung metal trailers loaded

If He Had Expected Mr. Lotz to Flush at the Possible Inference of Crooked Samples, He Was Mistaken. The Only Movement in the Smooth, Dark Face Was That of Instant Agreement

with cotton were drawn clatteringly along by noisy tractors. They recognized familiar names in Texas cotton. The International Concentration Compress, which handled Hord's cotton as well as that of numerous others when it arrived at the port, was a monster of concrete that could hold one hundred thousand bales of cotton. They passed the press and warehouse of Geo. H. Galt & Co., the big Liverpool house that provided such strong competition for Hord; there were the offices of Helmsriech & Doon, specialists in fifteen-sixteenths cotton and large shippers to Bremen; José Martinez, who was said to be subsidized by the government of Spain; Tissio Maru, of the Japs, who wouldn't buy a bale of cotton with a spot of color in it, or anything at all below bright, strict lows. It was almost a roll call of Texas shippers. In addition, there were names that felt strangely in the mouth, concerns that evidently operated in different sections of the five-million-bale cotton empire of Texas from that of Wilton. Most of the compresses indicated activity, especially those of the low-grade houses, who, at this time of the year, were still handling considerable cotton. The steam exhaust of the high-density presses snorted as the powerful hydraulic machines flattened to the size of a steamer trunk cotton bales that a cannon ball would not penetrate.

"Ole presses sho knockin' 'em down," observed Gus as they hastened along. "Lissen at 'im. Runnin' ninety to de hour an' snortin' fo' mo'. Wham! Come down, big boy—come down. . . . But, Mistuh Dave, I'm mighty neah froze. Where is dat Mistuh Lotz place? Look at dat wind whippin' dat smoke outer dose stacks an' shovin' dat water 'bout. How close is dis place to dat South Pole country I heah 'bout?"

"Not more than ten miles anyway, Gus. . . . But I see Lotz's sign yonder."

He indicated, with a nod of his head, where, half a block away, was weather-dulled lettering, S. E. Lotz & Co., at the entrance to another wide and long one-story warehouse. Save for the fact that the building was somewhat more darkened by years of smoke and salt gales, there was little difference from the few other wooden structures along the water front. However, the bustle of activity was noticeably lacking. No cars were being shunted along the switch; in fact, it was empty, save for a single car. No steamer was receiving its cargo of Texas cotton for shipment to Europe or the Orient. The two approached and Gus was bidden to seek out a warm place on the compress wharf, and Old Dave went inside. He found a small crew of clerks at work before a battery of adding machines, typewriters and books. A girl at a switchboard near the entrance was taking down in a wide book the quotations of the future market from the downtown Cotton Exchange. When she had completed taking the call, Old Dave gave his name and asked to see Mr. Lotz.

He had no more than unbuttoned his heavy overcoat and slapped his hands to restore circulation than a door at the distant end of the room opened. There emerged the dark, medium-sized, flashily dressed figure of a man. His black hair was glistening with a barber's attention and a diamond flashed in a gayly colored cravat. He approached with the easy grace of a sleek cat.

"Lotz is my name. Did you wish to see me?" a smooth voice with something foreign in it said.

Old Dave looked into a pair of small dark eyes, divided by a little sharp nose. The diamond flashed up at him.

"Beach is mine," Old Dave informed him, "and I am here to take up the cotton you sold D. O. Hord & Co."

Old Dave felt himself appraised by a lightning glance of the small black eyes.

"I am happy to receive you, Mr. Beach," he said with a flourish, half nod, half bow. "Please come into my office."

He ushered Old Dave into an elegantly furnished room. When they were seated, Lotz remarked, after a brief study of his visitor: "I see now one of the reasons why D. O. Hord has been so successful in his operations, if you will permit the introduction of personalities, Mr. Beach. It is so difficult to obtain settled, dependable men for road work, and I assure you the employment of youngsters is sometimes very costly."

Smooth as castor oil, Old Dave thought, but he said: "Thanks for the kind words, Mr. Lotz. Road men are usually r-o-d-e men, but I do little of that. I have a nice little territory that I buy in on commission, and rarely get out of the county except when Hord has something special for me to do."

"I am extremely sorry that you have had to make a long trip down here," Lotz apologized. "Really, I had looked forward to delivering the cotton to Hord's man here, but I understand that Watson is very low in the hospital," he explained. "You may feel curious that I refused to cancel out when Hord so strenuously requested it, but I wished to teach Hord something."

Old Dave straightened in his chair.

"Hord has disliked me a number of years," he continued, "on account of a misunderstanding long ago, caused by a drunken buyer I had at Dallas. He sold some cotton to Hord and reported it to me as being call cotton, the price to be fixed later, at a certain number of points off the future market. Hord understood that the price was fixed at the time of purchase. The market went up several cents and Mr. Hord lost considerable money. Of course, I immediately discharged the man when the matter came to my attention. Mistakes in cotton are costly. Since that time Hord has held a grievance against me. Not a few times, when I sent men into territories to buy a certain kind of cotton, Hord discovered it and raised prices so much that I was forced out. Hord apparently did not care what his men paid. I imagine that they were ordered not to let me buy a bale. Of course this has been very costly."

There was a pained expression on the dark face. An elegantly manicured hand fingered the diamond in the cravat.

"I am not a man that holds enmity. I have always believed in turning the other cheek, and the reason that I refused to cancel out with Hord is that I intend to demonstrate to him that I conduct a cotton business worthy of the highest regard. Hord even thinks that I am tricky," he charged, raising the smooth voice, "not to say unscrupulous. You will be tendered three thousand bales that will be well up in both grade and staple. I will satisfy you and Mr. Hord in every particular, and all that I intend to receive from it is my just profit and, I hope"—he brightened—"the end of the imagined grievance Hord holds against me. After the successful completion of our business I intend to call on Mr. Hord and show him where he is entirely wrong concerning me, and attempt to induce him to bury the hatchet," he concluded.

"If you can show D. O. where he's wrong, he'll celebrate with the best dinner in Dallas," Old Dave answered. "I've seen him wrong and seen him change. Once, when he chewed on my poor ears for fifteen minutes over the telephone about a list of cotton on which he thought I had thrown away about ten dollars a bale in grade, I took the train to Dallas and went over it with his head classer. We certainly held school. At the end of it the classer finally admitted that I was right and that he must have been off when he looked at it. D. O. gave the classer hell, bought me a box of two-bit cigars, although I don't smoke cigars, and threw the best dinner in town. He is either for you or against you. He never rode a fence. If he finds you in the ditch, he either takes you into his limousine or runs over you with both wheels."

"He has used four wheels on me," Lotz snapped, his smooth manner disappearing for an instant, "but I hope"—he brightened—"to be welcomed into his limousine. It will take you a couple of weeks to finish properly, I imagine, and then I will call upon Mr. Hord. In the meantime, let us get to the matter in hand. When do you wish to commence work?"

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"Suppose You Sneak Back to the Press and Hide Somewhere in That Cotton and Stay With it Until They Get it Out Tomorrow. Do You Reckon You Can Get Back Without Being Seen?"

LIGHTS

By EDITH FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"It Hasn't Been Just a Light Affair to Me. I Want to Marry You, Ann"

BROADWAY hated her. From the producers to the wardrobe women, everyone who had worked with her, if pressed into an admission of their honest opinion of Ann Preston, agreed, however reluctantly, that she was difficult to work with. Even the few who professed friendship, having never coped with her temperamental outbursts in the same play, would damn her behavior with tolerant excuses. And even prior to the opening of Hull Down, the play that raised her name over the old Empress in letters four feet high which were not to come down for three years. But until the opening of Hull Down the hatred of Broadway hadn't mattered. For Ann Preston herself hadn't mattered.

In spite of rumors of an ability that would one day make the highest look to their laurels, in spite of a steadily ascending career, in spite of a personality that, even in a minor rôle, projected itself across the footlights startlingly, she remained for years one of that pathetic, defeated army that must bow to the approval of the leading woman or stand humbly aside while the author, producer and director openly appraised their ability to wear clothes, or read from a script thrust suddenly into their hands on a bare stage, only to be dismissed afterward with the fatal request for the address and the telephone number which would never be needed.

But after the opening of Hull Down, Ann Preston mattered. And the hatred that had been insignificant, coming from her humbler associates, now spread into the upper crest of Broadway. Past stories of stage managers whose orders she had ignored to interrupt a prominent director's rehearsals, office boys in whose faces she had laughed, forcing her way into the forbidden manager's sanctum, agents whose commissions she had refused to pay, now gave way to stories of the director she had walked out on, the ingénue whose face she had slapped, the author she had called a fool, and the understudy she had dismissed for no other reason than that she was too good in the part.

Soon the public was sharing the opinion of the profession. There were curtains rung down too soon, announcements of sudden indisposal, rude requests to the audience for silence, and performances given by an understudy which even a sympathetic audience could not accept as anything but hopelessly inadequate. These things, however irritating to the management and the profession, as they were, only served to make her a more glamorous figure to the public, and her triumph continued until it was ended abruptly by the news of her death, which, befitting her reputation, was announced to her shocked audience, waiting patiently for the curtain that never rose, as a deplorable accident.

Before midnight the news had spread over Broadway. It crept from the Empress to the Casino, a block away, and from the Casino to the Maxine Elliott, and on to the theaters above Forty-second Street, and up and down the side streets to the actors' hangouts. And before the news of her death was made public, Broadway, the hardened artery that has never failed to soften and run with sentimentality at the death of an unfortunate, had decided, for once, not to forgive. In dressing rooms, at stage doors, on street corners, before bars, and around tables at Tony's, Sardi's, Quigley's, Reuben's, The Lambs, the Mayfair and the dozens of other places where Broadway congregates, it decided against her.

There were no stories of a hand too free, a heart too reckless, or a head turned by success, to condone her weaknesses. Even the few who had professed friendship with her admitted now that it had been impossible to reason with her, that she was drunk with her own importance. And the journalists who, on the death of an actor, indulge in poetic metaphor on the curtain that has rung down for the last time, the final exit that has been made and the meteor that has fallen, denied, for once, their literary leanings and allotted her a dignified and restrained obituary on the second page, with not even a photograph to grace it. Broadway attended the services that were held for her, some from respect to a great talent, others from curiosity, and others from the genuine pity that any death might inspire. They stared, almost unbelieving, at the face which, without its grease paint and rouge and mascara, looked strangely childlike. Then they passed silently out of the elegiac splendor, hardly waiting until they reached the

street to speculate, in audible whispers, as to the true cause of her death. In a few days the remains of the slim electric flame that had been Ann Preston were shipped to a Southern city, and a tribe of indigent relatives, suddenly appearing out of a past no one knew, remained to quarrel over the possessions she had left behind.

I should be glad to know that I was wrong in the estimation of the feeling Ann Preston left behind her. I should like to believe that there are a few who could mourn as sincerely as I for a tragic and thwarted soul that was not understood. But I cannot believe that Ann Preston could have—even if she had wished to—revealed herself as she really was. Not even to me did she reveal herself intentionally. It was only by my acquaintance with her as a young girl and the peculiar series of incidents that happened afterward, that I was able to piece together the tragic story of her life, which she, I believe, would have denied vehemently as her own, so successful she believed herself to be in concealing it.

It was while I was touring the smaller cities of the Southwest, in what is known in professional terms as a "rep show," that I first met Ann Preston. I never mentioned her early theatrical experience, for she was pathetically ashamed of her humble beginning, and the facts would have contradicted the numerous fanciful stories she had given to her friends and the press—stories so inconsistent that I wonder the cynical journalists did not pounce upon them during the time she was making herself so unpopular. There were stories of the sheltered convent life, the wealthy family that had disowned her when she chose a theatrical career, the staid English family to which she was lost forever, the French father and the Spanish mother. That the various stories were conflicting she never seemed to realize. Each time they were told they were fresh releases from a childhood that, I learned afterward, had been sordid and drab; so they gained added color in the repetition.

When she joined our company she was seventeen or thereabouts, and already gave promise that soon became painfully apparent to the actors in our troupe—painfully because it was not without envy that they could watch develop a talent which would without doubt one day be recognized on the street that had disappointed them. They were kind enough to her at first, as her inexperience gave them the opportunity to show their superior knowledge of the theater; and realizing that acting was more complicated than she had thought, she accepted all they had to give. Whatever gratitude she felt was short-lived, however, for as soon as she had overcome her crudity and her position with us became secure, she did not hesitate to show her contempt for them.

I had not liked to engage her in the beginning, for the idea of a girl so young sharing the precarious existence we had was a little appalling. But the idea of a young girl, stranded and penniless—which I am sure she was—was even more appalling.

"I read your ad in Billboard, so I came over from Beaumont to get the job," she announced. "I've had lots of experience; I've been on the stage for years." She laughed, a cracked, nervous little laugh that I have never forgotten, for I saw it afterward make an entire audience lean forward in their seats, fear-stricken, forgetting they were in the theater and witnessing a play, seeing only a pathetic young figure in a brave red dress trying to hide her own fear. I tried to put her at ease, and went on casually measuring the coffee I had started to prepare. Though it was too soon to ask her if she was hungry, I measured a double portion. I had taken in the worn brown jacket with the cheap fur sewed on by hand, and the run-down heels, and the one good glove worn and the torn one carried—a trick I had made use of myself not infrequently.

"Where did you play these big parts?" I asked her.

"Oh, all over!" She tried to dismiss the question carelessly. "I've been on the stage since I was fourteen."

"Really?" I answered. "But you don't look much more than fourteen now."

"I'm seventeen," she said quickly, and, it seemed to me, with particular emphasis. "I was seventeen long ago. I'm almost eighteen. I always looked young for my age." She laughed again, the same nervous little laugh, and it suddenly occurred to me that she might have run away from home. I was sure she could not have been more than sixteen.

"It seems to me a little girl like you should be in school," I said.

"I've been to all kinds of schools," she said quickly, rushing on as if she feared I would ask her particulars. "And anyway, if you're going to be a star you can't start too young. Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore and all the great ones began young. They were stars when they were my age."

"But what about your parents?" I asked. "Don't they object?"

"I haven't any parents."

"Oh, I'm sorry." I was ready to give her the job at once.

But she did not want pity, for she went on brightly enough: "I suppose they would have minded, for they

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"Oh, Yes; I Remember You Now," She Said Quickly. "We Were in 'Illusion' Together, Weren't We? How Stupid of Me"

From Trap Line to Fifth Avenue

By Maude Radford Warren

PHOTO, FROM NATURAL RESOURCES INTELLIGENCE SERVICE, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, CANADA

14,000 Fur Skins of Various Animals at a Post in Yukon Territory, Destined for England

THE place seemed less a shop than the treasure room of some discriminating collector. The sallow gold and sapphire blue of eighteenth-century Gobelin tapestry covered the walls. The Persian rug had been woven a century before by soft-eyed Kurdish women. There was a desk at which Talleyrand had written his astute private correspondence. A Louis XV table bore a number of select curios. Sitting in a gilded chair that had been used by beauties of Marie Antoinette's day, and taking as a natural right all the flattering luxury by which she was surrounded, was a young woman from Park Avenue. Two attendants served her—a man from the Orient whose aggressiveness was well padded with suavity, and a slim girl whose elegance had been educated so as to appear not to belong to her so much as to the background.

They had just placed across the young woman's shoulders a magnificent silver-fox scarf, long, lustrous, silky. Black at the neck, halfway down its length it ran into silver. The underfur was abundant, soft and dark, and the brush long, with a very deep white tip. For all its inertness, there was about it something still regal, still triumphant. The young woman who wore it collected furs as some women collect jewels. She cared not at all about the influence of fur on history and civilization; did not know that Russia overwhelmed Siberia for the sake of her fur treasure; that France occupied Canada with the same purpose; that New York, New England and Virginia were initially influenced by the interest in fur. She did not know that a trapper in a frozen area north of 55 was the first link in a lengthy process that carried the fox to her shoulders—a process more intricate, varied, maddening and romantic than, perhaps, any other process that brings food or necessities or luxuries from the earth to the hands of man. But she did know that fur, added to any woman, mitigates her plainness and enhances her loveliness. As she smiled at her reflection, her gaze softened; perhaps, for a moment, she was lifted above the personal, lost in the sheer feeling for beauty.

The preceding December, one Scotty Kent toiled along a snowy trail in Northern Manitoba, slowly following his trap line; on his back food for four days—which meant six pounds of flour, three of salt pork, several ounces of tea, baking powder, a sack of tobacco, matches, an ax, a saw, a frying pan, a kettle, a small baking pan, a quart cup, knife, fork and spoon, an eider-down sleeping bag, an extra pair of moccasins, four pairs of socks, and a seven-by-seven length of canvas. As it was so late in the month, he did not carry a gun, assuming there would be nothing to shoot.

Scotty Kent Versus Reynard Fox

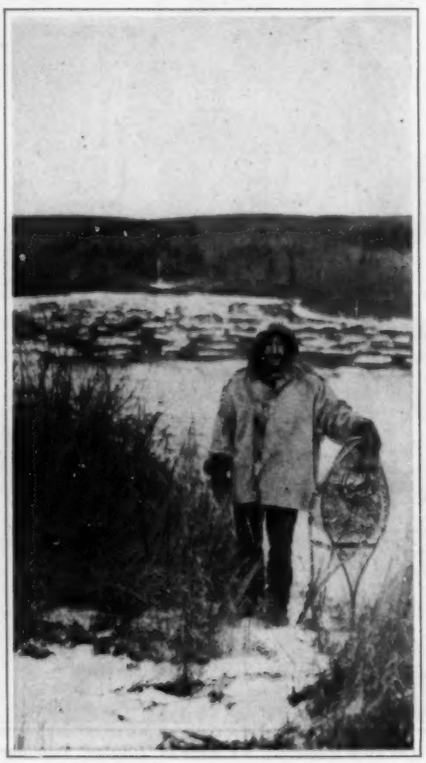
SCOTTY was an expert trapper, but not especially well-equipped. He had a long-drawn-out trap line and sixty traps, but instead of three or four shelters, he had only one cabin, built in the middle of his line, in which he slept every four days. The other nights he slept in the open. Each day he walked fourteen or fifteen miles to look at his traps, making the full line in eight days, and then, if the weather was not too cold, beginning all over again.

In September he had cut up a skunk, flesh, hide and bones, hashed it and buried it in a wooden pail. He had put his well-oiled traps overnight in a strong lye made of wood ashes. After washing off the lye and replacing broken springs, he had boiled the traps in a powerful hemlock brew to kill the iron smell. He had then set the traps, burying under each a large spoonful of the skunk brew. Skunk scent plus hemlock scent destroys human scent. Scotty also used as bait dried fish, tainted, but not decayed, scattering little bits around each trap so that the fox would think the broken fish was the skunk's leavings and thus be off guard. He had next cut down a little spruce tree of such a weight that the fox could move it, but could not drag it away. Such a spruce tree is called a toggle. Most trappers strip it of its branches and bury it in the snow, but Scotty left on the branches, whittled it at the bottom, and set it in the ring of the trap, fastening it with a nail. It had to be an anchorage that would yield a little; otherwise the fox would have been able to pull himself out of the trap. Scotty had also put cotton in the pan of the trap to keep it from freezing, for if the pan was frozen, the trap would not work. It always took Scotty more than an hour to make a set. He was as fussy as a girl getting ready for a ball where the Prince of Wales was to be dancing.

On this particular December day, after a few rather unproductive weeks, Scotty rose at dawn and cooked himself a breakfast of moose steak, corn-meal cakes and coffee. He had no dogs to feed, because a friend fifty miles away had freighted up his supplies. He had only to lock his cabin and start. His hopes were not too high; the eight or nine year cycle of plenty and scarcity in which every northern trapper has learned by experience to believe had last year been at its lowest. This season would be better than last, but, as Scotty well knew, from the back of the fox to the back of the customer, every step in the business of fur is speculative. The floods, fires or famine of one season could decimate his catch of the next. Still, it was almost January, a hungry month for foxes, and he would be examining ten traps.

The first nine brought disappointment. Seven were empty. Two had held cross foxes, but a timber wolf had made them a dead loss. Scotty's clothes were wet, and though it was safe to let them dry on his body, if he did not take off his wet, slippery moccasins, which were hindering his pace, his feet were liable to freeze. Having put on fresh socks and moccasins, he went on to the tenth trap. As he approached, he saw a dark huddle lying on the snow. Nearer still, and he caught the gleam of silver hair on black fur. He bent over and looked into the glazed eyes of a glorious silver fox. The fur on its shoulders and hips was not even slightly rubbed from contact with trees and rocks. It was as perfect as if it had been a November fox. Holding it by its hind legs, Scotty stepped on its heart, killing it instantly. He had long ago learned that to kill a fox by twisting its neck would injure or discolor the pelt. Scotty did not lack sentiment. He never saw a superb fox without paying some tribute to the conquered.

"It was you or me, fellow," he said, "and this is what the poets call the end of a perfect day."



Trapping Along the Clearwater River

A Night on the Line

IT WAS nearly three o'clock and time to make camp. If he had leaned against a tree to rest, as he wanted to, he would presently have been too numb to get matches out of his pocket; he might have frozen to death. Till four o'clock, when it was dark, he cut wood—evergreens for his bed, and four poles against which he would affix his canvas for a lean-to. He would have liked to keep on chopping, for he was not sure he had enough wood to last the night, but it is too risky to cut in the dark, with the danger of the ax glancing and wounding. He hacked the wood into four-foot lengths and dragged it to the spot where he was to make his fire. He had to dig so deep in the snow before placing the wood that there was no draft, but he had provided against that by bringing along oily rags, which burn without a draft. Then he went to a stream near by and chopped splinters of ice with which to fill his kettle. People who know the bush don't usually melt snow for water, as it causes sore lips. Having set his kettle over the fire, he proceeded to prepare his fox for skinning. It was almost frozen, and to carry it to his cabin would have been too much of a burden. He wrapped the body in canvas, so that the fur should not scorch, and began gradually to thaw it. Meanwhile he made bannocks in his frying pan, fried some salt pork, brewed horribly strong tea, and had a hearty meal. It was nine o'clock before the fox was skinned and Scotty could go to sleep. He was trained to wake every two hours to replenish the fire, and four times during the night he made tea. His thoughts were mainly pleasant, but such is the perversity even of trappers that he grumbled a bit.

"I'd maybe better go prospecting and make something," he said. "Or maybe I'd better trap mink and marten, that are so stupid I'd not have to work hard to fool them like I do foxes. If I had had frozen marten tonight I could have carried ten or twelve of them to the cabin and thawed them out gently. This is the life."

Then he began to figure on what he could get for the fox.

"This time," he said, "I'll be as hard to bargain with as if I was a Swede or a Finn. Maybe some trader will be up soon by dog team or aeroplane. But if I say silver fox to him, he'll think I stole it or that it's a ranch-bred fox, planted here to sell. Maybe I'll take it myself to Winnipeg. There was a fellow last week, the radio said, got twelve hundred for one."

And so he fell asleep, fortified by that sense of competence that comes from belonging to the favorable side of the difference between being the creature hunted and the creature hunting.

Before the war, the fur industry was centered abroad, particularly in London, Paris and Leipsic. The United States, in spite of the importance of St. Louis, was merely, so to speak, one of the colonies, with German, French and English firms having a strong interest in our fur trade. London can never lose her strong hold on fur; she is still the main distributing market for the bulk of furs that supply Europe and the colonies. Leipsic, in 1930, is to have the greatest exhibit of furs ever shown in the world. Paris will always allure because she is Paris.

The Value of the Fur Trade

BUT the United States today is the largest fur producer of any country in the world, and supreme in dressing, dyeing and manufacturing. According to some experts, the value of our annual catch in pelts varies between $60,000,000 and $70,000,000, while Canada's is $18,000,000, the Soviet's about $35,000,000, and China's, under normal conditions, $30,000,000 or $40,000,000. New York City has become one of the greatest world fur markets, handling some 80 per cent of our fur trade, the center for every branch of the industry. She is living up to that beaver in her escutcheon. St. Louis, which began as a fur center where the old voyageurs made trips once a year to exchange peltries for groceries and whisky, is still a great primary fur market. For traders from St. Louis travel the upper reaches of the Missouri and its tributaries to the remotest of the Rocky Mountains. An important part of her fur industry is the dressing, dyeing and selling of the Government sealskins from Alaska, and by the way, from the seals in the Bering Sea has already come more money than the Government paid for Alaska.

We market our raw furs all over the world, and we import raw furs from fifty-five different countries to the value of something like $140,000,000. We pay about $10,000,000 for dressed and dyed furs, while we export raw and dressed skins to the value of $25,000,000. The Bureau of the Census gives the value of the output of our fur industry as about $300,000,000, but the retail price of fur and fur trimmings brings it to about $500,000,000.

So the women demand the fur, and eighty different kinds of skin serve them, varying in size from a Russian pony to a Scotch mole, a little velvety pelt not much bigger than the palm of your hand; four classes of them, carnivora, rodentia, ungulata and marsupialia; carnivorous and herbivorous; aquatic and land animals; long-haired and short-haired. And the collecting and preparation of these skins give work to more than 1,000,000 people, packed ranks of them—trappers, traders, dealers, local buyers and collectors, brokers, representatives of collecting houses and auction houses, dressers and dyers, wholesale manufacturers, retail manufacturers, fur-trimming men, fur pointers, jobbers, commission men, retailers, and the employes of all these. They pass the product from fur bearer to fur wearer in a process far more elaborate than any process that has to do with textiles or leather or anything else that a woman wears. And there is as much excitement and speculation in this process as there is in a poker game.

But the trappers stand first. The amazing fact is that here, in Alaska and in Canada, there are close to 1,000,000 of them. There are only a few thousand like Scotty who have spent at least five years in close study of the work, who hunt for fur in the Far North, and who do nothing else. The large majority are farmers or small business men who trap as a side line, or youngsters looking for pocket money. But whether the trapper is a schoolboy up in Minnesota catching skunk or a colored lad in Louisiana catching muskrats that would better not be dyed, he knows his job, and he knows what his product is worth. The day is gone when the Indian trapper, to buy a gun at the trading post, had to set it on end and throw down beside it piled-up beaver skins that must reach up its height of four feet, six inches. One reason for the abnormally long guns some Indians had during the last century was that it was found profitable to make the length six feet! And gone is the day when a trader could make a trapper drunk and then buy his fur too cheaply.

The trappers, naturally, are not concerned with the conservation of fur. They leave that to the Government. After buffalo and beaver and seal had been almost eliminated, and other animals, through overtrapping and even through poisoning, had been lessened in number, the Government made restrictions. There are two Federal laws bearing on the fur industry. One of these makes it unlawful to ship out of a state skins or pelts illegally taken. The other—the tariff act—provides that raw furs not advanced in manufacture shall be admitted to the country free, except silver and black fox skins, but a 15 per cent ad-valorem tax is put on live animals shipped into the States. There is now an import duty of 50 per cent ad valorem on all black and silver fox pelts imported into this country. Other furs, dressed on the skin, not advanced further than dyeing, are dutiable at 25 per cent ad valorem.

State game laws rigidly restrict trapping. In the Northern States and Canada the season is from the end of November to the middle of March or the first of April, depending on the latitude. At that time the coat of an animal is at its best and most luxurious length; the pelt has been well nourished and is strong. The whole skin is what the trade calls prime. Cases of illegal trapping or of poisoning, when detected, are severely punished. Malefactors in the Far North, however, put in their ruthless work at freeze-up time, when game guardians and police cannot get about. Most trappers are intelligent enough to realize that game laws protect their future as well as that of the animal. From Scotty to the youngest child who can set a weasel trap, these various trappers are pursued by literature and by men. Receiving houses and, in recent years, the big mail-order houses send out circulars during the autumn and winter, the earlier ones offering supplies such as traps, guns, heavy winter clothing, while the later ones furnish price lists for the different kinds, qualities and sizes of skins. Itinerant buyers try the spell of personal persuasion; sometimes with the air of a fairy godfather; sometimes like a keen trafficker living up to the Hudson Bay motto of "skin for skin"; sometimes like an indifferent spectator, willing to take the pelt or to let it alone.

Chris Lang With a White Beaver. At Left—His Main Hut

Two Northern Trappers

On to Market

WHATEVER the approach, they carry with them the excitement of trading, the sense of the gambling game. Their way of transport is often romantic enough in itself; for wherever fur is, men will find means of going there. They arrive, according to the region, by train or automobile or dog team; or by aeroplane, thus getting to the market in two weeks instead of three months; by buggy or on horseback; by steamer or ferryboat, or even by houseboat. Between farms they may go on foot. The hired man on a neighboring farm buys from Jimmy, the farmer's son, sells to a village storekeeper, who sells to a county buyer, who sells to a city buyer. A skin, however humble, may pass through half a dozen hands before it reaches the floor of a receiving or an auction house, and through a dozen more before it lies on the board of the manufacturer's cutter. In manufactured form it may have a few more owners before it reaches the ultimate consumer.

The trapper may take his furs in person to some primary market like St. Louis or Seattle or Chicago or Winnipeg or Edmonton or Montreal, where he can shop from trader to trader, watching the grading of the fur and making the best bargain he can. If he ships the fur, the trader who receives it grades it and pays for it in accordance with the market price. Traders are generally honest, but a dishonest

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TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

"Thou Must Not Lose Thy Land, Victor. We Will Wait"

MOTHER EARTH

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

THE raw, cold mist, characteristic of Flanders in November, enveloped the quartet in the gig. They had hired the worn-out horse and the dilapidated vehicle in Hazebrouck at an exorbitant cost, as old Père Delassus complained bitterly and monotonously, although he had haggled over it as only an old peasant can haggle, every *sou* mystically precious. The hirer had shrugged his shoulders. Take it or leave it; he could get his price. Monsieur Delassus was not the only one who wanted a carriage that he might see what had happened to his farm. Old Père Delassus still growled and grumbled in the intervals of coaxing and guiding the wretched horse over or round the deep, unrepaired shell holes in the road. It was like these sacred *bourgeois* of the town. Always they robbed the peasant. Those people in Hazebrouck had made fortunes out of the English during the war—it was oddly difficult to realize that the unending war was at last really over—had suffered as much as to say nothing; for what were a few bombs, a few *marmites*, a few houses destroyed? He named enviously the prices those lucky ones had received for hay, for straw, for oats, for cabbages and potatoes; but of course the English were so rich they could afford to be stupid. And now those greedy townsfolk wanted still to make fortunes out of the misery of honest French cultivators, *nom de tonnerre!* He voiced an age-old antagonism. Madame Delassus, in a prewar bonnet and a cape that dated from the 90's, supported him volubly. *C'était une honte!*

Seated beside his sister Annette in the rear of the gig, Victor Delassus looked back over the dreary route they had come, over the dreary landscape around him. Although he had been born in it, it was unrecognizable. This very road they were traveling was not the old winding road to Hazebrouck; it was a military road made straight across the smitten land—some of its but recently needed camouflage hanging tattered from posts at the sides, all along it dumps of derelict military débris, broken wagons, rolls of rusty barbed wire, piles of already greenish brass shell cases. Illimitable in the thinning mist, whichever way he looked, was a featureless desolation. There was not a tree, not a hedge, not a house. There was only an infinity of churned yellowish mud, pitted and heaped from a myriad convulsions, with little dirty pools of water in the hollows.

The young man was sufficiently habituated to such scenes. In his four years of service, punctuated by idyllic periods in hospital while recovering from his fortunately always slight wounds, he had dwelt almost permanently in similar landscapes more and more widely cataclysmic as the artillery power of the hostile armies had increased. In precisely such desolation, though then whelmed in deafening noise, with geysers of black smoke and mud erupting multitudinously about struggling human pygmies, his three brothers, Pierre, Jean-Marie and Eugène, had been killed. It had become normal to him save that now it was oddly, uncannily quiet. In the mechanical routine of war, in his own ever-imminent personal danger, he had never given more than a passing thought to the viewpoint of the owners of such fought-over land, refugees far away in the rear, scattered all over France. Now that aspect of the matter smote him with a shock intimate to the depths of him. This—or something exactly like it, a little farther on—was their land, the land which had been part of the Delassus flesh and blood ever since their peasant ancestor had bought it as a *bien national* in the days of the great Revolution. Now it had been rendered worthless, every vestige obliterated of the patient labors which through unnumbered centuries had rendered it regularly cultivable, its boundaries annihilated, its drainage ditches gone, its subsoil upheaved above the precious loam so that haply it could never grow a crop again.

That immense destruction awoke in him a mood of rebellion at the unequal scheme of things. When all was said, for all the heroics of victory it was the peasant who paid. Perhaps those glib-tongued, bitter townsmen in the regiment had been right. He had not liked them because they had been argumentative atheists, mockers at patriotism, at the France which was a sacred abstraction to him. They had said that they must have a government of workers and peasants as in Russia, ruling a reconstructed world for the benefit of their class. In his pocket at this moment he had a pamphlet that one of them had given him on the day he had been demobilized—a pamphlet of virulent denunciations. He had read it in the train, half convinced. Now this ruin about him—this ruin which was intimately that of his own family—gave it a certain reluctantly accepted plausibility. He disliked townsmen, hated their quick-witted assumption of insulting superiority, but perhaps these were, after all, right.

He glanced at Annette. Unshapely, inelegant, a typical peasant girl of the half-Flemish North, she sat silent, white-faced, her wide eyes looking from side to side, plainly appalled. Evidently she had not realized what they were coming to. It was one thing to read about devastated areas. It was another thing actually to see it—one's own incredibly devastated area. His mother and father had also fallen silent as they advanced. Only *le père* cursed in *patois* at the stumbling horse, cried *"Hue!"* and *"Ha!"* as he guided the animal over the inequalities of the road.

Presently the old man stopped the horse, looked about him.

"It must be here," he said gruffly, an odd tone in his voice. *"Nom de tonnerre!"* His eyes roved about him. *"Nom de tonnerre!"* he said again.

Victor gazed over the expanse of tumbled mud. Was it here? He could recognize nothing. It might have been anywhere. Where was the group of poplars which had sheltered their farmhouse, rebuilt in the revolutionary time? Where was the avenue which had led up to it from a gateway between two brick pillars surmounted with stone balls? Where was that curving hedge inclosing the field where the cows used to pasture? Where was the drainage dike which led away to the canal of the Lawe? There was nothing. There was merely featureless desolation to the limit of sight.

He Had Prayed to Her Devoutly

They descended from the vehicle and Père Delassus tied the horse's reins to a broken cannon lying overturned on the roadside. Madame Delassus—she had become thin and shrunken during her sojourn in the Midi, whither they had been evacuated by the authorities—stood as though bereft of movement, gazing around piteously. *"Mon Dieu!"* she said. *"Mon Dieu!"*

Père Delassus pointed.

"*V'là!*" he remarked curtly, as though unable to trust himself to more than a minimum of speech. His lips quivered under his gray beard. His hand shook.

Victor looked in the indicated direction—not that in which he had imagined their old home to be. He saw, hardly distinguishable in the slough, a heap of rubble. A path of military duckboards led across the mud to it. Père Delassus started along that track. The three of them followed him, Annette steadying her mother on the slatted boards squelching insecurely under their feet.

In the heap of rubble was a timbered dark opening, marked with a notice board in German, the entrance to a dugout below. Victor went down a few of its steep steps cautiously, striking a match. Those *boches* often left booby traps behind them. He stopped abruptly, met by a dreadful stench, by putrefying bodies in gray uniforms. Evidently a shell had penetrated the dugout. He had a glimpse of the masonry walls of a cellar—their cellar?—ere his match went out. He turned, hurriedly came up again.

His mother was standing on the rubble, looking around her in bewilderment. "It cannot be here," she repeated wretchedly. "It cannot be here." Annette said nothing. Plainly she was only just restraining herself from bursting into tears.

Old Père Delassus nevertheless obstinately asserted that this was indeed it. "*C'est ici,*" he reiterated, "*c'est bien ici.*" He went poking about amid the rubble. "Look!" he said, pointing to a broken slab of stone. "Ours!" Upon it was cut "E. D. 1795." Victor recognized it as the keystone over the doorway, carved with the initials of that Evariste Delassus who had bought the *métairie* during the Revolution. It was proof. Madame Delassus had to admit it.

"But where is the church?" she said quaveringly, still incredulous. "Where is the village?"

Where, indeed, was the church that Victor remembered with a sudden vividness, its tower just visible amid a cluster of trees? Where was the village, a row of whitewashed old cottages flanking on both sides the comparative magnificence of the *mairie* opposite the *auberge* of the Lion de Flandre? It all came back to him as in a vision—a vision which would fit nowhere in this featureless actuality. Where, indeed? For the life of him he could not even approximately site them.

"The church?" said old Père Delassus. "The church must have been over there." He pointed, frowned, shook his head, changed his mind, pointed in another direction. "No. Over there."

Annette spoke timidly, "What are those white things in the mud there?" She pointed to a quite different spot.

The old man gazed in that direction.

"Tombstones," he said. "*Tiens!* The church must have been there then. *Tiens!*" He looked also bewildered. "*Tiens! Nom de tonnerre!*" He was utterly disconcerted.

They wandered over this muddy desolation which had assuredly been their farm, seeking to identify where had stood its various appurtenances. Here—or perhaps here—had been the great barn. Here then the stables. Here the dung heap in its immense walled pit. But save for some shattered masonry of the pit, there was no vestige of any of them.

Wandering farther, Victor discovered a semicylindrical corrugated-iron military hut. Evidently it had been occupied by English troops, was still littered with the rubbish left at their departure. There were some bundles of spades and picks. There was also a stove. He cried to his father: "*Ohé, le père,* here is something!"

They came across to him, looked inside the dirty hut. It was, nevertheless, habitable. Madame Delassus suddenly recovered herself, mopped the tears from her eyes.

"*Enfin,*" she said. "*On sera bien ici.* It is a commencement. We can well live here. There is room for all with a partition. *Nous avons de la chance.*" She was once more the capable peasant woman Victor had known all his life. "And some spades we shall not have to buy. *Ces Anglais*—how they waste!"

Victor Found Himself Looking at the Girl, Not Unpleasing in Visage, With Whom Annette Was Talking. Annette Turned to Him. "This is Marthe, Victor," She Said. "You Remember Marthe, Don't You?"

They went outside again. For a moment they stood silent, that immense desolation again appalling them. To Victor it seemed impossible that they could ever rebuild their lives in it, restore that vast sterility to the green ordered agriculture he remembered. Sundered from the practice of the soil by his four years of warfare, the prospect even of attempting it seemed oddly alien to him. Often in the trenches he had dreamed idyllically of plowing, of milking cows, of sitting on the clattering reaper machine at harvest time. But now all that seemed grotesquely impossible of realization. Would they not do better to invest their indemnity from the government—a lavishly estimated indemnity which the *boche* would of course pay—sell this land for the little it would fetch, and migrate to some other place? He hinted something of that thought to his father. The old man swung round on him.

"*Qu'est-ce que tu dis?*" he growled indignantly. "Quit this land—our land? *Tu ne penses pas!* Never! We must set to work, now at once. The season is far advanced, but we may yet get a crop—something. There is much draining to be done. We must make a beginning, *nom d'un nom!* We must work hard. But give up the land—never!"

Annette interrupted him, "See! There are other people over there!"

At some little distance three people, a man and two women, were wandering across the desolation.

"*Tiens!*" said Madame Delassus. "It must be the Duponts." The Duponts were the farmers whose land adjoined their own. "Let us speak to them."

They picked their way across the mud toward that other party similarly coming toward them. It was indeed the Duponts. The two heads of families greeted each other with a handshake, with the sparse minimum of words of peasants inapt at idle conversation. Madame Delassus was already exchanging experiences of exile with Madame Dupont. Victor found himself looking at the strongly built adult girl, not unpleasing in visage, with whom Annette was talking. Annette turned to him.

"This is Marthe, Victor," she said. "You remember Marthe, don't you?"

He remembered without recognizing her. He had last seen Marthe as a schoolgirl not to be identified with this grown woman. She smiled at him.

"*Tiens!* It is Victor! Already demobilized? We still await our Georges." Her expression changed to a sudden seriousness. "We have lost Jules and Marie-Joseph, you know."

He did not know. As a boy he had played with Jules and Marie-Joseph, had gone poaching with them in the woods of the château—there where now there was neither wood nor château. He murmured awkward condolences. Annette told that they had lost Pierre, Jean-Marie and Eugène. Everybody had lost dear ones. And now around them was this desolation.

He commented on it, asked Marthe what her parents were going to do.

She looked at him with naïve surprise.

"But we have come back," she said. "Father has already engaged some *démobilisés.* We have found a German dugout in which we can live. Fancy! It had had electric light, all the way from Lille. Father says he believes the land is still good. It will be hard, of course. We shall have to work!" She smiled at him again, showing her strong white teeth.

In presence of this robust optimism he felt a secret little shame at his own weakness. Marthe was right. The soil was perhaps still good. They must work hard. In the old days he had worked hard enough upon this very land, draining, digging, plowing, hoeing. It was being so long in the army which had made him lose touch with this elemental reality of constant labor on the earth by which they lived.

The two parties separated, the Duponts going back toward that area of mud they had identified as their own.

(Continued on Page 58)

THE DOOR

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

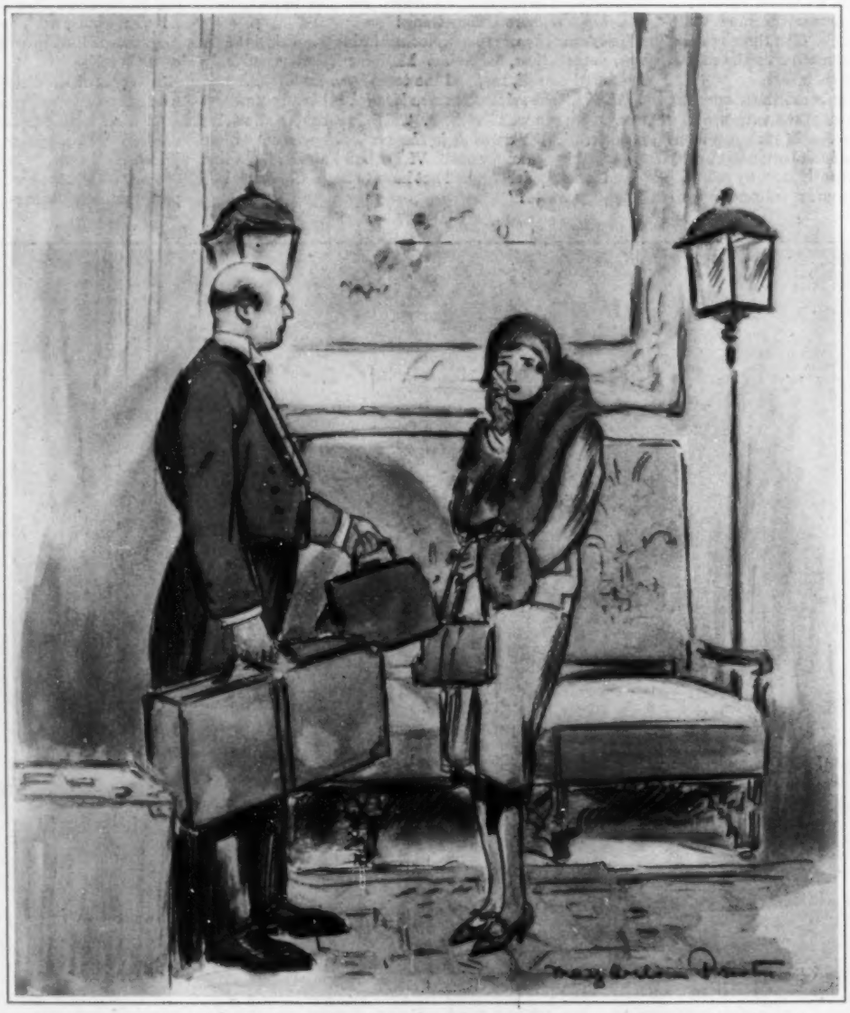
X

A LONE woman who has lived in a house for many years grows to know her house. It is like a live thing to her; it has its moods, its contrary days, and it has its little eccentricities; this stair creaks, that window rattles, that door sticks.

Especially, if she is not a good sleeper, she grows to know her house at night. All houses are strange at night. It is as though, after the darkness and silence have fallen, they stir and waken to some mysterious life of their own. In my house, some of these movements I can account for. When the windows are raised the old beams creak, as though the house is cracking its knuckles, and when we have a north wind the skylight wails and whines. A metal weather strip that is, vibrating like a string.

Then, too, a breeze from the west will set the ivy outside my window to whispering, little sibilant voices which have roused me more than once, convinced that I was called; and an open window in the drawing-room beside the speaking tube there will send, on windy days, a fine thin whistle through the house.

But I do not like my cellar. Perhaps this is a throwback to my childhood; I do not know. The fact remains that I go into it at night under protest, and that I have had installed in the back hall a switch by which a light below is turned on before anyone need descend. A bit of precaution for which I could have shrieked with rage before that night had passed.



She Even Cried a Little When She Left, Although She Had Shown No Affection for Any of Us

It was eleven o'clock when I returned, and soon afterward I heard Dick leave the house. His paper is an afternoon one, and so he has to rise fairly early. Judy wandered in to say good night, but I had locked the carpet in my closet, and she merely stood inside the door.

"When is Mary going?" she asked.

"She hasn't said. Why?"

"She's been packing tonight. Dick helped Joseph to bring her trunk down from the storeroom. She doesn't seem too keen to go."

"It's her own choice," I said rather acidly.

"Well, I hope to heaven mother doesn't wish her on us! She may. To shut her mouth about Uncle Jim."

But she did not go away at once. She stood there, apparently thinking.

"Don't you think Wallie's been rather queer over all this?" she said. "'So, if anything happens to me, you'll understand,'" she mimicked him. "If he knows anything, now is the time to tell it. And if he doesn't, why doesn't he keep out? Where does he come in, anyhow? What's he worried about?"

"I do wish you'd keep out of all this, Judy."

"Why? It's the day of the young, isn't it? Everybody says so."

"It's the hour for the young to be in bed."

"All right, I'm going now. But just to show you why I'm not going back to New York, in spite of you and Dick—Wallie didn't find that pencil on top of the skylight. He took it up with him and put it there."

With which she went away, whistling softly, and left me to my thoughts, which were nothing to boast about.

I did not go to bed. I sat shut in my bedroom, with the carpet from the car rolled in my closet, waiting for the house to quiet down for the night. My mind was a welter of confusion; Jim's evasions and half truths, the possible significance of the oil stain, and Judy's strange statement as to Wallie and the pencil.

And to add to my discomfort, Joseph tapped at my door after letting Dick out and locking up, and told me that the women in the house had started a tale that poor Sarah was "walking," and were scaring themselves into a fit over it. I am not a superstitious woman, but there is something of the mystic in every Christian, and I must confess that when, at something after one, the speaking tube in my room set up a thin whistle, my hair seemed to stand on end.

Ever since the night of Sarah's death, Joseph had been instructed to leave a light burning in the lower hall, and it was burning then. I opened my door carefully and, slipping out, leaned over the banister. Save that Jock had apparently been asleep there, and had now risen and was stretching himself drowsily, there was no sign of anything unusual. If there was a window or a door open in the drawing-room, I felt that it could stay open for a while. I had other business to attend to first.

Jock's attitude had given me confidence, and at something after one, wearing a dressing gown and my felt-soled bedroom slippers, I took the rug and a bottle of patent cleaner and made my way gingerly to the basement laundry, stopping in the kitchen to pick up the poker from the range. I was minded to have a weapon of some sort at hand.

I had a plan of sorts. If the stain came out, I could return the rug to Amos, and he could think what he might; lay my high-handed proceeding to the eccentricities of a middle-aged female if it pleased him. If it did not come out, I could burn the thing in the furnace.

But I was very nervous, and the basement itself daunted me; the long vistas of blackness forward, to the furnace and the coal and wood cellars, the darkness of the laundry and the drying room. The small light at the foot of the stairs, which turned on from the back hall above, made little impression on the gloom, and as I stood there it seemed to me that something crawled over the wood in the wood cellar. A rat, possibly, but it did not help my morale.

The laundry was dark, and to light it one must enter the room and turn on the hanging globe in the center. I went in, shivering, and directly in the center of the room I struck violently against something. It was a chair, and it upset with a clatter that echoed and reëchoed in that cavernous place.

What was the chair doing there? It belonged under a window, and here it was, out of place again. What was it that moved that chair? And Joseph's somber statement came back to me, to complete my demoralization. After all, chairs did move. They moved in seances—chairs and tables—without being touched.

I was badly frightened, I confess. A dozen stories of phantasms, discredited at the time, rose in my mind. The place seemed peopled with moving shadows, sinister and threatening, and from somewhere I seemed to hear footsteps, spectral, felt rather than heard. And when I finally found courage to try the laundry light, it had burned out.

Such efforts as I could make then to remove the stain were of no practical value, and I decided once for all to burn the rug and take the consequences.

I did one of the hardest things I have ever done in my life when I went forward to the furnace cellar, carrying the rug. Once the light there was on, however, I felt better. I built a small fire of paper and kindling, and thrust in the rug. It began to blaze, although not so rapidly as I had hoped. I stood there, watching and wondering about the dampers; like many women, I know nothing about a furnace.

I wandered about, waiting for that slow combustion to become effectual, examined the windows and the door to the areaway, and was retracing my steps forward to the furnace again, when I stopped suddenly. Someone was moving about over my head.

I pulled myself together. The dogs had not barked. It must be Joseph—Joseph, who had heard the whining in the speaking tubes and come down to investigate. But to have Joseph discover me burning that rug would have been disastrous. I turned out the furnace light at once, and went back toward the foot of the stairs, where the small light still burned. To my horror, I saw that light go out, and heard the bolt slipped in the door above.

"Joseph!" I called. "Joseph!"

It was not Joseph. The footsteps had ceased, but there was no answering call. Somebody, something, was lurking there overhead, listening. The thought was horrible beyond words.

I was crouched on the foot of the staircase, and there I remained in that haunted darkness until daylight. At dawn I crept up the stairs, and half sat, half lay, on the narrow landing. Perhaps I slept, perhaps I fainted. I shall never forget Joseph's face when, at seven o'clock, he unlocked the door and found me there.

"Good heavens, madam!" he said.

"Help me up, Joseph. I can't move."

"You're not hurt, are you?"

"No. You locked me in, Joseph. I've had a horrible night. You—or somebody."

"I locked you in, madam? At what time?"

"About two o'clock, I think."

"I was not downstairs after midnight," he said, and helped me to my feet.

He got me into the pantry and made me some coffee. Norah was not yet down; my household slept badly those days, and therefore late. He had had a shock, however. His hands shook and his face was set. I can still see him moving about, his dignity less majestic than usual, making the coffee, laying a doily on the pantry table, fetching a cup and saucer from the dining room. While he waited for the coffee to boil, he made a tour of the first floor, but reported everything in order. The drawing-room door and windows were locked.

"But I would suggest, madam," he said, "that we change the lock on the front door. Since Miss Sarah's key is missing, it is hardly safe."

Norah came in as I finished my coffee, and she gave me a queer look. But I did not explain. I went up and crawled into my bed, and I did not waken until Joseph came up with a tray of luncheon.

He came in, closed the door, drew a table beside the bed, opened my napkin and gave it to me. Then he straightened and looked at me.

"I have taken the liberty of destroying the rug, madam."

My heart sank, but he spoke as calmly as though he had been reporting that the butter was bad.

"The dampers were wrong," he said. "It's a peculiar furnace. You have to understand it."

He looked at me and I looked back at him. Our relations had subtly changed, although his manner had not. We shared a secret; in effect, Joseph and I were accomplices. Between us we had compounded a felony, destroyed evidence, and Joseph knew it. Whether he had seen the stain or not, he knew that carpet.

"You should not have tried to do that, madam," he said. "In the future, if you need any help, you can always call on me."

Then he went out; strange inscrutable Joseph, living the vicarious life of all upper-class servants. Somewhere he had a wife, but he never mentioned her. His room at night, the pantry and the newspapers by day apparently comprised his life and satisfied him.

It was when he came to remove the tray that he told me, very quietly, that his revolver was missing.

"I have been keeping it in my bedroom lately, under my pillow," he said. "Now it is gone. Taken by someone who knew the habits of the house, madam."

XI

WHATEVER was the meaning of that unpleasant episode, it was impossible to go to the police with it. I was seeing rather less of the inspector now; he and the entire homicide squad were working on the Gunther case; the crime detection unit of photographer, chemist, microscopist and gun expert were at work, but I believe their conclusions were unimportant. The bullet was missing. From the size of the wounds in the skull and the fact that it had passed entirely through the head, they believed that it had been a large-caliber bullet fired at close range, and that the time of her death had been about eight or eight-thirty. The bag, then, had lain in the street for almost three hours.

Outside of these facts, the murder remained a complete and utter mystery. She appeared to have been without friends or family—one of those curious beings who, from all appearances, have sprung sporadically into being, without any past whatever. She had had no ability for friendship, unless that odd acquaintance of hers with Sarah could be called friendship.

Strange that two such reserved women should have found each other, have somehow broken down their repressions, have walked, talked, maybe even laughed together. For it seems now that during the month or so before the murders they had met a number of times. One pictures them walking together, maybe sitting together in a moving-picture theater, and then one day something said—a bit of confidence—and both were doomed.

The day passed without incident, save that Mary Martin took her departure. She even cried a little when she left, although she had shown no affection for any of us.

Judy seemed relieved to have her gone.

"Thank heaven," she said. "I don't have to whisper any more. She was always listening, Elizabeth Jane. I've caught her at it, leaning over the banisters. I'll bet my hat she knows something. And I'll bet two dollars—which is all I have in the world at the moment—that she took Joseph's gun."

"Why would she take Joseph's gun? That's silly."

"Is it? Well, ask Norah. She knows."

And ask Norah I did, with curious results.

It appeared that on the day before Joseph had missed his revolver, Norah had gone upstairs to her room to change her uniform before she prepared luncheon. She wears rubber-soled shoes in the kitchen, as it has a tiled floor, and so she moved quietly.

Joseph, it seems, was downstairs. The door at the top of the back stairs is a swinging one, as otherwise the maids forget to close it, and it swings noiselessly. She pushed it open and there was Mary Martin, down the hall, and just coming out of Joseph's room. She stepped back when she saw Norah, and then reconsidered and came out again into the hall.

"I was looking for some matches," she said.

According to Norah, she had no matches in her hands, however, and she looked so pale that Norah was curious. When Mary had shut herself in her room, Norah glanced inside Joseph's door. There were matches on his bureau, and his revolver lay on top of the bed.

But with Mary gone, and the house quiet again and with no "snooping," as Judy called it, I went into the library that night, to find Dick grinning and Judy with her mouth set hard.

"Well, tell her, if you think it's so funny."

"Tell her yourself, lady of my heart. Do your own dirty work."

"Don't be such an ass. It's a perfectly simple thing I want, Elizabeth Jane. I want to get into Florence Gunther's room."

"The answer is just as simple, Judy," I said shortly. "You'll do nothing of the sort."

But she was argumentative and a trifle sulky.

"Oh, well, if you must have it. I want to look for something. That's all."

"For what?"

"I don't know. But now listen to this: I don't know why poor Sarah was killed, or Florence either. But I do know why their shoes were taken off. One or the other of them had something—I don't know what, but she had. It might have been a paper ——"

"Give me the papers and take the child!" said Dick.

She ignored that.

"Now Dick has struck up an acquaintance with a blonde out there at the house on Halkett Street. She's named Lily, and he's quite fond of her; he's even had her out to luncheon."

Dick groaned, and she grinned maliciously.

"Her name is Sanderson—Lily Sanderson—and she's rather a mess. But she likes to talk, and she's got something she hasn't told the police. She won't even tell him, but she might tell us."

"Who are 'us'?"

"You and I, Elizabeth Jane; you to give staidness and respectability to the excursion, I to use my little wiles to wheedle her if necessary. Dick says she's afraid of the police, but once she sets eyes on you, she'll open up like a flower."

I declined at once, but she has her own methods, has Judy, and so in the end I reluctantly consented.

The appointment was made for the next night—Friday. Evidently Miss Sanderson was uneasy, for she made it Friday because the colored woman would be off for her afternoon out. And it was she herself who admitted us when, having left the car at the corner, Judy and I presented ourselves on the following evening.

She opened the door with her finger to her lips.

"Now, how nice!" she said in a loud clear tone. "Here I was, afraid I was to have an evening alone, and this happens!"

All the time she was urging us in with little gestures, and Judy's

"Keep Quiet! How Can I Do Anything if You Jerk My Arm?"

(Continued on Page 79)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions: Five Cents the Copy, $2.00 the Year (52 weekly issues). Two Years for $3.50, Three Years for $5.00. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador): Ten Cents the Copy, $3.00 the Year. Two Years for $5.50, Three Years for $8.00, in Canadian or United States Funds.

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 15, 1930

Britain's Handicaps

TWO distinguished British publicists whose articles have just appeared in these columns—the Right Honorable Winston Churchill and Sir Philip Gibbs—have put American readers in their debt by their illuminating discussions of over-sea affairs and of the handicaps under which Britain labors in the throes of her great transition period.

Both contributors, in temperate terms, call attention to the added burden of taxation which their fellow countrymen have shouldered as a result of forgiving vast debts to their former allies and of their gradual liquidation of their war-loan obligations to the United States.

Most of our readers will, we think, share our feeling that they have overstressed this factor in Britain's economic situation and have given too little weight to other handicaps due to certain British casts of thought and modes of action. And yet both have written in such a spirit of candor that a careful reading of their own words goes far toward correcting any unintentional distortion of perspective which they may have imparted to their references to war obligations.

Mr. Churchill, for example, in a vivid paragraph, declares that "more than twenty million soldiers or trained reserves, armed with instruments of inconceivable destructiveness, are required to guard the jigsaw frontiers of twenty-six jealous, impoverished and disunited states." Sir Philip Gibbs, with like frankness, summarizes the unenlightened policies of British labor, capital and management which are costing the nation so dear.

The reassuring feature of both articles is the impression that conditions in Britain and upon the Continent, though by no means free from future menace to peace and prosperity, are, nevertheless, improving. British officials who were in the United States during the darkest days of the war will recall the unfailing optimism of their American friends. They will remember their constant reiteration of predictions that Britain would emerge from the struggle in far better condition than then seemed possible to many well-informed Englishmen; and that, despite all the buffetings she had sustained, whether in the clash of war or as a result of the social revolution then and now in progress, her future was brighter than her most loyal sons dared hope. Some of these prophecies have already come true; others await a fulfillment which appears highly probable.

Rich and powerful old nations, like rich and powerful old men, are exceedingly slow to abandon policies and habits of thought and action to which they attribute their commanding place in the world. Britain is, naturally, slow to learn the altered social and industrial systems of the new age which has crept upon her, but learn them she will—and when she does, that new knowledge and the practice growing out of it will be a challenge to America to make fresh drafts upon her own industry, invention and resourcefulness.

The new British Commonwealth of Nations is a less imposing edifice than the old British Empire. It may not loom so grandly as it once did, but what it has lost in towering height, it has gained in breadth of base. Its center of gravity is lower down. It is less topheavy, more stable. The ship reefed down for a blow does not present the alluring picture which she did with all sails set and drawing, but she stands a much better chance of making her home port.

The White House

THE recent serious fire in the west wing or executive-office section of the White House once more raises the question of adequate and dignified business quarters for the President of the United States and his immediate staff. The so-called west wing was built in 1902 as temporary quarters to get the President out of the White House during his working hours; thus removing the Chief Executive's workshop from his home. To plan and erect an entirely new and permanent executive office on the site of the old State, War and Navy Building, or elsewhere, would require a number of years, and so it has been necessary to repair the west wing for the present at least.

But this is no real solution of the problem. The dignity of a great nation requires a different kind of provision. The business of the Chief Executive has been increasing steadily and crowding in more and more upon the White House. Even the basement has been turned into offices. A noble edifice is about to be erected for the business of the Supreme Court, and the President is entitled to similar quarters apart from his family home. At present the White House is the scene of a daily medley. There are the President and his family and the social functions necessarily attached to the Presidency. In addition, there are countless business callers, delegations, both American and foreign, distinguished foreign guests, a large group of newspaper reporters and another of photographers, a stream of politicians, real and pseudo celebrities of every description, and an endless army of visitors, tourists and the public in general. There is far too much confusion and too great concentration in one small spot.

The fine old mansion known as the White House should be freed from most of this business and its original individuality maintained. In a suitable and important Executive Building, preferably near at hand, there should be adequate waiting rooms and possible living quarters for distinguished guests, a fitting and imposing cabinet room, and sufficient office space, naturally. Whether these quarters should be combined with any department of the Government seems doubtful. The Presidency is not to be made an appendage of any one department. Mere quarters and trappings will not make the presidential office useful or its incumbent great. But its dignity plays a valuable rôle in our institutions, and the time is near at hand when the foremost ruler in the world should no longer do his work in a sort of diminutive outbuilding in the side yard.

Agencies of Stability

THE growth of life insurance has become an object of general wonder, as was evidenced by the comment when total insurance in force reached the $100,000,000,000 mark several months ago. At the present rate of increase, only a few years will be required to double that figure. No one knows, of course, how fast it will expand in the future, but a much larger amount of insurance could be carried without disturbing the economic balance of the country.

All this suggests that the day may come when the life-insurance companies will exert a more powerful influence over business than the banks themselves. The amount of insurance in force lends itself to striking headlines, but the growth of assets is also a significant figure to watch. In 1929 the increase was $1,639,000,000, the greatest on record. The assets of these companies have more than doubled in seven years, having increased from $8,652,000,000 in 1922 to $17,600,000,000 at the end of last year. The responsibility for the use of such sums and for providing adequate services in return for premiums paid in cannot be exaggerated. It is divided among many different companies, although fifty-two large ones hold more than ninety per cent of the assets. Competition among companies is of the keenest, and within each company the salesmen compete vigorously with one another. Though many of the companies are mutual—that is, without stockholding interest—they compete on terms of equal vigor with the stock companies and among themselves.

What sort of giant is this we have raised among us? No one knows what it will develop into, but clearly the leaders of such an institution must be men of responsibility and high ideals. Grover Cleveland practically headed one of the great companies in order to bring back its good name after the scandals of a quarter of a century ago. A former Secretary of the Treasury now heads another of the larger companies, and an ex-President is a prominent director in still a third. Perhaps the administration of these vast semi-public concerns may prove in the future the solution to the problem of what to do with our ex-Presidents.

As stabilizing agencies these companies serve in the direction of investment. At one time, when we were still engaged in opening up sections of the country, one-third of all their assets were invested in railroad securities. More recently the percentage has fallen. In the World War their funds helped to finance this country's participation. With the more recent urban development they have provided large sums for building expansion, and now, with the growth of utilities and the needed expansion of city improvements, they purchase utility and municipal bonds. It is true that the more speculative phases of national development are not provided for in any way out of life-insurance funds. But as new enterprises become more stable their capital needs are met from life-insurance moneys, and thus capital is released for constructive use in ventures which are in turn more speculative.

In its direct application, life insurance is a stabilizer to the extent that payments made to policyholders and beneficiaries counteract the business disturbance that comes from individual and personal loss and death. Prosperity means nothing to the disabled man or to the family whose breadwinner has died. About $2,000,000,000 is paid each year to the people of the country in matured policies, and nearly three-quarters of it goes to living policyholders. Nor do the ups and downs of the stock market have any effect upon the integrity and reliability of these contracts. As stated by Mr. Frederick H. Ecker, president of one of the large companies:

"No investor in life insurance need ever be sold out, nor will he be called on to put up additional margin to protect his contract. Throughout the whole of the disturbance of last fall and as a result of it, no life-insurance policy has varied one iota from par. It should not be assumed, however, that life insurance has come through this upheaval unscathed because of any particular financial astuteness or wizardry peculiar to its management, nor because it enjoys any unique opportunities or advantages of market position. Had life-insurance investments been of the same character, our institutions would have suffered proportionately with those affected, and the public confidence might well have been shaken."

Thus, life insurance is a stabilizing factor of greater scope than is commonly understood. So much of it is for the benefit of those of small incomes that it may be looked upon as a vehicle for the wider distribution of wealth. But it should become a still greater stabilizing agency than that. It can do far more than in the past to solve the social problem of the superannuated worker and that of illness.

The United States of Europe

By WINSTON CHURCHILL

Former British Chancellor of the Exchequer

IDEAS are born as the sparks fly upward. They die from their own weakness; they are whirled away by the wind; they are lost in the smoke; they vanish in the darkness of the night. Someone throws on another log of trouble and effort, and fresh myriads of sparks stream ineffectually into the air. Men have always tended these fires, casting into them the fruits of their toil—indeed, all they can spare after keeping body and soul together. Sometimes at rare intervals something exciting results from their activities. Among innumerable sparks that flash and fade away, there now and again gleams one that lights up not only the immediate scene but the whole world. What is it that distinguishes the fortunes of one of these potent incendiary or explosive ideas from the endless procession of its fellows? It is always something very simple and—once the surroundings are illuminated—painfully obvious. In fact we may say that the power and vitality of an idea result from a spontaneous recognition of the obvious.

For instance, not far from the fire there is a rubbish heap, and as the weather has been very dry for some time and the night breeze is blowing in that direction, one single spark out of all the millions has suddenly acquired enormous importance. It has fallen glowing upon the rubbish; and there is the heap beginning to smolder, smoke and break into flame; and already there is a blaze and everyone can see for himself the rubbish heap and that the spark has set it alight. No one knows how far the flames will go, whose buildings will be threatened or what will happen next. There is no lack of excitement and bustling about and running around, and no one—not even the slowest—has any doubt but that something unusual has happened, or that it all arose from the spark and the rubbish heap coming together in this way. But what to do about it is quite a different tale.

So when the idea of The United States of Europe drifted off upon the wind and came in contact with the immense accumulation of muddle, waste, particularism and prejudice which had long lain piled up in the European garden, it became quite evident that a new series of events had opened.

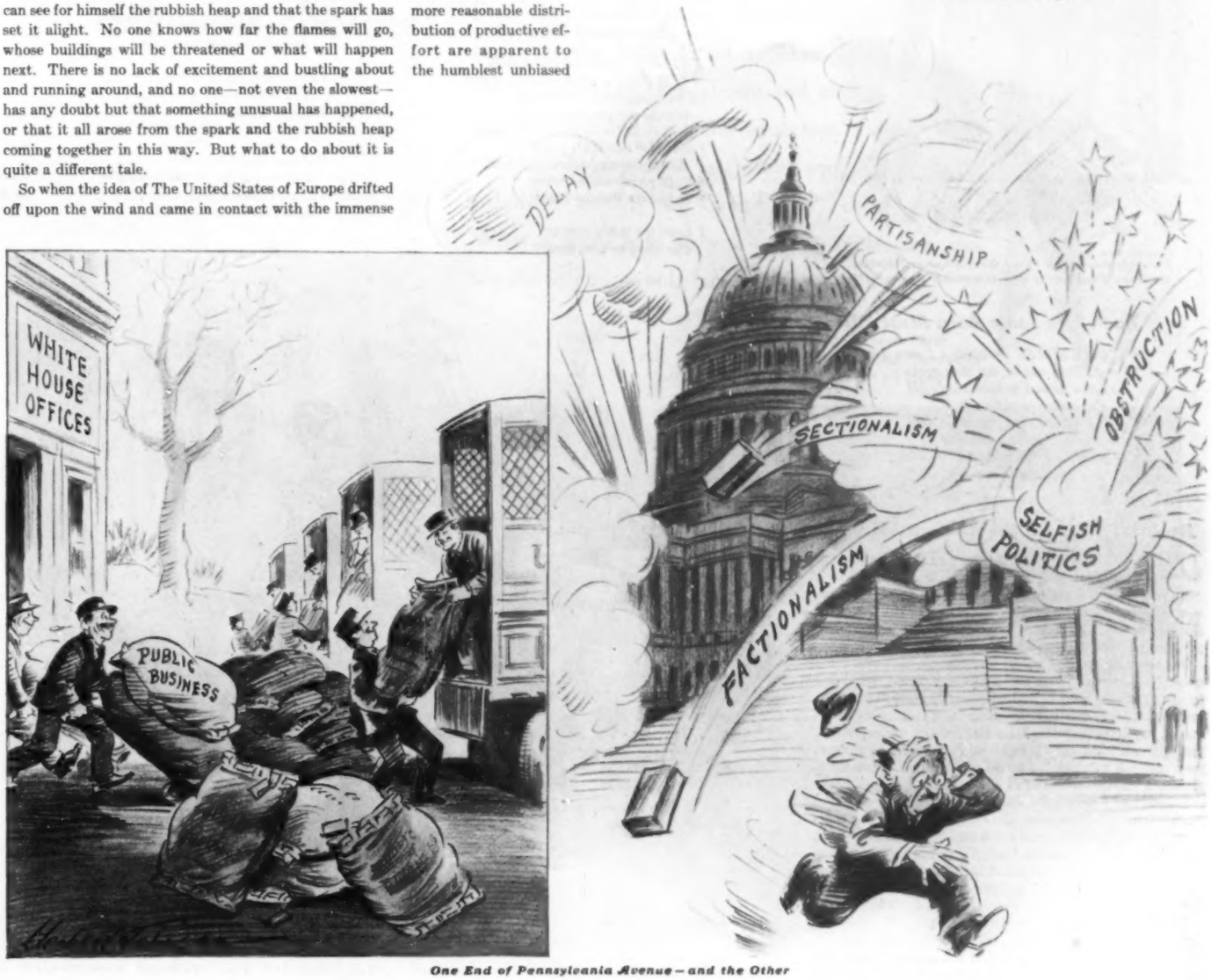
To quit a metaphor before it becomes a burden, never before have some four hundred millions of the strongest, most educated and most civilized parent races of mankind done themselves so much harm by their quarrels and disunion as have the great nations of Europe during the present century. Never had they more reason to be discontented with the condition to which they have reduced themselves, and never could they see more clearly at once the cause of their misfortunes and its remedy. They have only to look around to see the fair regions they inhabit starved and impoverished by the greatest of all wars, disturbed by hatreds and jealousies which the conflict has only aggravated, and hampered and burdened at every point by fetters and barriers they have themselves created and must spend a large part of their income to maintain.

Then comes science, gathering power every day, and stimulated by the stress and fury of the great war. New possibilities of profitable coöperation in industry, compulsive need for wider and more reasonable distribution of productive effort are apparent to the humblest unbiased intelligence. White coal from mountain torrents readjusts the disparity of mineral deposits. Electric cables transmit, or offer to transmit, new sources of energy and wealth in directions and to areas hitherto unconsidered. Aircraft fly in a day across half a dozen frontiers. Lastly there is the economic and financial portent of the United States. Here is a region little larger than Europe and occupied by only a fraction of its population. Here, too, are regions of vast resources and educated inhabitants, but they are progressing, and prosper at a speed and in a degree never before witnessed, and still increasing. Their resources, although better distributed and disposed, are not so much greater than those of Europe; their population is far smaller.

What are the causes which are favoring the New World and hindering the old? The demand of the masses in all countries is for higher economic well-being. Science and organization stand ready to supply it. Knowledge is not confined to one side of the Atlantic Ocean. Why, then, is the contrast between American and European conditions so cruel and their rates of material progress so unequal? To find the answer, we have only to look at the rubbish heap upon which a brisk flame has already begun to crackle.

We must regard this heap a little more closely in the growing light. It has been the growth of centuries, and

(Continued on Page 48)



One End of Pennsylvania Avenue—and the Other

POST SCRIPTS

Strange Feminine Voice Over Phone: "Hello, Dearie—Thanks for the Diamond Bracelet"

you. You'd probably be terribly inconvenienced if our company had to take such an action. You might catch a bad cold—and, indeed, I shouldn't blame you.

Which reminds me that it's hardly the weather for golf, is it? Are you a golf bug? I am, but I've never been able to break ninety-five. Maybe, if you're in that class, you'd like to shoot a few rounds with me in the spring. Lots of our customers do. I think it's the swellest game going, and I'll be investing in new clubs in the spring—that is, provided the gas company makes enough money. With too many unpaid bills we can't pay dividends.

Well, Joe, old boy, I'll be expecting to hear from you with a nice l'il' old check.

Yours, etc.

JOHN J. SILTWELL,
Pres. The Gas Co.

—PARKE CUMMINGS.

Embarrassing Predicament of Young Ferdie Martingale, Whose Steed, a Member in Good Standing of the Local Equine Labor Union, Hears the Five o'Clock Whistle

Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall

SOMETIMES I wish that I were dead
As dead can be, but then again
At times when I've been nicely fed
On caviar or guinea hen
And I am wearing something new
And reassuring, I decide
It might be better to eschew
My tendency to cyanide.

—Margaret Fishback.

Business Letter in the Modern Manner

DEAR JOE: Haven't heard from you for a long while, and trust everything is going O. K. with you. How is your bridge these days? You must come down to our place and shoot a few rubbers with us. Do give me a ring at Napoleon 8459. Also hope your apartment is good and comfortable this winter—especially as regards heat.

That reminds me. I see by our records that you are a wee bit behind—a month and a half—on your gas bill due to us. It sure is hard to make both ends meet these days, isn't it, Joe, old boy? I've been having a tough time meeting all my bills myself. Miss Henderson, my secretary, jokingly said that she thought we had better disconnect your meter if you didn't pay up within another ten days. Good old Gertie—always full of scrap!

I told her I didn't believe in threatening a personal friend—and of course I consider all customers of our company personal friends. And I also told her I was sure you'd be able to pay us before that. You mustn't misjudge Gertie; I really think you'd find her loads of fun if you got to know her. Good-looking, dresses well, and a marvelous dancer. Of course, you may be married—I don't know that.

Maybe you even have children—like me. My oldest is four, and full of the dickens. Such vitality! It wouldn't make a bit of difference to him if the gas were shut off; he's just like an Eskimo. But I suppose it's different with

Advanced Wisdom

WHEN I was one and twenty
My head sagged from the strain
Of knowledge piled in plenty
Within my youthful brain.

I marveled that life's pages
Where one could turn and read,
Should puzzle all the sages,
Or yet the dumber breed.

I knew the ready answer
For every certain cure,
From poverty to cancer,
And all my tips were sure.

In stepping out of college,
The roads ahead were bright,
Where my extensive knowledge
Would set the old world right.

But now that I am older
I know but two things straight—
The winds are getting colder,
And twelve o'clock is late.

—Grantland Rice.

(Continued on Page 57)

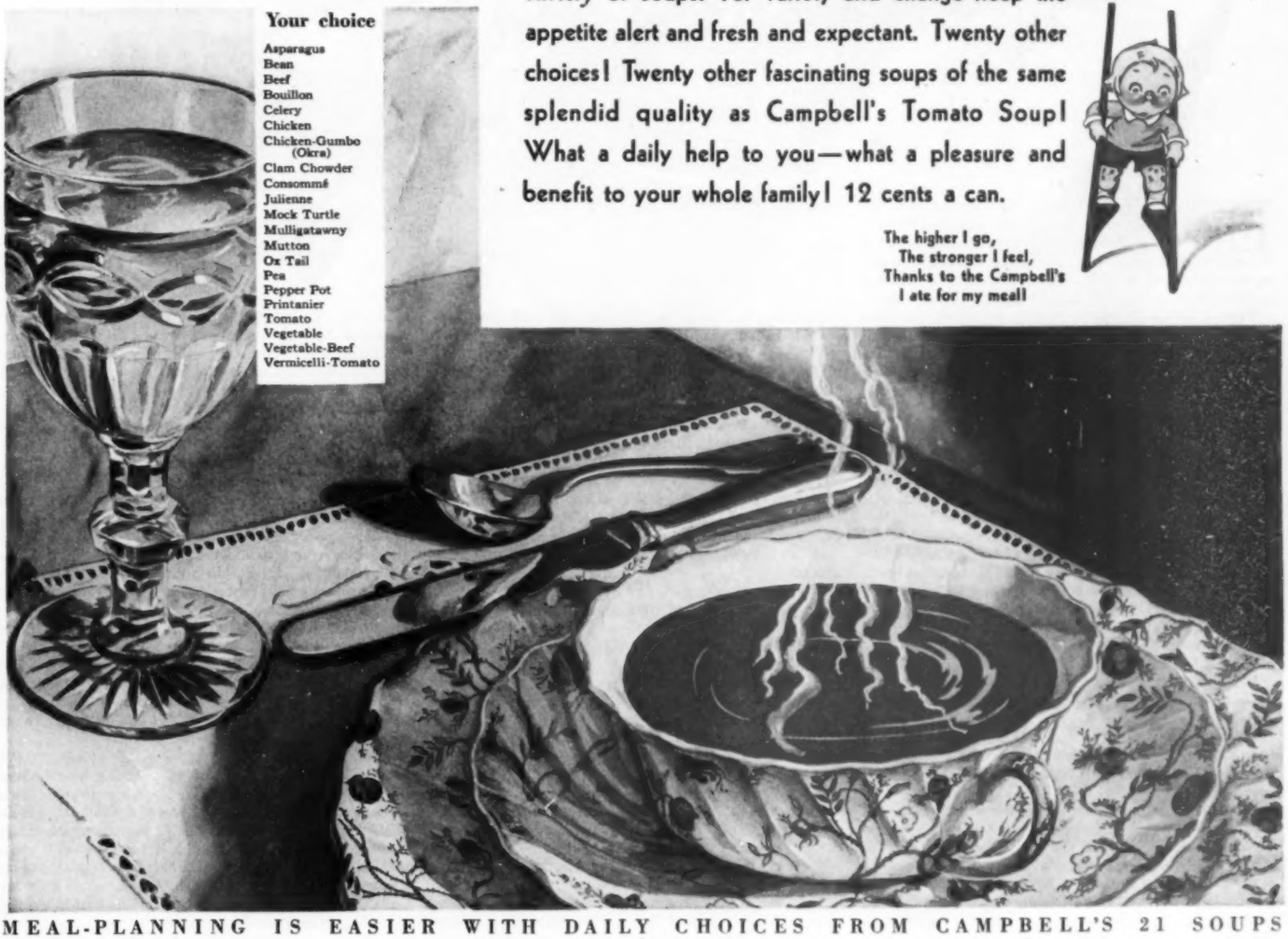
Director: "Listen, Girlie! Instead of Saying 'I Won't,' Say 'I Can't!'" She: "Ye Gods! More Study!"

Your favorite soup

and 20 other delicious choices!

Even the world-famous Campbell's Tomato Soup tastes all the better to an appetite which enjoys a *variety* of soups. For variety and change keep the appetite alert and fresh and expectant. Twenty other choices! Twenty other fascinating soups of the same splendid quality as Campbell's Tomato Soup! What a daily help to you—what a pleasure and benefit to your whole family! 12 cents a can.

The higher I go,
The stronger I feel,
Thanks to the Campbell's
I ate for my meal!



MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

VOTES

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

The Burden Upon Patricia Was Onerous. Several Times Fenhister Found the Girl on the Verge of Tears

XI

ENDLESS contacts seemed to have developed in Old Tim Callahan a sixth sense which indicated the feelings of those about him. Intuitively he knew what others were thinking of him; guessed with amazing accuracy their reactions to himself and his proposals. So it was at the Pillar Club when Norman Trago gave the dinner.

Though he was pleasantly received by the eminent men of the city's social and commercial life, he came to the conclusion that he was regarded by them as something of a curiosity. Even for these men, a certain glamour attached to his name.

On the one hand, he enjoyed this. On the other, he resented it. Of a nature which responded quickly to personal attention, he nevertheless realized that he was among the best people the city boasted, and to be set apart by them through even so much as a gesture, annoyed him.

Once or twice during the evening he thought of Patricia. Morton had spoken of the intangible barriers which, because of Old Tim's reputation, stood between the girl and more desirable people. Something of these invisible barriers now became evident to Old Tim. He resented them, yet they sufficed to soften momentarily his feeling toward the world generally; even toward his worthless son, Timmy. The heritage he had given his two children, he suddenly realized, might readily enough account for some of their failings.

Old Tim never had been a man to dodge the making of an enemy, once he became convinced that his premises were correct. Contrary to general belief, his theory was that friendship weakened a man rather than strengthened him. Old Tim had learned to bank far more heavily upon sheer dominance than upon friendships that carried their special obligations.

He was always ready enough to trade with a man in politics. But in this bartering he permitted no element of friendship to sway him to the smallest degree. For instance, he liked Trago immensely; the man was one of the few in life who had won Old Tim's combined affection and admiration. Yet he very thoroughly disliked that quality in Trago which refused to stand for outside domination. He valued Trago as a candidate because the man saved his ticket. He was bound to dislike him as a chief magistrate because he could not control his actions.

When they were seated at table and Old Tim had opportunity to survey and appraise the men about him, his admiration melted.

This man was president of a great financial institution; to Old Tim he appeared a fool. Here was an internationally known pleader at law; for him, Old Tim felt contempt. A few seats below him sat one of the city's mercantile kings; Old Tim sneered inwardly at the man's ethics. So it was, in fact, with the entire gathering. They were big men and successful, outstanding in their callings and honorable, but Old Tim knew a certain pity for them.

He listened to their fulsome praise of Norman Trago; to their earnest expressions of faith in the man and the things which he might do politically. He became bored as these wielders of wealth pointed out the need of political change.

The more they talked, the better the crafty old man was able to assay their knowledge. Be it said that his rating of them ran far below par. In their ponderous, though well-meant words, pay dirt was to be found in only the faintest of streaks.

Such dinners as these were not new to Old Tim. He knew just about how they opened, the course they ran and their culmination. But he knew also that if these men were allowed to express their own half-baked understanding of city politics, they would pay for the privilege in fat campaign contributions.

Many of them, he felt, when they referred to the corruption, the graft and the police connivance at crime, shot their words directly at him. At such moments their attitude was apt to become one of fearless frankness, and while they spoke of these things others at the table stole covert glances in Old Tim's direction.

This, too, inspired the man to that which he was later to say. Had it not been for his arrangement with Hector Sparr and his determination that Patricia should marry this man, Old Tim might have leaped to his feet, hurled a thousand counter charges at these comfortably rich men and stormed out of the room. But he bided his time and so was able to perfect, there at the table, some of the things which later he said to them.

Trago himself spoke at some length.

"I have brought you gentlemen together," he explained when the applause at his rising had subsided, "that you may know my exact position in this political venture. I am an inexperienced candidate running for a very powerful office. I am making the race at the request of my friend, Timothy Callahan. Time and again in the past Mr. Callahan has urged me to be a candidate for office. I have constantly refused to affiliate myself in any way with municipal politics. I have no hesitancy in stating to you gentlemen that these repeated refusals were based entirely upon the corruption of our city government and the party by which it is controlled. This time, however, Mr. Callahan's request has come to me upon a new basis."

He paused for a moment and leaned over the table, his Vandyke twitching about a smile. He rested his finger tips against the edge of the board and his fine gray eyes made a circle of the faces about him, finally coming to rest upon the huge floral table decoration.

"This invitation to run," he continued at last, "comes to me from Mr. Callahan, but with it comes also a pledge from him that in making this fight I will incur no political obligation of any nature whatsoever. This means, gentlemen," he went on steadily, "that should my campaign result in victory, I will become chief magistrate of this city without carrying to the office the slightest obligation to use its powers except as my conscience dictates. It is on Mr. Callahan's solemn pledge to this effect that I present myself as a candidate."

(Continued on Page 30)

The spotless City of Sunbrite.

"THOSE marks made by my rubber heels and the children's shoes on the kitchen linoleum! I was so happy when I found that Sunbrite would take them off in a minute!" . . Sunbrite for linoleum, of course. And for sinks, and stoves, and refrigerators, and bathtubs, and windows, and woodwork. "Double-action" Sunbrite purifies as it scours. It saves valuable time, extra effort. And it doesn't hurt the hands. Try Sunbrite for all your household cleansing, *today!*

Swift & Company

You love to see it in your dish pan—fluffy rainbow lather made by Quick Arrow White Soap Chips. Leaves dishes and glassware so clean, sparkling!

(Continued from Page 28)

All the men at the table broke into applause and half a dozen of them rose to their feet and cheered first Trago and then Callahan. Trago received this evidence of approval calmly. During the demonstration Old Tim kept his seat. His glittering eyes gazed upward through his shaggy brows and darted from face to face. Someone caught up a glass of water and proposed a toast to Trago. It was drunk freely, but Old Tim did not participate.

Shortly, Trago waved the men to silence. "The President of the United States," he said slowly, "has proclaimed law enforcement to be the greatest problem of his Administration. I am in entire accord with this pronouncement and I believe that the source and the root of law violation is the unquestioned alliance between politics and crime. There is no place where this alliance is more insidious than in the governments of our large cities. Yet the powers granted a chief magistrate in this city are sufficient to bring to book corrupt officials as well as death-dealing gunmen. This is exactly what I propose doing to the fullest extent of my power."

The man spoke slowly and distinctly. His inflection did not vary greatly and there was nothing of the theatrical in his utterances. But devout earnestness tempered his voice and every man at the table was deeply impressed. They broke again into applause, and quickly Trago silenced them. "To all of you gentlemen," he continued, "I am well known. I think it is safe to feel that I have your confidence. There are one or two things, however, on which I want to make myself perfectly clear before I solicit your indorsement.

"The first is prohibition. I believe that Mr. Hoover's characterization of the prohibition law is, without question, the best I have ever heard. As I recall, he called it 'an experiment, noble in purpose.' To me, that is just exactly what it is. It is noble because it was conceived in a desire to further the progress of mankind. Whether it is viewed from a moral standpoint or from an economic one, I hold that this is true. The evils of drink and the old corner saloon are too well known for anyone to condone the first or to want the second back. Anything contrived to ameliorate suffering, poverty and abuse is a thing which, in its conception, is noble.

"I agree with the President also when he adds the word 'experiment.' Mankind from the Neanderthal Age seems to have drunk alcohol in some form. Whether it is regrettable or not, this fact remains. Before prohibition I thoroughly enjoyed a cocktail before my dinner, a glass or two of wine during it and an occasional highball at my club. When I am abroad today I find satisfaction in a glass or two of good German beer. But when I am in America I positively decline any and all of these, because I believe in the law, as such, and am willing to forgo personal desires on the score that citizenship entails thousands of like sacrifices."

He smiled and a light of good humor flooded his eyes. "I meet with most of you gentlemen at the golf club and see you exercising there your own judgment in the matter of obedience to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law. If I saw you exercising your individual desires in the matter of thievery, murder, assault and battery, or even the use of narcotics, I would promptly have you arrested. The fact that I feel differently about the Volstead Act indicates the truth of Mr. Hoover's well-known phrase. With the possible exception of religious issues and slavery, there has never been a piece of legislation which has so widely separated a people as this same Eighteenth Amendment with its ensuing Volstead Law. Never have so many fanatics been legislatively created. Never have those fanatics been more fanatical. I know of no wet who will believe a dry statistic, and I know of no dry who will believe a wet one.

"In this chaotic maelstrom of discontent, resentment and abuse hang the majesty and the power of democratic law. Prohibition has become more than prohibition. It stands today as the acid test of Lincoln's immortal government of the people, by the people and for the people. My personal conviction is that Americanism is greater than whisky. My personal plea is that every thinking citizen view the problems of prohibition dispassionately and, under the guidance of wise statesmanship and patient devotion, lay any temporary personal sacrifices willingly upon the altar of American citizenship and law.

"There are those among us who charge that the prohibition law is unenforceable. They maintain that it has corrupted our enforcement agencies, besmirched our courts and is now making a mockery of our jury system. Anything which can do these things may be a noble experiment, but it also is a dangerous one. Therefore, if ever America needed honesty and integrity in its public officials, it needs them now."

He paused and lifted to his lips a glass of water. No greater tribute could have been paid the earnestness of the man than the dead silence which greeted this pause. When Trago set down the glass and dabbed at his Vandyke with a snowy napkin, the others were content to wait.

"I speak of prohibition in this manner," he went on, "because I see in it a new element in jurisprudence. That new element has presented many problems, every one of which is crying out for immediate solution. As chief magistrate of this city I can do little or nothing about prohibition itself. But with any sort of coöperation from prosecuting officials, I can do a great deal to suppress the criminal politician which prohibition has financed. I can see to it that court procedures are speeded up. I can and will see to it that shyster criminal lawyers are curbed in their activities. I pledge myself as a citizen and a gentleman to see to it that magistrates try their cases without unwarranted continuances. I propose to eliminate the hundred and one subterfuges by which criminals are comforted and abetted.

"I promise here and now to see to it that bail commissioners shall act only in strict conformity with the law and accept only surety which is collectible in case of forfeit. Bad as the situation appears on its surface, law violation and disrespect for law are features of our present-day existence which cannot exist without corrupt police, desultory courts or worse, subterfuge and technicality. These things I purpose to reveal and curb.

"All these elements are attributable directly to politico-criminal alliance. I defy any man long to continue criminal activity without the protection of bribed officials. Bootlegging has financed the criminal fraternity. Law violators today find it possible to corrupt because they have the money to bribe. Unscrupulous criminal lawyers wax fat on the fruits of worthless bail bonds, pre-prepared habeas corpuses and the criminal's power to buy votes. My platform is, therefore, a thoroughgoing warfare against crooked politicians, and I promise now maximum sentences upon those who stand convicted before me of abuse of the public trust.

"Therein lies our fight, and all things else are secondary. I repeat that my old friend Timothy Callahan, whose political power has for years known virtually no limit, has pledged me that I shall not be hampered or fettered while I am in office; and I pledge Timothy and you gentlemen here and now to administer my office without fear or favor in case of my election."

Round after round of applause swept about the table, and Trago waited calmly until it had subsided. Then he said:

"At my stage of life it is no easy matter to assume the burden of a bitter political campaign. Neither is it an inviting prospect to shoulder the responsibilities of the chief magistracy. These sacrifices I am willing to make, just as I have given up the cocktails, the wine and the beer. As an attorney at law, I recognize the fraternity as responsible in some measure for the chaos of the moment, but I insist that the majority of the profession stand for sound and clean government.

"As a citizen, I consent to make this fight because I believe that the hour has struck when all honorable and conscientious citizens must shirk no task which promises to help clean up the city. Those of you gentlemen who subscribe to my

(Continued on Page 118)

The Very Force of the Man Prevented an Interruption. He Swept On. "Politics is a Business," He Shouted, "and I've Made a Business of It!"

The dominating giants of industry have become big dividend-payers because of the vision of far-sighted management—management trained to look *for results*, rather than *at prices*. With them, efficient operation has become the corner-stone of their profit structure. That is why—

the largest company in each of 26 leading American industries★ uses Vacuum Oil Company lubricants for its exacting requirements.

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★ These 26 leading industries and the largest company in each were selected according to the figures of a leading New York statistical company and do not include oil companies.

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The world's quality oils for plant lubrication

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

61 Broadway, New York. Branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

"Oh yes," said Bob
"Oh no," said Betty

AND THEN THEY BOTH AGREED ON "MECCA"

"MECCA" *is shown above. It is Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 615*

"WOMEN'S RADIO INSTITUTE"—look for it in the radio column of your newspaper. A half hour morning program of delightful entertainment and practical help. *Ask your Congoleum dealer*—or write us—for a copy of the *WOMEN'S RADIO INSTITUTE* folder with broadcast time-table. *(Not yet on Pacific Coast.)*

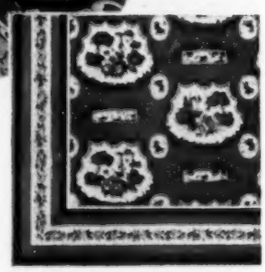
FIXING up their first home was just like a game to Bob and Betty. What wonderful times they had—planning, "color-scheming," going shopping together.

However, when it came to choosing a rug for their living room, they almost had "their first quarrel." They had agreed on a *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug*—no trouble settling that point; but Bob preferred one design while Betty had fallen in love with another.

But when the salesman unrolled "Mecca," a happy compromise was effected. For *secretly* they both liked "Mecca" just as much as their first choices.

And that's just one of the pleasures of buying *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs*. In spite of their moderate price, they're all so lovely—at first you find it hard to choose. Then suddenly you discover a pattern that *just seems made for you*—a color scheme that goes perfectly with the room you have in mind—a rug you can live with and like from year to year.

"But how can I be sure that the rugs shown to me are *genuine* Congoleum?" is a question women ask us constantly in letters. Nothing simpler, Madam. Every *genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Rug* has a big Gold Seal pasted right on the face of the pattern. Just remember to look for it when you buy!



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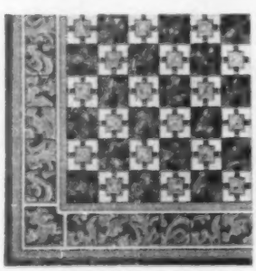

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. . . . America's Most Popular Floor-Covering

The Party of the Worst Part

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

IN A DARK and obscure corner of the projection room sat Florian Slappey, his lithe body tense with excitement. His eyes were focused on the screen where the day's rushes were being exhibited.

Grouped near the center of the miniature theater were several persons who kept up an approving murmur as the disconnected scenes were conveyed to them by sight and sound. Viewing the rushes were President Orifice R. Latimer, Production Chief J. Cæsar Clump, Director Edwin Boscoe Fizz, Sound Engineer Callous Deech, and the three leading players, Opus Randall, Welford Potts and Sicily Clump.

But while the attention of the actors and officials was held by the acting of the principals, the excellent photography and the clear sound effects, Florian's interest was riveted on one of the minor members of the cast, and inside the Slappeyan brain wheels were beginning to turn as an idea was born.

The person who interested the acute Mr. Slappey was a long, tall, slew-footed, ebony gentleman of lazy mien who bore the name of Magnolius Ricketts. To the others the histrionic labors of Magnolius were completely overshadowed by the leads, but Florian was fascinated.

In the first place, Magnolius had a rich, deep, resonant speaking voice which was freighted with laziness; a slow, tantalizing drawl which expressed in every simple word a philosophy of Who Cares. Every move, every gesture, every grin of the screen image of Mr. Ricketts was chockful of infectious personality, and once when he broke into a crooning chant and did a few lazy shuffling steps, Mr. Slappey felt himself getting hot and cold by turns.

"You Wouldn't Manage No Rotten Actor Like Me, Would You, Florian?"

He looked upon this first talkie work of Magnolius Ricketts and realized that here was a discovery, a genuine genius. Here was the very person Midnight had needed for some time, and Florian marveled that so efficient a group of picture persons as those who sat in the dark of the projection room with him should fail to see that they were gazing upon a screen gold mine.

Perhaps it was because Magnolius had been around the lot so long doing extra work that they took him for granted. Perhaps because he was absurdly ugly. And most likely it was because everybody knew Magnolius and realized that personally he was the ultima Thule of dumbness. If there was any brain in the Ricketts cranium, it had never been evidenced, which was another fact which brought wiggles of delight to the calculating Mr. Slappey.

Five minutes before the rushes were completed Florian slipped from the projection room. He rambled across the lot toward the men's dressing rooms and rapped on the door of the cubicle occupied by Magnolius. The rich, lazy voice bade him enter.

Mr. Slappey breezed into the room and dropped into a chair. He was conscious of the fact that the sartorially inelegant Magnolius was staring at him with envy and rapture.

Florian permitted a slow smile to crease his lips.

"How come you look at me thataway, Magnolius?"

"'Cause, Mistuh Slappey, you always looks so swell-egant."

"Fumadiddles!" Florian shrugged. "You could look just as swell as me, or even sweller."

Mr. Ricketts' very dark countenance shone for a moment, then became serious.

"I cain't afford no fine clothes. I ain't got no money."

"Shuh, big feller, you ought to have plenty. How much is they payin' you fo' actin' in this pitcher?"

"Ten dollars a day, an' man, that sholy is too much!"

"Yeh," agreed Florian, "but you on'y git it fo' a few days. This pitcher takes about two days in rehearsal an' maybe fo' days to shoot. You git ten dollars a day fo' six days, but then maybe you don't git to work in another pitcher for a month. Ain't that truth?"

"Tha's the one thing it ain't nothin' else but."

"An' how much money is sixty dollars a month fo' an actor? I ask you that!"

"It's mo'n I used to make when I worked on an ice wagon."

"Actin' ain't like totin' ice, Magnolius. Used to be you was just a laborer. Now you is an artis'."

"D-do you think I is a pretty good actor?"

It was on the tip of Mr. Slappey's tongue to become enthusiastic, but an artistic gleam in the eye of the Gargantuan Magnolius warned him off.

"You is rotten, Magnolius," said Florian with disarming candor. "But tha's 'cause you ain't never been handled right. You ain't never had a manager." He leaned forward and spoke tensely, "Did you ever heah about me an' Excelsior Nix?"

"You mean the chile progeny?"

"Uh-huh."

"What about you-all?"

"Plenty!" snapped Florian. "When li'l' Excelsior fust come to Midnight I seen that he was a nachelly good actor, an' I knowed that Midnight wasn't payin' him half enough. He was on'y gittin' twelve dollars a week. So I took hol' of him an' signed a contrack an' had his sal'ry raised to thirty-five dollars a week."

"No!"

"Yeh! An' I can do somethin' like that for you, if you want. Git this, Magnolius: You receive about sixty dollars a month. That ain't on'y fifteen dollars a week. Now, I ask you, woul'n't you rather work fo' twenty-five dollars a week than fifteen?"

Mr. Ricketts pondered the matter.

"I—I reckon I would, Florian."

"An' spose you could git fifty dollars a week?"

Magnolius sprawled in a chair, his lanky legs stretching halfway across the room.

"You wouldn't manage no rotten actor like me, would you, Florian?"

"I would."

"An'—an' if you fixed it so I was gittin' fifty dollars a week, what would you git out of it?"

"Nothin'!"

Magnolius rose and struck an attitude. "You got to take some of my fifty dollars."

"All right!" Florian was all business. "I esplains to you what I is willin' to do. Tonight me an' you is gwine sign a contrack which makes me yo' manager fo' five years with privilege of renewal fo' another five. Under the terms of that contrack you is to convey to me sole an' exclusive right to negotiate all contracks fo' you whichsoever. Does you foller me?"

"No, Florian, I don't, but it sounds swell."

"Good. This contrack will further constitute an' previde that I is to git you yo' jobs in the movies under the condition that, previded I git regular work fo' you, you is to take ev'y cent of the fust fifty dollars per week which you make."

"All of it?"

"Ev'y solitary nickel. But it will also say that on all money over fifty dollars a week which you make fum movin'-pitcher work, I is to get half. Sposin' then that I could git you a contrack at one hund'ed dollars per week ——"

"Nobody couldn't do that!"

"I said sposin'. Then you would be gittin' seventy-five dollars an' I would be gittin' twenty-five."

Magnolius shook his head. "Brother Slappey, you is cheatin' yo'se'f."

"Ise just bein' fair. An' one thing mo' I ask you: Until I give the word, you got to promise me that you won't say nothin' to nobody 'bout this talk or about me bein' yo' manager, or nothin'."

"I promise!" Magnolius passed his hand across his forehead. "I couldn't nohow, Florian, 'cause I don't understand it."

Later they repaired to Florian's room in Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house, where for two hours Mr. Slappey labored with a battered typewriter. While he composed the document which was to link Magnolius' professional future with him, the subject of the contract slept beatifically. Eventually the thing was completed. Florian awakened Mr. Ricketts and tried to read the contract to him, but Magnolius fell asleep again, and so the thing was not signed until the following morning.

Immediately thereafter, while the company was engaged in filming the final scenes of the current two-reeler, Florian drifted into the cutting room, where he found the slender and bespectacled Mandamus Marshall sorting, shifting and cutting the film.

"Mandamus, is I an' you friends?"

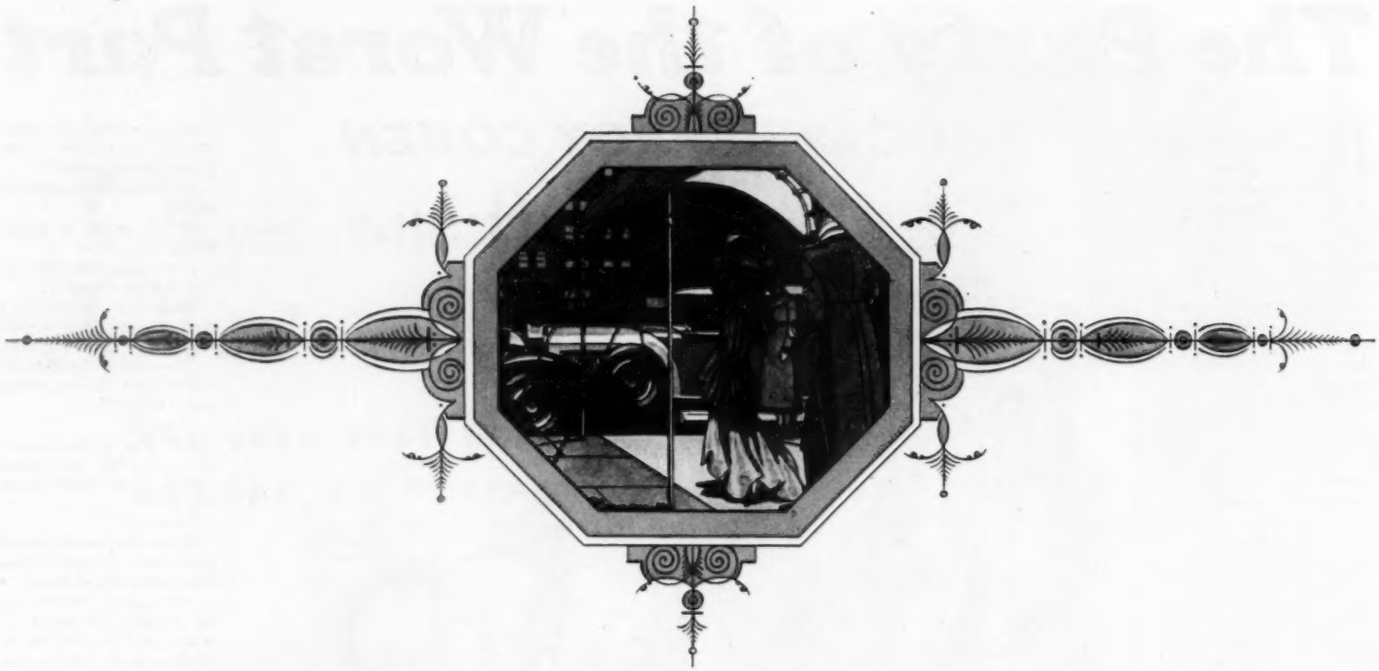
"Boy, tha's the most thing us is."

"An' is you willin' to do me a favor an' at the same time he'p yo'se'f?"

"Surest thing you know."

"Good. Then come with me."

(Continued on Page 35)



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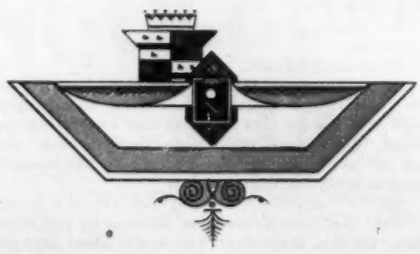
TOO PRONOUNCED

TO BE LIGHTLY FORFEITED

Who could drive a Cadillac or La Salle and think of ever exchanging it for anything less? . . . ¶ The prices are low for such luxurious motoring, and performance closer to perfection than in any other cars . . . ¶ True economy, after all, lies not in the car of short life and constant discomfort, but in a car of long life and near-zero upkeep cost, like Cadillac and La Salle—in which every moment spells supreme enjoyment and freedom from both mental and physical strain . . . ¶ Broadly speaking, no one need ever discard a Cadillac or La Salle, because their life is indefinite . . . ¶ Cadillac's superb manufacturing facilities and years of precision craftsmanship, combined with such a vast volume of high-grade patronage, endows these cars with a measure of value and quality and long life which has no equal elsewhere . . . ¶ General Motors, Cadillac, Fisher Body and Fleetwood—these superlative sources give Cadillac and La Salle advantages which cannot be overtaken and the like of which exists nowhere else in the world.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



"Cain't You See That Billin', Welford—'Magnolius Ricketts in Such an' Such, With Welford Potts an' Opus Randall'?"

(Continued from Page 33)

Florian escorted Mandamus to the projection room. Once there, he chatted earnestly with the operator for a few moments, and then dozens of scenes were flashed on the screen for the delectation of Florian and the light-brown Mandamus.

Peculiarly enough, in each of these scenes Magnolius Ricketts held the center of the screen, and despite Mandamus' familiarity with the picture, he commenced chuckling at the lazy, droll humor of the elongated Magnolius. After fifteen minutes the lights flashed on and Florian turned to his friend.

"What do you think about that feller, Mandamus?"

"He's a wizzid."

"Ezackly. But nobody on this lot knows it 'ceptin' me an' you. He's got something that Welford Potts ain't got, nor neither Opus Randall. He's funny 'cause he cain't he'p bein'. It's just him, an' it's real, an' when audiences all over the country see that feller, they is gwine go crazy 'bout him. Which is where you come in."

"How?"

"You is cuttin' this pitcher, an' you can cut it which way you crave. Nobody heah will know what you is doin', 'cause nobody pays any 'tention to Magnolius. But what happens if you do the right job? The pitcher goes Nawth to the distributors, an' right away they see that us has discovered somethin' swell—which his name is Magnolius Ricketts. And then, fust thing you know, Midnight has got a new actor."

Mr. Marshall's eyes were sparkling. "Dawg-gone if you ain't right, Florian."

"Sholy Ise right. An' then you can say you discovered how good Magnolius was, which is how come you to cut the pitcher so that he is really playin' a big part instead of a li'l' one."

"An' then I git in strong with ev'ybody?"

"Tha's the most thing you do."

"But where do you come in at?"

"Nemmin' makin' me esplain right now, Mandamus, but I got a scheme all right. Now, is you willin'?"

Mr. Marshall beamed. "Count on me."

"Hot dam!" exulted Mr. Slappey. "An' double quantity."

Mandamus did a clever job—more expert than even Florian could reasonably have hoped for. And less than five days after the film was shipped to New York a telegram was delivered to Orifice R. Latimer, portly president of Midnight.

NEW FILM OKAY STOP BUT WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING THIS MAGNOLIUS RICKETTS STOP HE IS GREATEST FIND IN FIVE YEARS STOP PREVIEW AUDIENCES HERE HYSTERICAL OVER HIM STOP SIGN HIM TO LONG TERM CONTRACT QUICK BEFORE THE BIG FELLOWS GET AFTER HIM STOP HE'S A RIOT AND WILL BE SWAMPED WITH OFFERS AS SOON AS THIS FILM PLAYS BIG HOUSES STOP ANSWER

Latimer summoned Lawyer Chew and exhibited the telegram.

"Them fellers up Nawth is crazy. Le's us look at that fillum again."

They did, and for the first time gave particular attention to the work of Magnolius Ricketts. They were silent and thoughtful as the final scene flickered from the screen.

"Orifice," said Chew, "them fellers is right."

"An' how!" admitted the chief executive. "Now the thing fo' us to do is git busy an' sign him up. Lawyer Chew, you had better go to yo' office an' draw a contrack, leavin' the amount of sal'ry to be filled in later."

Magnolius lurched into the room after Chew had gone and sank into a chair. Latimer stared at him officially. "Mistuh Ricketts," said he, "you is a rotten actor."

The big man blinked. "Tha's just exackly what I been tellin' Florian Slappey ever since I an' him signed that contrack."

There was a gasp. "Which contrack?"

"Oh, I dunno. Just somethin' 'bout he's my manager an' nobody ain't got no right to sign no writin's fo' me 'ceptin' on'y him."

"Can I see that contrack?"

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I promised Florian nobody couldn't see nothin' without askin' him."

A messenger was dispatched for Mr. Slappey. Fifteen minutes later that debonair young gentleman swaggered into the room, a symphony in gray, a carnation in his buttonhole and a Malacca stick in his hand. His heart glowed as he gazed at Latimer.

Midnight's president commenced an oration in the course of which he frequently and passionately expressed the opinion that Magnolius Ricketts was the worst imitation of an actor ever to disgrace a Midnight production. Mr. Slappey nodded.

"Right you is, Orifice, an' you said it noble."

"We is thinkin' of firin' him," announced Latimer.

A groan from Magnolius, but Florian was unperturbed.

"Tha's swell," said Mr. Slappey.

Orifice knew when he was up against a stone wall. Shrewdly, he changed tactics:

"I understan', Florian, that you is this hunk of tripe's manager."

"Tha's the one thing I ain't nothin' else but."

"Has you got any objection to lettin' me see what preports to be yo' contrack?"

"Suttinly not." Mr. Slappey handed over the document. It was crudely but effectively drawn, and President Latimer could not detect a loophole. And so he settled down to the business in hand.

"Us craves to do an ack of charity, Florian. We is willin' to sign Magnolius to a one-yeah contrack."

"How much?" inquired Florian.

"Fifteen dollars a week."

Florian shook his head. "You-all is too ginrous."

"Twenty."

"Nothin' stirrin'."

"We will give you fifty dollars a week," snapped the harassed Latimer, "an' if you don't assept you can git out."

Mr. Slappey turned toward the door. "Come along, Magnolius. Us has been invited to depart fum heah."

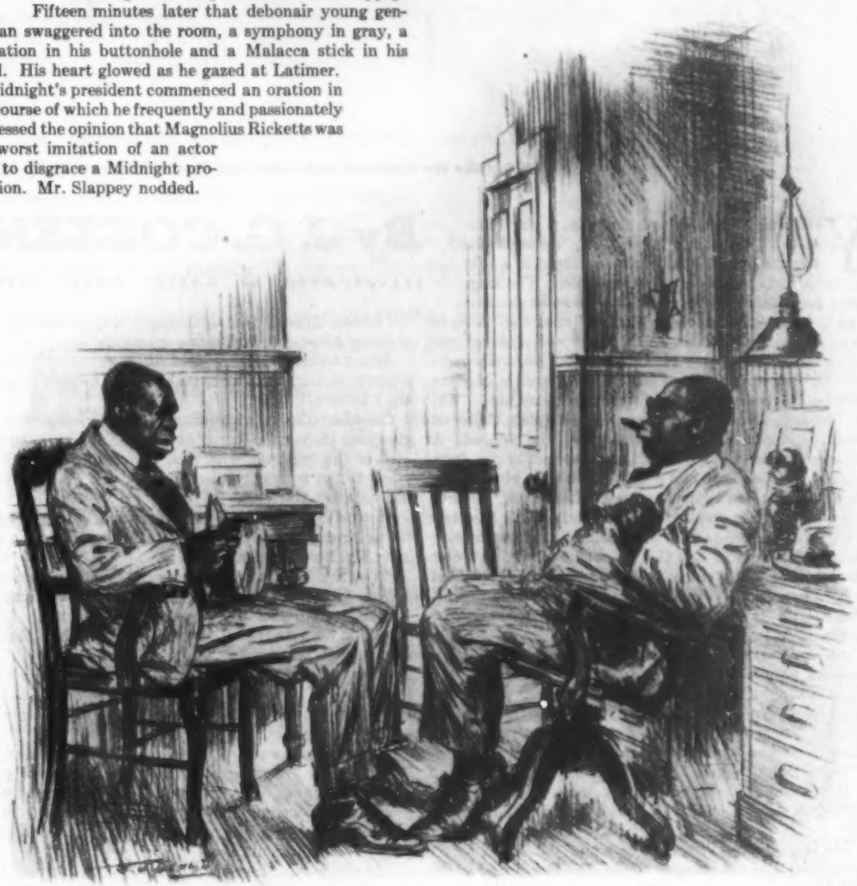
Magnolius wept. Fifty dollars per week, every week! It was more money than he dreamed existed, and here was Florian Slappey rejecting it. Moreover, he continued to reject it. But as the dapper little fashion plate reached the door, Orifice bade him halt.

"What is yo' price, Florian?"

The answer came like a bombshell: "One hund'ed dollars a week fo' one yeah, with more after that!" Latimer closed his eyes and shuddered. As from a great distance he heard Florian's quiet voice, "An' what's more, I give you just ezackly five minutes to say yes or no. If it's no, the price goes up."

Latimer was worried. The situation was desperate, and he knew it. But to obligate the company to pay one hundred dollars a week to a man who until today had been an extra was entirely too much.

(Continued on Page 150)



"Can I See That Contrack?" "Nope," "Why Not?" "'Cause I Promised Florian Nobody Couldn't See Nothin' Without Askin' Him"

LIONS ARE LOWER TODAY

Outside He Paused and Studied the Mammoth Open Mouth of a Hippopotamus

By J. G. COZZENS

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"YOU rang," said Albert gloomily, "Mr. Jonathan?" Jonathan Lowry, Jr., released the handfuls of his bright hair, leaving it in a wild and, to Albert, highly dangerous disorder. The long, loping progress across the back of the room he changed to an indolent stroll, as though he had meant all along to take a book from the cases on the north wall and had just got up for that purpose. Now he took the book, discovering with distaste that it was part of the course in Modern Business Methods which his father had given him. "Ah, yes," he said, affecting nonchalance. He stole a glance at Albert. "Now don't be a lemon, Albert," he pleaded. A subtle emanation of facts and figures seemed to rise from the open book, making him positively ill, so he put it away quickly. "You don't even know what I want yet," he protested. His hands crept up unconsciously to his hair, but he halted them before they arrived and lit a cigarette with remarkable violence. As though confirmed in his worst fears by these hardly interrupted symptoms, Albert nodded his bare potato-shaped head.

"You—ah"—he said coldly—"wished something, Mr. Jonathan?"

"Ah—yes, Albert," said Jonathan Lowry brightly; "a dead cat, please."

Albert's mouth fell far away at both corners; deep folded lines tightening to his chin. "I'll make free," he announced, "to remind you, Mr. Jonathan, that your father will return from London next week."

"Quite right," agreed Jonathan Lowry. "Heard about it. It will be nice to have him back, won't it, Albert?"

Albert ignored it. "Then there was nothing you wished, sir?"

"On the contrary!" said Jonathan. "Now you heard me, Albert. I'm not going to be put off. This time I know what I'm doing ——"

Albert shook his head stiffly. "So I hope, I'm sure, Mr. Jonathan. But I fear I can't be any party to it."

"Listen, Albert," said Jonathan Lowry patiently, "this is one of those great crises in a man's life ——"

Albert nodded with measured stubbornness. "That goes without saying, sir. It will make the fifth crisis this year, sir, I believe."

Jonathan Lowry groaned, definitely giving way and clutching his hair. "Albert," he snapped, "to give you some idea of the importance of this, I'll confide in you. I'm going to get married, I need a dead cat. Will you help me, or won't you?"

"I won't, if you please, Mr. Jonathan. And I will go so far as strongly to advise you to take no such action until after Mr. Lowry's return."

"You think I'd better not marry?" Jonathan demanded. "Well, Albert, I'll put it up to you. If I don't get married till father returns, will you get me a dead cat?"

"What reason have I to suppose, Mr. Jonathan, that you contemplate matrimony?"

"That's true," admitted Jonathan, "you haven't seen her, have you? I was walking up from the yacht-club landing this morning, and she's wonderful. She's utterly and entirely marvelous. She's ——"

Albert sighed heavily. "Very good, Mr. Jonathan," he said glumly. "Begging your pardon, I would not put it entirely past you. Now, Mr. Jonathan, if I were to procure you the mentioned object, I would have to exact from you a promise that throwing of any sort or description would play no part in its disposal."

"Listen," said Jonathan, fascinated, "do you know where to get a dead cat? It's got to be in fairly good condition, Albert."

"Cats are common animals, Mr. Jonathan."

"Well, now, see here," said Jonathan Lowry, tugging harder at his hair, "I don't want you to go out and assassinate one just for the purpose, you know. If you could sort of find it dead of old age, or something. I mean, just dead today, if you follow me ——"

"That would present, I think, no difficulties, sir."

"You mean you know somebody who's got an aged cat? Well, it may not die today and I've got to have it today ——"

"I believe," said Albert painfully, "that I must insist, sir, in knowing what you wish to do with the animal in question."

"I'm going to have it stuffed," said Jonathan Lowry frankly. "Now there isn't any harm in that. I saw a frightfully respectable old lady having one stuffed this morning. In fact, that's what gave me the idea. It's quite the thing, Albert."

"And after the stuffing, Mr. Jonathan?"

"I'll give it to you, Albert. I'll have it sent straight from the stuffers to you, and you can do anything you like with it. How's that?"

Albert nodded slowly. "I believe my sister might like it," he admitted. "But, if you'll excuse me, sir, knowing you I do not feel altogether easy."

"There, there," said Jonathan, "nothing to worry about this time, Albert. I'm a changed character. I'm reformed, I'm earnest, I'm safe and sane. But where are you going to get the cat?"

"That's quite simple, sir," said Albert. "If I may have an hour or so off now."

"Now, I don't want you to launch any sort of pogrom, Albert. I just want a fairly good cat, like the one next door, if possible."

"Very good, sir."

"Only wait," begged Jonathan. "Not that cat. I don't like that bloodthirsty look you have, Albert."

(Continued on Page 38)

Leaders are born ...not made

BE it man, or beast, or motor car—if the stuff is not there to start with, leadership at best will be transitory.

Leaders are born—not made!

Six years ago a new word was written boldly across the automobile horizon.

It was Chrysler!

Each succeeding day, each succeeding week, each succeeding month, each succeeding year since that word flashed into prominence, it has mounted higher and higher in motordom's firmament.

Nothing has stayed its rise, nothing even momentarily has retarded its progress.

Chrysler sprang into leadership overnight—naturally, inevitably—because Chrysler was a potential leader—a leader at heart—a leader in ideas, ideals and visible accomplishment.

Today, as at the start, what Chrysler does—or proposes to do—becomes the basic standard of efficiency in the realm of motor cars.

To the world-at-large—to trade and public—a car either is or is not an approach to Chrysler in engineering, in style and in performance.

It is because Chrysler has acquired and substantiated this generous public confidence that Chrysler owners seldom give second thought to any other car.

Having a Chrysler, they know they have the best. And it is this conviction that causes them so freely to express their pride of ownership at every opportunity.

For Chrysler's unvarying leadership inspires a pride all its own.

MULTI-RANGE

CHRYSLER

THE IMPERIAL	8 Body Styles $2995 to $3575	THE 77	9 Body Styles $1625 to $1825	THE 70	7 Body Styles $1295 to $1545	THE 66	6 Body Styles $995 to $1095	ALL PRICES F.O.B. DETROIT

(Continued from Page 36)

Albert gazed at him mildly. "I had thought of going down to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," he said. "They are in the habit of painlessly exterminating large numbers of cats daily, sir. Would that be satisfactory?"

"That," said Jonathan Lowry, "would be beautiful and wonderful. Let it happen."

Wrapped in tissue paper and laid gently in a shoe box tied with an enormous black ribbon obtained from one of the maids, the dead cat fitted snugly under Jonathan Lowry's arm. He drove with a certain nervous gayety which missed getting him into difficulties only because his number plate bore a solitary ten and traffic policemen who had designs on him noticed it and revised their intentions. The more knowing ventured the opinion that it was one of Old Lowry's cars and presumed it was going to the yacht-club landing.

This had not been Jonathan Lowry's original intention, but in the end that was where he brought it, driving past the faded gold sign lettered Petrolonos & Peere, with only a quick side glance at the windows full of stuffed heads. Cradling the box with the black ribbon reverently, he walked back there, his ill ease unmistakable. Outside he paused and studied the mammoth open mouth of a hippopotamus. Very cautiously his eye lifted above this masterpiece's handsome mahogany mounting and examined the long shadowed reaches of the store. Finally he drew a deep breath. "Fifty cents," he offered himself, "I get Petrolonos and Peere in person."

A bell rang as the door opened and rang again as it closed. Jonathan Lowry affected an immediate interest in the ranks of heads along the wall. A whole herd of lions in all stages of irritation and distaste hung immediately at the level of his eyes, so he allowed himself a slight snarl back at them, and noted with pleasure a giraffe's head with handsome square stubs of horns. Dominating the background, towered a monstrous and warlike grizzly bear.

To his left a gentle voice said to him, "I may be of service, sir?"

Jonathan Lowry wheeled, clutching the box tighter, mentally collecting his fifty cents. "Mr. Petrolonos?" he asked, dejected.

"Mr. Petrolonos," said the owner of the voice, removing his gold-rimmed spectacles, "has been dead thirty-five years. Perhaps we were recommended by one of our older customers."

"Mr. Peere, then," said Jonathan Lowry. "Awfully sorry, I'm sure."

"Mr. Peere died in 1907," declared the voice. "I'm Mr. Truesdale, at present in charge of the firm."

"Oh, ah, quite so," stammered Jonathan. "Well, now, er—I have an animal, if you follow me. Just a small cat, that is ——"

He cast an eye frantically about. "Perhaps," he said, perspiring, "I'd better talk to the young lady about it. My—er—aunt's rather funny that way. I mean poor—er—Tony's death rather upset her. And, you see, I happened to be passing by this morning, and I just happened to see a lady who was having something stuffed, that is, a pet, an animal of hers. And a young lady was waiting on her. She—er—seemed to be so sympathetic and understanding, if you know what I mean ——"

Mr. Truesdale gazed at him in mild amazement.

"I mean—er—my aunt couldn't bear the idea of having men—er—handle Tony, you see, and ——"

"Oh," said Mr. Truesdale, "but I'm afraid all our taxidermists are men. The young lady you saw must have been my daughter. She has neither the skill nor the knowledge necessary ——"

"Yes," said Jonathan, "but my aunt wouldn't know anything about that. I could simply say I gave it to the young lady I mentioned to her ——" He wiped his forehead.

"Why," agreed Mr. Truesdale kindly, "you may certainly do that." He smiled. "Ah, yes, Mr. ——"

"Lowry," said Jonathan hastily, looking away. It had none of the effect Jonathan had come to fear on Mr. Truesdale—he merely echoed "—— Lowry. Well, sometimes the older ladies are oddly exacting in such matters, but still, the sentiment seems to me harmless. We must humor them, Mr. Lowry, mustn't we? Then, if you have no objection, I will return to my reading. Ann, my dear," he called, "would it be too much trouble for you to take this gentleman's order? I'm rather engrossed at the moment. After that I don't think you need to stay any longer. My daughter kindly helps me out when my clerk is off," Mr. Truesdale continued. "I don't know what I should do without her."

Jonathan saw her coming from the office behind. She made her way through stuffed and mounted animals with a grace and lightness almost shocking. Apparently her hair had been short, but it was growing now; not long enough to put up, it was fastened back behind small, marvelously neat ears. Jonathan realized that all his previous impressions had been entirely wrong and that hair half grown was precisely right for women. In the morning, it seemed to him now, he hadn't noticed anything about her except a charm, grave and so disturbing that the details of it were lost altogether. He saw, almost with amazement, that she was beautiful.

Mr. Truesdale said, "This is Mr. Lowry. He has a cat, my dear. He'll explain about it. Good afternoon, Mr. Lowry. I hope you'll find Ann helpful. Just describe to her any details of mounting or posture." He wandered down through the animals, pausing to examine the immense grizzly, rearing ominously up. He felt the ponderous steel-taloned paw sagging to one side as though for handier head smashing. "Ann, my dear," he called, "you haven't seen a moth, have you?"

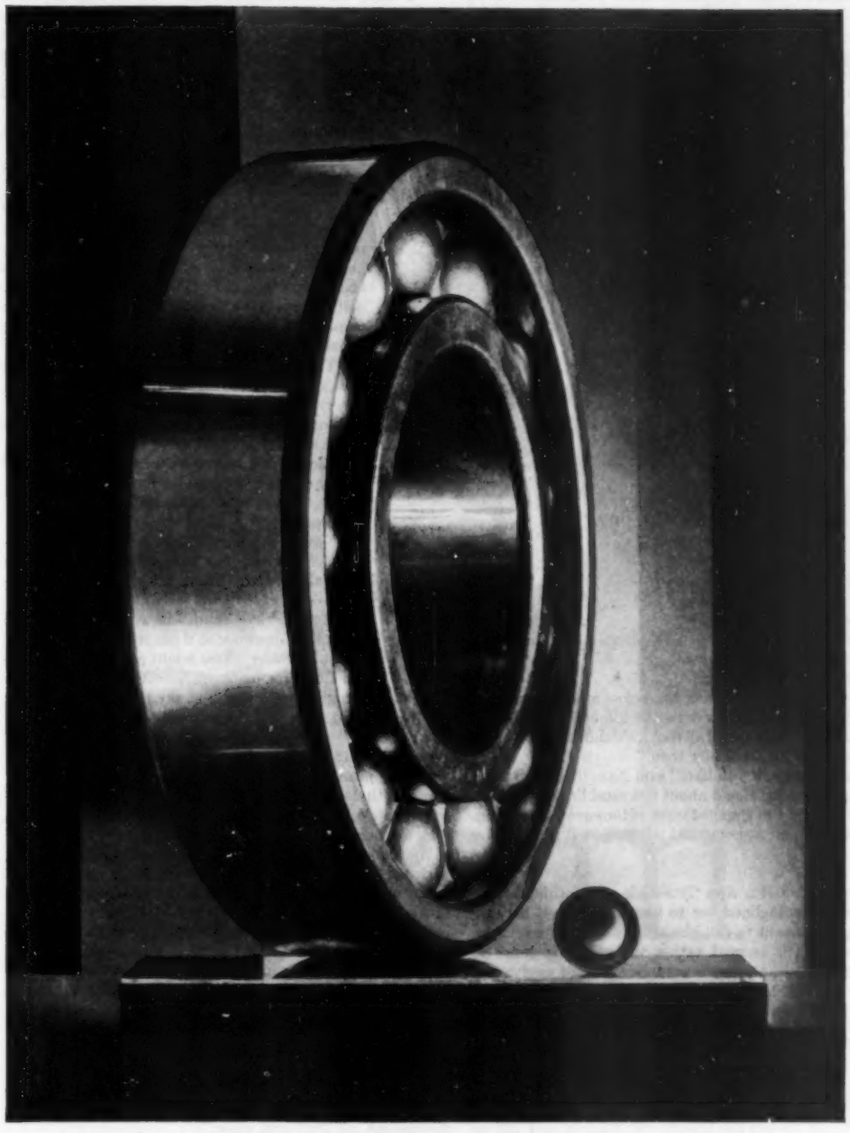
"No, father."

"Well, we must have one. No, perhaps not." He put on his glasses. "No. People have been brushing against it. Not a moth. Well, I'm glad of that. But really we must

(Continued on Page 40)

"The Name is Lowry," Said Jonathan, "and This Afternoon I Feel Little Short of Exhilarated"

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



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NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY BRISTOL CONN.

(Continued from Page 38)

do something. Far too magnificent a specimen ——" His voice faded with him and he disappeared.

"The Nimrod Club," explained Ann Truesdale grimly, "ordered it, and then they couldn't take it. I've told him again and again he shouldn't start such expensive work without a written guaranty and a deposit. They gave him most of the work from the Saskatchewan expedition, and so he wouldn't press them about the bear, though really he gave them lower prices on the other pieces just because the bear —— Oh, well." She looked at him carefully. "I didn't catch your name," she said, "but your face is certainly getting familiar. How are you this afternoon?"

"The name is Lowry," said Jonathan, "and this afternoon I feel little short of exhilarated. Now let's get the last rites on Tony over and have some tea. You don't want to look at it. It's dead. It's old and worn. Now if we could just have it tastefully gotten up ——"

"How did it die?" she inquired. "Sometimes that makes a difference, I believe. I'll have one of the men come in."

"Don't bother," he begged. "It died of gas. Suicide, we think, but naturally we're keeping that from Aunt Edith. She'd feel terribly. As for the rest of it, we might have it just going to sleep, sort of peaceful looking. And we could have a plate on the base saying: 'Tony: Put out for the Last Time,' and the date, or ——"

"Yes," said Ann Truesdale, "something appropriate and tasteful like that. I ought to tell you that our work is rather expensive. It requires a large deposit, and the total cost is often excessive, unreasonable, and practically out of the question. And we don't throw any tea in with it."

"You didn't understand me," he protested. "Tony is for Aunt Edith, but the tea is for me. You don't have to give her any tea. She has more tea than she knows what to do with. As for Tony, spare no expense. Tony was her only cat, you see. In fact, fill it up with the very best—er—stuffing. Money is no object."

"I think," said Ann, "it would be much better if you went and had some of your aunt's tea."

"No," said Jonathan quickly. "I see what you mean, but it would be a false economy. I know all about Tony now. Everywhere I look I see Tony's haggard face. I think of him alone in the big house. Through some accident they hadn't put out his caviar, and suddenly he saw himself, old, useless, a burden on the cook. They couldn't even remember to feed him any more. So he dragged himself painfully to the oven, turned on the gas, and lay down inside. They found him there, stiff and cold in the morning."

"You don't seem to be drunk," Ann Truesdale admitted, "so I suppose ——"

"Fine," said Jonathan. "I knew you wouldn't want to leave me alone with my thoughts. Undermines my constitution, breaks up my work ——"

"Oh," she said, "so you work?"

Jonathan Lowry looked embarrassed. "Well," he said painfully, "yes. But that was another thing I wanted to talk to you about. I'm thinking of changing my work. No future in it, you know. Now I had an idea this afternoon ——"

"I suppose," said Ann Truesdale thoughtfully, "I shall never get rid of you if I don't. But I'll point out that you're not establishing a precedent, so don't make that mistake. Mike," she called, "come and take this."

"So you're a business man," said Ann Truesdale, setting down the teapot.

Jonathan Lowry planted both elbows on the table. "Much more than that," he informed her; "I'm a salesman. I get the orders. I deliver the goods. I make hash out of sales resistance. Miss Truesdale, if I wanted to, I could sell you Brooklyn Bridge. You couldn't help yourself. They don't keep me waiting outside. I get right in and tackle the executives in person. In the trade they call me Letter-go Lowry—I beat 'em to a pulp. I make 'em buy. Now perhaps you haven't thought about it, but what the taxidermist business needs is modern methods. People don't know what they want. I tell them. I'm going to tell them that what they want is stuffed heads. Home, we'll tell them, is where the heads are, and they'll like it. You can't get anywhere by waiting for people to come to you. I'm going to put a stuffed animal in every home and office in America. I'm going to make Petrolonos & Peere household words ——"

"Yes," protested Ann weakly, "but we haven't got such an awful lot of heads."

"Stimulate the demand and the supply takes care of itself," said Jonathan Lowry. "Age-old axiom of sound economics. Mass production solves the problem. Take lions, now. A lion head costs a lot because you don't know whether you can sell it or not; you make them up one at a time; you let them stand around boosting overhead, cutting into your profits. But suppose you knew that every lion had a buyer, that the sky was the limit. You could price lions lower, open up an entirely new market among people of moderate means. Take lions out of the luxury class. The more you sold, the cheaper they'd be; the cheaper they got, the more you could sell. Goes like clockwork. Now that's the sort of thing I do."

"As a matter of fact," said Ann, "I'm afraid that you have the wrong idea. We mount pieces on private orders mainly. We only have a very few pieces for sale ——"

"Enough to begin on," interrupted Jonathan. "Now you don't even have to take me on formally. I'm simply going to go out and build a market. You show me what you have and tell me what you want for it. I'll get a 5 per cent commission on the sales—by jacking the price, it won't cost you a cent. If I can't do it, it's no loss. If I can, your father won't mind, will he?"

"You must be mad," said Ann; "but, no, I suppose it's no loss. Father might not like it if you went in for a lot of publicity or anything, but business is pretty bad—though that's just because of things like the bear. You noticed all those lions' heads, I gather. Well, those are for sale, all right ——"

"And the giraffe's head? That would make a fine special number. And ——"

"No," said Ann, "that belongs to somebody."

"Too bad," claimed Jonathan. "I could get you a top-notch price for a giraffe. Not many of them around. You'd better look up some more. Now I tell you what: I don't want to start this if your father's going to object. Maybe he will, so we won't say anything to him. Suppose you just find out quietly what he wants for those lions, give me a ring tomorrow morning, and I'll do my stuff. Might have a little tea tomorrow afternoon, general sales conference and all that. Wouldn't be surprised if I had most of them sold by then."

"You—Ah—Wished Something?"

"I'll call you up, if you like," said Ann, "but you must have forgotten what I said about not establishing a precedent. I'm afraid I'm engaged most of tomorrow afternoon. But you can call me at home and tell me how it went, if you want."

On second thought, Ann Truesdale did nothing of the sort. Reflection inclined her to blush for herself because she really had meant to call him up as he suggested. If he were sane, which seemed rather unlikely, his sense of humor probably ran to such complicated and enervating practical jokes. She crumpled up the sheet of paper with the telephone number he had supplied. It was not until noon the next day that she realized that she had merely played into his hands. She did not feel very pleasant about it, either; for, although she had dismissed the whole matter the evening before, most of her morning had gone into considering what she ought to do. The most obvious thing seemed finally to get his absurd cat finished and out as soon as possible, so she walked down to the shop after luncheon to explain to Mike that it was a rush order. Mike might actually hurry a little if she made it strong enough.

It was the lion heads that warned her. Entering the shop in haste, she was none the less immediately aware that something was changed. A moment later she saw that it was the long blank space on the wall. They were all gone.

She stood a moment in the late noon shadows simply staring. "Now," she thought weakly, "I never will get rid of him." It then occurred to her that she knew no reason really to suppose that he had anything to do with it. She called her father. Out to luncheon, probably. "Mike!" she cried.

Jonathan Lowry emerged from behind the bear.

"Come in about that hippopotamus, lady?" he asked. "Well, now that's a collector's piece. You'll never regret making it your own. In our mammoth combined fire, bankruptcy and fiftieth-anniversary sale we've marked down our hippopotami to rock bottom. Just step in and try it on. No obligation to purchase ——"

"Perhaps," said Ann icily, "you know where my father is?"

"At luncheon," admitted Jonathan eagerly. "I thought I'd just wait and tell you the spring lion season has been simply prodigious. Went like hot cakes. I waited as long as I could for you to call me, but finally I was afraid I might be selling lions short, so I rang up the shop and your father gave me figures on them. All five gone and customers simply clamoring for more."

Ann sat down limply under a moose head. "I don't believe you," she said at last, "and I don't think you're funny either. What did you mean by bothering father? I can take a joke as well as anyone else ——"

"Better," Jonathan assured her. "Never seen anything like it. Whole town is simply littered with smashed sales resistance. You can hear them yelling from here. Lowry's broken the corner on lions. Knocked them higher than a kite. Staid old men, fathers of families, widows and orphans fighting to get in on the ground floor ——"

"To whom," inquired Ann, "did you sell five lions?"

"Customers, clients, purchasing public, and all that," said Jonathan Lowry. "Got cash too. Why, listen, when I finished with them, you couldn't hold them. Did they want lions? They couldn't wait. 'Lowry,' they said, 'get that lion here!' And I delivered the goods. Every purchaser has his lion. That's the other secret. Sell 'em, but serve 'em too, as we say. The seller's responsibility ends only when the customer's satisfied ——"

"Yes," said Ann thoughtfully. "Well, I expect you could sell anything, couldn't you, Mr. Lowry?"

"Jonathan, to the firm," he said. "We've got to get that friendly spirit to work right."

"I see. Well, before we take you on, suppose we try another little test. Suppose we, or you, rather, smash some sales resistance on bears. Suppose ——"

"Now, that's a little harder," admitted Jonathan. "You see, you couldn't hang the bear on the wall. Might use it for a hat rack, I suppose ——"

"Maybe," said Ann, "it would be better to sell it to someone who'd use it for a bear. That might be easier. You might sell it to the Nimrod Club, for instance."

"But I thought they wouldn't take it?"

"That," said Ann, "is the way you like it, isn't it?"

"You bet," said Jonathan Lowry, somewhat feebly. "The bigger they come, the harder they fall."

"They positively won't have anything to do with it," Ann continued. "Something happened about their appropriations, I believe. Just come into the office and we'll look at the correspondence."

He followed her rather nervelessly and stood fumbling with a cigarette while she pulled out a file and found a folder in it. "Now, you see," she said, spreading it out on the desk, "here's the hitch. It's Mr. McKinstry, the chairman of the house committee. Candidly, Mr. Lowry ——"

"Jonathan," he said. "Can't do a thing as long as I think the firm isn't in back of me."

"Very well," she agreed gravely, "Jonathan. I do hope it will help you with Mr. McKinstry. As I was saying, while he may be entirely honest, he is certainly very sharp, Jonathan. You see, in this letter—look at it, please—he acknowledges the receipt of several items, a wild cat and some beavers, and so on. Now, you see, he describes the bear very carefully: One male *Ursus horribilis*, weight, dimensions, all that, and color."

"Businesslike of him," sighed Jonathan; "it certainly makes good reading. *Horribilis!* Now who would have thought such a thing?"

"Don't interrupt, please," she said. "Look at this letter."

"Why," admitted Jonathan at last, "he seems to think it's all wrong. Well, it's his bear, isn't it? How can you help what his bears are like?"

"Yes," said Ann, "but, you see, the bear he's going to pay for isn't the bear we have. The bear we have isn't any good to him."

"Wrong color," agreed Jonathan. "I expect it would have ruined the whole scheme of the club. You didn't change bears on him, or anything, did you?"

"Certainly not," snapped Ann. "Only father's so careless. He never pays any attention to letters. So Mr. McKinstry simply said to him he was sorry, but the bear was all wrong. It must have changed color, or been badly mounted and all that."

Jonathan studied the letter. "Hullo," he said suddenly. "Well, well ——"

"What is it?" inquired Ann.

"Why ——" Jonathan hesitated, unhastily considering again the column of honorary vice presidents. There was

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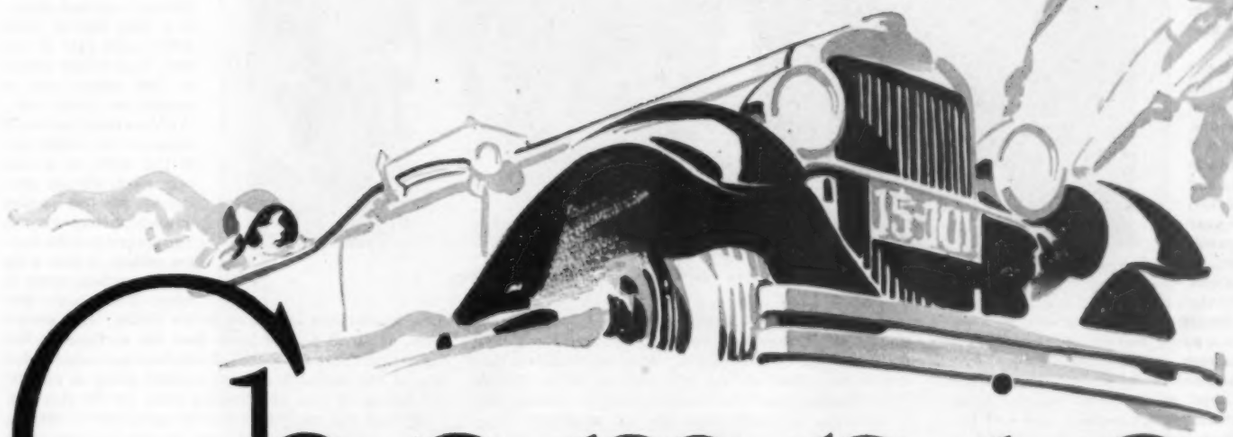
a change to Champions insures better performance



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It is a scientific fact that Champions do outperform other spark plugs. In tests conducted by disinterested organizations and persons under every known operating condition Champions outperformed all other spark plugs tested.

The majority of motorists the world over know that the use of Champions in their engines does improve their performance. That is why Champions have outsold everywhere for years, and have maintained their leadership steadily with each succeeding year.

Millions have come to learn this simply by changing to Champions. They know that by so doing they are enjoying the performance of the better spark plugs.

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THE DIAMOND CURB

By MARIE BEYNON RAY

AT THE back door of Maiden Lane, in New York City, the heart of the jewelry industry of the country, you may see one of the most curious sights to be found in a city where strange and picturesque sights are as commonplace as camels in the desert. A stranger to this part of the city might walk a dozen times through the short block backing on Maiden Lane and running from Broadway to Nassau Street without ever remarking anything out of the ordinary—just the usual jostling crowd of our too-narrow downtown streets overflowing the pavement and gathering in occasional knots of idle, talkative men.

But on this particular block—John Street—the men, though talkative, are not idle; the groups, the frequent visitor will observe, are always made up of the same men; and they are here summer and winter, rain or shine, year in and year out. You will find the same man, at identically the same spot on the street, on Friday as on Monday, in January as in June, in 1930 as in 1925. And, if you are on the watch, you will see a man here and there reach into an inner pocket, extract a small, folded square of white paper, and display its contents to an interested audience. "Loops" will be drawn from vest pockets and focused on a small, glittering object, and very likely two men will withdraw from the group, retire to the comparative privacy of the Maiden Lane Arcade, and there, with a radiator for a desk, sign a paper or count out a roll of bills. A diamond or a package of diamonds, worth anywhere from a few hundred to many thousands of dollars, has changed hands. This is the Diamond Curb of New York in operation.

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A Brisk Jewelry Trade on the Diamond Curb, New York City

There are men who have made this street their office for half a century. There are many who, for twenty-five or thirty years, have come here as regularly as the most orthodox office worker goes to his orthodox desk. They have no secretaries, these men, no telephones, no filing systems, no desks, no typewriters—in a word, no overhead; yet it has been estimated that $15,000,000 worth of business is done here annually, and some place the figure as high as $25,000,000. Checks of $20,000—and over—have passed hands here; transactions involving $50,000 are not unknown; the wealthier members of the curb carry up to $100,000 in precious stones in their pockets; and an ordinary day's business for the street is $30,000. In this traffic in the neighborhood of 200 men are engaged, though they are never all present at the same time; the personnel of the curb may change six or seven times a day. Their hat is their office, their pocket their safe, a radiator or a cigar stand their desk, their stock-in-trade the highest value within the smallest circumference that is known to man. Though they walk freely about the streets with immense sums in gems on their persons, though they carry no weapons, there has never been a hold-up on the curb.

Where the Stock Comes From

WHEN examined into, the fact of this market being held on the street is not so illogical—not illogical at all. All markets started in the street, and some have never come out of it. It is not only the cutting out of all overhead, thus permitting the dealer to sell at lower prices than the man behind the plate-glass window and the showy counter—and there is no love lost, you may be sure, between this gentry and the man standing outside in the rain underbidding him—it is likewise and chiefly the opportunities it offers of buyers and sellers meeting freely in an open forum. Also the street offers more news than the private office. It is a ticker tape of information. What more natural than that, in this hotbed of the jewelry industry, where the talk and the thoughts and the dreams of men are everlastingly of diamonds, diamonds, diamonds, the small men in the shops and offices and factories, seeing all this wealth in gems pass through their hands, should invest their savings in this indestructible, portable, disposable value, and then, out of working hours, increase their substance by small, advantageous sales?

The curb was never established. It just grew. A diamond cutter who had been dealing profitably in diamonds during his noon hour, would give up his trade and devote himself entirely to selling on the street. A messenger who went from firm to firm with packages of gems, would often find quicker buyers on the street and so gradually come to make the street his headquarters. To these men diamond cutters who had small packages of stones which they must dispose of quickly would send their wares; or dealers in temporary difficulties, not wishing their difficulties known in the trade, would consign a few packages of gems to one of these men to sell at the best and quickest price he could get; or a wholesale firm with a class of merchandise on hand which they didn't wish to handle themselves would hand them over to these men, for whom no job was too small; or jewelers who had gems which had been removed from old mountings taken in trade and which therefore must be classed as secondhand, would send them to the men on the street. Everything that came to their mill was grist. Such were the sporadic and meager sources of supply in the beginning.

But as the business of the curb gradually increased, more regular and copious sources of supply were needed—sources outside the regular channels of business, where goods could be bought at bargain prices by men who knew their diamonds and were willing to sell at a small profit.

Today there are, first of all, the pawnbrokers' sales. Jewelry left in pawn, when not redeemed within a certain period of time, is sold, by due process of law, at public auction. The quantities thus sold are enormous. In one block on the Bowery there are three auction rooms where auctions take place every morning from eleven till one, and where the unredeemed stocks of most of the pawnbrokers of the city are sold. These sales are advertised in the daily press, the numbers of the tickets for the goods to be sold are given, and the date and place of sale announced. The pawnbroker is entitled by law to a certain percentage of the price obtained and the balance goes to the owner.

Every day is bargain day at these sales, which are practically never attended by the general public but only by dealers, such as the John Street curb and the Jewelers' Exchange, who buy diamonds at what would seem a fair price for oats. One will see no more curious sight in the whole city than one of these auction sales—like no other auction sales in the world.

They take place on an upper floor of one of these three old buildings on the Bowery—up dark stairs, in a long narrow room with a good light at one end. One would swear, at first glance, that a séance was under way. Within a small, railed-off space at the bright end of the room, on a very high stool, sits the auctioneer, his feet resting on a second stool. Around him are grouped the buyers, seldom, at even a big sale, more than thirty or forty. Those in the first circle around him are seated in low chairs. In a second circle, on stools a little lower than the auctioneer's but higher than the chairs so that all may have an unobstructed view of the central figure, sits another group of buyers; and outside of that, but pressing close, are the standees. Every man within arm's reach of the auctioneer is touching his body somewhere; some grasp his hands; some place two pontifical fingers on his ankles; one will hold the toe of his shoe between thumb and forefinger; others will have a hand on his shoulder, his ribs, his neck, his arms. One would think they were about to perform a feat of levitation.

Secret Bidding in a Public Auction

THE auctioneer gazes straight ahead with a fixed, trance-like stare, handles the objects as they are passed up to him, and keeps up a running patter of comment and prices—all very like a well-behaved medium. The drone of his voice is the only sound in the room. Not a single bid is made audibly by any of these men. By the pressure of a finger, a series of taps on his body, or, if they are so unfortunate as to be beyond arm's reach, a wink or the shifting of a hat upon the head, they convey their bids to him. His whole body is a finely attuned mechanism and his eyes are like ferrets', scarcely moving, yet catching every slightest movement in the room.

The speed of the whole proceeding is phenomenal. Frequently 300 parcels are sold in two hours—150 an hour, better than two a minute. That is for the smaller stuff that goes at prices from $1 to $100. The more important sales, with prices running from $50 to $1000, go at the rate of twenty pieces an hour, or one in three minutes. The absolute probity of the auctioneer is a *sine qua non* of this secret bidding. An auctioneer who dealt in fictitious bids would soon be out of a job.

Everyone at this séance has a loop in his hand—the gem dealer's small pocket magnifying glass. Half a dozen objects are constantly in circulation on their way to and from the auctioneer. These the buyers grasp—they have not previously had an opportunity of examining the stock to be sold—fix for a moment with the loop, and pass on. As the auctioneer announces the last price and the name of the buyer, the object is thrown by an attendant into one of the drawers of a cabinet standing behind the auctioneer. Each drawer bears the name of one of these regular customers and, at the end of the sale, each man takes his tray

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"Fresh Yeast *keeps the system 'regular'*"

SAYS NOTED HOSPITAL DIRECTOR

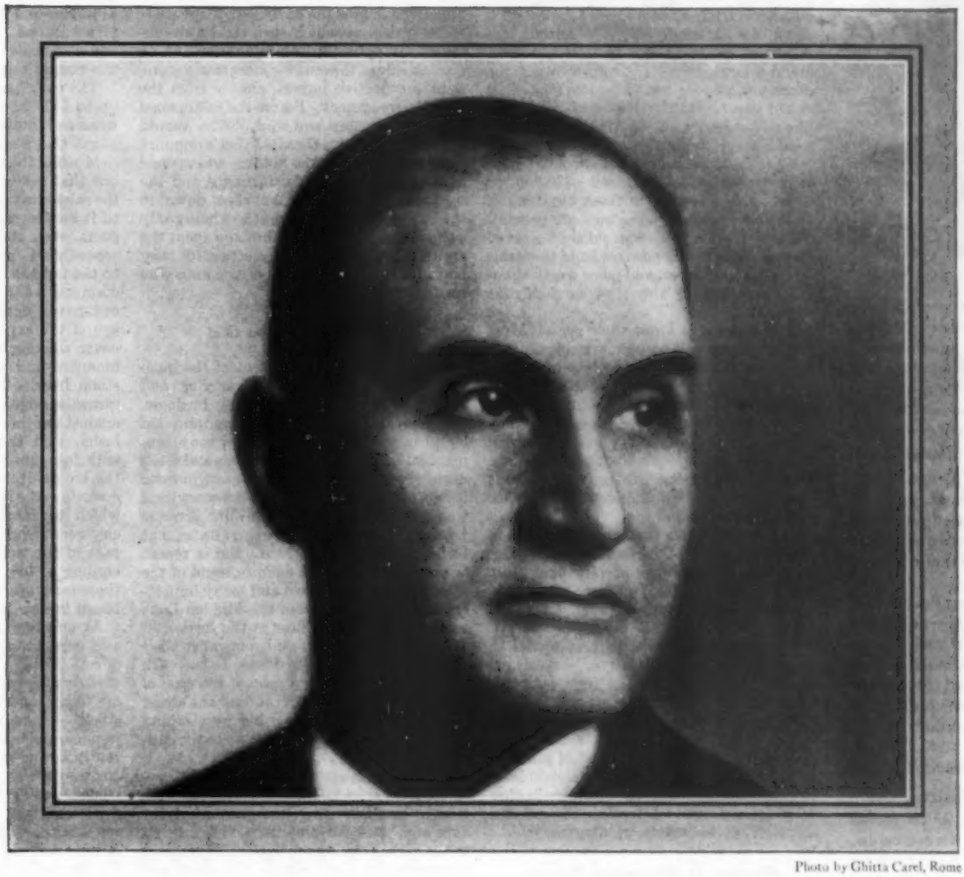

Photo by Ghitta Carel, Rome

GRAND UFFICIALE PROFESSORE DOTTORE PIO PEDICONI of Rome . . . director and chief physician of the important San Gallicano Hospital . . . special lecturer to graduate doctors in the University of Rome . . . distinguished exponent of Europe's most conservative medical tradition! Dr. Pediconi says:

"In combating constipation, yeast can be used with success. It purifies the intestinal tract and keeps the system 'regular.' It improves the gastric and intestinal condition and stimulates appetite.

"For many years yeast has been used by dermatologists to prevent and cure certain common skin eruptions.

"Yeast is especially rich in vitamin B. When exposed to ultra-violet rays, the ergosterol it contains becomes vitamin D, the 'sunshine' vitamin, which acts on the system the same as the sun itself, strengthening resistance to disease."

How simple it is—this advice from one of the world's really great physicians! Just yeast—Fleischmann's Yeast—a remarkable stimulating *food* which you eat regularly 3 times a day. And your reward . . . rich new energy, new ambition, new alertness! . . . Try it—today! You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Every cake is rich in *two* indispensable vitamins—B and D. Directions on label.

Read what other Leading Hospital Heads say—

Founder of Europe's most exclusive private clinic, Geheimrat DR. CARL VON NOORDEN, declares, "Yeast is used constantly in my clinic. Its results are astonishing. It has an extraordinary tonic effect. Regularly used, it can in a short time bring about normal intestinal functioning."

PROFESSOR DR. PAOLO ALESSANDRINI is head of the hospitals of Rome. He says, "Yeast has long been famous for its ability to keep the intestinal tract clean and active and to correct indigestion."

DR. B. PONTOPPIDAN, noted skin specialist and physician-in-charge of the Municipal Hospital of Copenhagen, says, "In my practice I have had excellent results with the use of fresh yeast."

Their doctors' simple advice brought thrilling new health!

"I am a school teacher," *writes* MISS KATHERINE B. COLLIGAN *of Rochester, N. Y.* "I had suffered for years with constipation. It was a doctor who suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. Thanks to it I am free from my former trouble. Life is worth while once more."

"For two years Robert consumed quantities of medicine," *writes* MR. HARRY F. STRONG *of East Milton, Mass.* "Our doctor then decided to give him yeast to strengthen his intestines, where the trouble lay. Today Bob is every bit as healthy as his picture shows."

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Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

Paul Whiteman

Surpassing in splendor—bubbling over with startling surprises—brilliant in dancing and singing specialties by a chosen galaxy of the world's best talent—full of beauty—beautiful girls—beautiful costumes—beautiful sets—in short a whirlwind musical wonder.

That is the PAUL WHITEMAN-JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON "King of Jazz" picture which is now about ready for the public. I sincerely believe it will transcend in magnificence any picture attempted since the advent of sound in the movies.

Never has the Peerless Paul shown to such great advantage—never has his wonderful band had such an opportunity—never has so much money been spent to collect and display the kind of entertainment which enthralls the senses of all from youth to old age. WATCH FOR IT. ASK FOR IT. DEMAND IT from your favorite theatre.

"All Quiet on the Western Front," the amazing novel by Erich Maria Remarque, astonished and thrilled the whole world ... you see it everywhere ... you hear about it everywhere. Every picture producer, big and little, wanted it, but Universal captured the prize and is now completing its transcription to the screen as a sound picture with an unprecedented cast. It is a faithful, honest, sincere interpretation of this unique story of the war.

REMEMBER, I want volunteer correspondents in every city and town. Why shouldn't you be one?

Also bear in mind, I pay for ideas which I accept for picture production.

Carl Laemmle,
President

If you want autographed photographs of BARBARA KENT, JOHN BOLES and KATHRYN CRAWFORD, send 10c in stamps for each.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave. New York City

(Continued from Page 42)

of purchases, pays spot cash—3 per cent discount is allowed for cash—and goes off to his booth on the Jewelry Exchange or his place on the curb. Some of the buyers come every day from near-by cities, such as Philadelphia and Trenton, to attend these sales. Some of the old-timers have been coming for fifty years.

The layman is fairly paralyzed by the low prices. Diamond rings go for $3 and $5—small stones, of course—and those with several fair-sized stones will be knocked down for around $50. A dozen old-fashioned globe watches that would command a large price in our uptown antique shops bring $5 for the lot—to be melted up as old silver. But let the layman beware! Should he get into the bidding, such prices would never be his!

At some of the bigger pawnbrokers' sales large amounts are realized—$70,000 or more. No one seems to think anything of that. No guards or policemen are present, the attendant is just some old shirt-sleeved man, the bidders themselves hand the items up to the auctioneer, and gems worth thousands are passed about as carelessly as vegetables.

And these men know their gems! Most of them have a thorough working knowledge of the class of stones in which they deal, for business is sharp on the curb and the exchange, and a man wouldn't have to make many mistakes to be wiped out. They might have some difficulty in appraising a Hope Blue or a Nassak, but the regular run of stuff that passes through their hands they know as the alphabet. A glance through the loop and they will tell you to a dollar the value of a diamond, to a fraction of a carat its weight, its flaws, its condition, its rating as to color, and very likely just where it was mined. You'll see a man slip a pearl across his teeth or touch it with his tongue.

"A true pearl has little irregularities to which the teeth are sensitive," he will explain. "An artificial pearl feels perfectly smooth."

A glance at a green stone, and one man will confidently pronounce it a fine specimen of emerald from the Ural Mountains of Russia, far superior to the emeralds of Brazil. Almost none of the men bother with a gem gauge to determine the size of a stone. They believe in training the eye.

Buying at Minimum Prices

These pawnbrokers' sales are not without their humor. A good auctioneer keeps the whole affair in a light, jovial key, getting off jokes and wise cracks between his swift announcement of prices. "No. 176—solitaire blue-diamond ring, like the Hope Blue. You hope it's blue. Two hundred I'm bid—and fifty—and seventy-five. Isn't Mr. Jacobs the chatterbox? Hasn't made a bid this morning. And three hundred—and twenty-five. All through? Sold to Mr. Daly."

All the while he is being prodded, and none too gently in the exciting moments of the sale, by a dozen or so eager fists. Sometimes, after a really good sale, his body will be peppered with bruises and little black-and-blue spots. The business life of one of these auctioneers, they say, is often not over fifteen years, so strenuous is the treatment they undergo.

Sometimes the John Street brokers attend these sales in person, sometimes they send agents, and other times buy later in the day from those who have attended. A certain loan association, the aristocrat of pawnbrokers, supported by millionaires and run as a charitable institution to lend the largest amounts at the lowest rates—they charge 1 per cent instead of the usual 3 per cent—in order to help those in temporary need of funds, holds its sales, not on the Bowery but on Fifth Avenue.

But there are other sources of supply for the curb than the pawnbrokers' sales. Bankruptcy sales and the United States Government sales of smuggled goods are likewise rich veins. It has been reported by the American National Jewelers' Retail Association that between $150,000,000 and $200,000,000 worth of diamonds are smuggled into the United States annually, equaling in value those legally imported. With even a small portion of these quantities seized and put on sale by the United States Customs, the curb would be well supplied. Likewise from out-of-town jewelers, from jewelers who have taken old jewelry in trade, from merchants who are overstocked and merchants who must liquidate, diamonds pour into the curb.

The prices at which such stocks are obtained are naturally the minimum. At an auction sale of the entire contents of a store, some prospective buyers, mostly from the street, were present. Before the sale opened they got together and said, "Why should we cut each other's throats? Let's organize this thing." When the bidding was opened only two bids were forthcoming and the stock was of necessity knocked down to the last bidder. That night the whole group gathered together in an office and spent the entire night dividing up the stock, for they had all been the partners of the man who made the final bid.

New Stones from Old

Probably about 50 per cent of the business of the curb is outright buying and selling. The rest is a brokerage business. Parcels of stones are taken on memo and sold on a 1 per cent or at most a 2 per cent commission. The buyers are wholesale and retail dealers, whom the broker visits or who send agents out on the street to make known their wants. It is true that the Fifth Avenue jeweler scorns the curb. He even states that he buys nothing from them. But in recent years there has been a definite trend of the jewelry business uptown and many importers and wholesalers from the Maiden Lane section have taken offices in the forties.

Many of these men still remember their old sources of supply and send to the curb broker when they are in need of the class of goods in which he deals; and on the street they will tell you of this big jeweler and that uptown who send men down to the curb to buy for them.

The curb is made up of all nationalities—Swedes, Americans, Irish, Hungarians, Austrians, Germans—everything, even several Japs and, once, a Chinaman. One may go to the curb speaking no English and find an interpreter for any tongue. One even sees an occasional Turk or a turbaned East Indian on the street, but these are not brokers but men who have brought stones to this country to sell. To the curb they are all—all these dark-skinned men—indiscriminately "Turks," be they Hindus or Arabs.

Most of the brokers are recruited from the jewelry trades. This one was once a cutter, that one a messenger for a diamond firm, another a practical jeweler, still another owned a small retail shop. But the diamond fever also strikes far afield. One of these men was once a truck driver who, while his horses were having their noon-day meal, would do a hasty business in diamonds. Given the choice of tending strictly to the trucking business or going in exclusively for diamonds, he hesitated not a moment. Diamonds won. Another, an Irishman, was a car conductor running a car through this neighborhood. When the virus entered his system he straightway gave up his job and joined the curb. He now has an office on Fifth Avenue but still comes down to the curb to buy. Still another was a traffic cop, who could frequently be seen directing traffic with one hand and, with a loop screwed in his eye, examining a diamond held in the other. He gave up being a cop and now does a large business.

What these men chiefly deal in is what is known in the trade as commercial stones—that is, white diamonds of good color, known as Cape stones—from the Cape in Africa—worth $300 or $400 a carat. These are not of the very fine quality which the best jewelers carry, nor are they large stones, but just the general run of the jewelry industry. The so-called mélange or mêlée is a large part of their business—packages of tiny stones, anywhere from 200 to 25,000 to a package, cut from 10 up to 150 stones to the carat, some of them so tiny as to be almost invisible to the naked eye even on black paper; these are used for the exquisite *pavé* work of the jeweler. Solitaires are also dealt in, anything over one-half carat being called a solitaire.

But stones larger and finer than commercial stones are also frequently sold. Recently a five-carat marquise diamond was sold for $15,000—and $3,000 a carat is a big price for a diamond. A five-carat emerald brought one curb dealer $20,000—a price Fifth Avenue couldn't scorn.

The curb has sold emeralds all the way up to $10,000 a carat; and if you visualize what an infinitesimal thing a carat is, you'll admit that's no mean price.

Much of the stock sold on the curb is new, but that taken from mountings bought at the sales must be classed as secondhand until it has been recut and repolished. That gems, even diamonds, can be classified as secondhand comes as something of a shock to the layman, who has been taught that a diamond is the one thing in the world that can never deteriorate. Nevertheless, the eye of the expert can usually quickly discover whether or not a diamond has been mounted and worn or is newly mined. A stone frequently becomes chipped on its razorlike edges, and one diamond rubbing against another will abrade it. In addition, fashions in the cutting of stones change with fair rapidity, as from the brilliant to the emerald cut, and all these things frequently make it necessary to have the stones which are removed from secondhand jewelry recut and repolished, thus sacrificing part of the weight. A recut diamond, according to law, is a new diamond, and so these recut stones go back into the trade to be set in new jewelry.

At one time nothing but diamonds was sold here, but fashion affects the curb as it affects Fifth Avenue. There was a time when rubies were the vogue, as emeralds are today, and the curb added rubies to its stock. There came a craze for antique jewelry and the curb went antique. Recently we had the vogue for costume jewelry and the curb became experts in semi-precious stones, adding the cat's eye, opal, alexandrite, and star sapphire to its list. There are fashions in the sizes of stones as well as in kind and cut. Of late the call has been for big stones, and the curb began selling stones ranging from two to five carats, occasionally even up to forty carats, but the average sale is around one or two carats.

They Know Their Diamonds

A few of the men on the curb are outstanding as gem experts in their domain; and the curb itself would back some of its members against any expert in the world. There are, of course, specialists among them. A diamond expert may know little or nothing of emeralds, a pearl expert nothing of diamonds. The curb boasts a pearl expert and a pearl-and-emerald expert who are said to be the only two on the curb who know pearls as pearls need to be known. The majority of the curb, knowing they know nothing of this most elusive of gems, will not touch pearls.

The only indispensable thing to a John Street broker is his loop. Some use a double, some a single loop; and negligible, indeed, is the flaw they can't find with it. A zircon is a gorgeous stone—almost as hard as a diamond, as white as a diamond, as brilliant as a diamond, as transparent as a diamond; but try to sell a zircon for a diamond on John Street! A diamond, they will tell you, has a grain, like wood, while a zircon is as grainless as water. A zircon will cut in any direction; a diamond must be cut according to its planes of cleavage.

A few of the men likewise carry a testing glass for emeralds, a metal circlet about one and a half inches in diameter, one side of which contains black glass, the other blue. A genuine emerald held between an

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EVERY GRAHAM SIX AND EVERY GRAHAM EIGHT IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SHATTER-PROOF *PLATE* GLASS

They talk of Graham leadership in power transmission

By Theodore F. MacManus

GRAHAM

VERY GOOD CARS AT LOW PRICES

THE three Graham brothers have never sought to have the cars bearing their name excel, especially in any one thing—to be known, for instance, as outstanding exponents of power or speed or any phase of performance in particular.

Graham cars *are* high powered and *do* develop high speed, but the Grahams have preferred the broader field of trying to do all things well—in other words, of building *very* good cars at low prices.

In spite of this striving for all-around rather than special excellence, special reputations *have* been conferred upon them by the great public which Graham cars have created.

Almost every owner you meet, and certainly every dealer, will begin to talk at once of Graham leadership in power transmission.

The latter will tell you with a great deal of earnest and enthusiastic emphasis that they can prove in a very few moments that Graham transmission of power shows its silent, easy, effortless superiority unmistakably in any sort of a test.

The cars *are* beautifully lithe and nimble, and the Grahams are entirely willing to have you judge them on this sparkling performance.

But they hope that you will be just as critical—and appreciative—of every other essential in the new Graham Sixes and Eights.

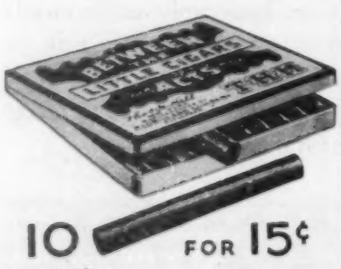
These cars have engaged the most progressive possible engineering experience, they are honorably and honestly manufactured, and it is not easy to see how a man or woman who knows that the true worth of a car is in its masterly combination of *all* good features can fail to recognize that combination in the Graham.

Graham cars will give you value and performance—reasons in plenty for preferring them. Their crowning appeal is the safety of the shatter-proof plate glass doors, windows and windshields. The more you study that one factor of protection for yourself and your family from an all too frequent and dreadful danger, the more surely it will lead you to the conclusion that it renders all the other attractions of Graham cars irresistible.

When time's too short for a long cigar . . . . . it's time for

BETWEEN THE ACTS
LITTLE CIGARS

Two-minute "breathing spells" every hour or so in the day . . . when you'd like a cigar but haven't time for a 20-minute "session" with an over-size perfecto. Light a "B. T. A." . . . a tenth of a 15¢ cigar. All the flavor, all the fragrance. But with 10 "stop over privileges" to multiply your smoking pleasures and save the waste of half-smoked cigars.



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If dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for sample tin to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th Street, New York.

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electric bulb and this glass will appear transparent.

There is, likewise, a metal specialist on the curb—a man who has stood on practically the same spot on this street for fifty years, and who now deals almost exclusively in platinum. His pockets are filled with platinum buttons and kings, but chiefly buttons, which is the jeweler's name for those small plugs of the metal, about as big around as a dime, which are chiefly used for repair work—enlarging a ring, and so forth. This specialist buys his platinum from a firm of smelters and refiners which has been in existence for almost a century, and sells it to manufacturing jewelers in need of small quantities of the metal in the vicinity of the Lane.

Sometimes in a sale between brokers—and many of their dealings are with one another—a dispute arises as to the exact value of a stone. There is then one final method of decision, one court of last appeal. On a certain corner of the Bowery is a pawnshop which for the past thirty years has been run by a man who has gained such a reputation for probity and ability as a gem expert that all disputed cases are brought to him as to a judge. The disputants lay the stone before him, he fixes it with his loop, pronounces judgment, and the disputants depart, at peace and satisfied. For his services he gets one dollar a carat on every stone appraised, and it is said so infallible is his judgment that he has been made all kinds of extravagant offers by uptown shops but has consistently refused them, preferring his work in this colorful section of the city.

Naturally these brokers do not take home the gems they carry about during the day. Each man has a box in a near-by safety vault where he deposits his stones at night. Some of these men admit to having carried at times as much as half a million dollars' worth of gems in their pockets; others, the wealthier members of the curb, will, when times are good, carry $300,000 or $400,000. A fair average is probably about $20,000. One man said that when he was young and strong he would habitually carry $300,000 worth, but now that he is old he won't take a chance on more than $100,000; not that he has any fear on John Street, but occasionally it becomes necessary for him to go up on Fifth Avenue, and then he admits he's nervous.

No Welcome for Strangers

The fact that there has never been a hold-up on the curb is not just accident. As the richest gem center in the country, this section of the city is heavily policed. The territory extending from Liberty Street to Fulton, and from Broadway to William, contains 1500 manufacturing and retail jewelers' offices—in some buildings there are as many as 90 jewelry firms—and fifty retail shops, to protect which the city assigns ten special detectives, men picked for their unusual ability in this sort of work. In their years of service in this section they have come to know pretty well who's who. To the detectives, the business man has certain unmistakable earmarks; the sight-seer has his distinguishing characteristics, just as has the lawyer or the doctor; and the criminal certainly has his. No loiterers are permitted. A stranger here is like a man out of step in a regiment. Anyone who is not known is accosted and asked to identify himself. Thieves know that this section is carefully guarded. One thief caught here was told by his own lawyer that he should have known better than to go into that part of the city. If the detective sees the thief first, the detective sees to it that he gets out; and if the thief sees the detective first, the thief sees to it that he gets out. If a thief is once spotted down here, he'll be pretty sure not to venture in again and, moreover, will warn his fellow thieves.

Not that there have not been stick-ups in this territory—only recently a jewelry firm in one of the office buildings was robbed and it was a curb broker who followed the thief and pointed him out to a policeman—but they have all been in the offices and shops, not on the street. A robber prefers the comparative privacy of an indoor job with only a few men to handle rather than the publicity of the street, within eyeshot of police and detectives.

An Emerald for $2.87

The street exists on excitement. Every man is on the *qui vive* for a find—the find that will make his eternal fortune. The gambling instinct runs high, and many of them are drawn and held to this life largely by this passion. The hope of one day getting a magnificent stone for a song and selling it for a fortune is what they live for; and not infrequently just this does befall. Almost every man of them has some story to tell of such a find which they lie in wait for for years, as the prospector waits for his strike. One man will tell you of an emerald he bought at a pawnbroker's sale in an old-fashioned ring—years ago when emeralds were not what they are today. It weighed eight carats and he paid just exactly forty dollars for it. It turned out to be that rarest of stones, a perfect emerald—that is, perfect to the naked eye though the loop will discover what may be classed as imperfections even in a so-called perfect diamond, they say. He gave this stone to his wife. Many years later, when emeralds had become the fashionable stone, priced beyond rubies and of course far beyond diamonds, he was offered $65,000 for it—and refused. But another emerald to which he wasn't so desperately attached, which he had likewise picked up for a negligible price, he sold for $11,050 per carat or $34,000. Prices like these even Fifth Avenue would respect.

Another man will tell you of a ring he bought at auction for $2.87 for the gold it contained. Neither he nor anyone else at the time—the curb weren't experts on colored stones then—realized that the green blob it contained was an emerald. To them it was just a bit of glass. But the next morning, examining it in a good light, he began to have his suspicions of its green glitter. He sent it to Columbia University for determination, and the report came back, "It is a mineral," which is to say, a genuine emerald. Beautifully recut, it brought a high price.

Another will tell you of the story of a fine star ruby which once passed through his hands—and many another hand—enriching everyone on the way. It seems that a lady lost this magnificent stone in a theater. An usher found it and turned it in to the management. As no claimant appeared it was finally given to the usher as his property. Having heard of the curb and knowing of no better way to dispose of it, he took it down to John Street and sold it for twenty-five dollars. The buyer sold it at a fine profit and it passed from hand to hand until one day it reposed grandly in a Fifth Avenue window. A lady paused, glanced, and entered the shop. She asked to see the stone; she inquired the price—$1350.

"That's my ruby," she said.

Now there is much argument as to whether or not the identity of a stone can be sufficiently established to allow its recovery by law. When it comes to a very large stone, a stone of very peculiar color, or a historic gem of which records have been kept, the identification by experts is usually easy. But with less remarkable stones, the matter is more difficult. One case will go one way, the next another. When the expert is on the stand and the judge puts the question, "Would it be possible for any other stone of this weight to contain similar flaws to those by which you say you identify this stone?" there can be but one answer—yes—and that is usually where the case ends. "That being so," says His Honor, "we have no proof that this is the stone belonging to the plaintiff." In a recent case, however, the lawyer got in an answer to that question that clinched his case. "There might be another stone with the same defects and there might also be another human being who looked exactly like Your Honor. We base our claim not on description, but on recognition. If I should meet Your Honor again, even after many years, I would recognize you."

In the case of the star ruby, a lawsuit was not necessary. The stone was merely traced from hand to hand, through buyers and sellers, back to the John Street broker, back to the theater. Each buyer received the sum he had paid for it, the usher got a reward, and the lady got her star ruby back for nothing.

Still another broker will tell you of a lost opportunity. One of those turbaned East Indians who occasionally frequent the street, came to him with a great bag of star sapphires—30,000 carats of beautiful stones of all sizes. He wanted only $3000 for the lot, but in that day, before they had become the rage, that was more than this broker would pay. He finally bought them for $400 and then wasted weeks peddling them around. Finally discouraged, he sold them at a small profit to a Providence manufacturer of cheap jewelry. The Indian had paid twice as much in duty on the stones as he received for them, and the John Street broker lost a fortune, for today, if he had those sapphires, he could, on the basis of these stones alone, set up in business as a dealer in fine star sapphires and his stock in trade would be worth considerably over a quarter of a million dollars. Such stones are now worth ten dollars or twelve dollars a carat—and there were 30,000 carats.

Buying Downtown, Selling Uptown

The lure of the game is great. Even those of the curb who have made good in a big way—and there are many, some of whom now have offices uptown—often are drawn back by the love of a good trade. One former member of the curb who is now an uptown dealer in antiques, and worth a million, frequently returns to his old haunts in and around the Lane. He attends the smallest sales on the Bowery, picks up bits of antique jewelry, and sells them uptown at a handsome profit. One day a wealthy customer who occasionally strolls through the Bowery remonstrated with him on the exorbitant price he was asking for a certain piece.

"Why, I saw that piece myself in a downtown pawnbroker's window for forty dollars!" he protested.

"Exactly," said the ex-curb member. "And why didn't you buy it for forty dollars? It's judgment you uptown people pay for."

Many of the men on the curb are well-to-do; some are wealthy, some claim an annual income only a modest $5000 or $6000 or even a penurious $3000; but the guess outside of the street is that they underrate rather than overrate their earnings. A few are reported to be worth over a quarter of a million.

The curb deals with no strangers and requires written credentials and guaranties of the ownership of all goods bought, a precaution rendered necessary by the danger of stolen and smuggled goods shipping into the market through this open door. The amount of such goods which has leaked into the market via the curb is said by police headquarters to be negligible. Never has a thief accused a member of the curb of being a receiver of stolen goods. With the strict protective guard of detectives girdling this section, it would be almost impossible for traffic of this nature to take place on the street, and the long-continued existence of the curb under the strict surveillance of the law is further proof of its probity. Police headquarters say that the only trouble they ever have with them is an occasional request by shop owners to have them moved on—but these complaints are never followed up. It is reported that one jeweler in front of whose store some of them habitually stand, blocking his windows, periodically offers them office space, rent free, in his loft. They are not to be diverted in this way.

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THE IMPROVED PLYMOUTH widens its lead in VALUE

FULL SIZE

ALWAYS a conspicuous value leader, the *full*-size Plymouth now embodies additional advancements designed to carry still higher the Plymouth ideal of introducing fine-car features into the lowest-price field.

Now, more than ever before, the Improved Plymouth can be compared with high-priced cars in *full*-size comfort, smartness, spirited performance and long trouble-free operation.

When you see and drive the Improved Plymouth you get an altogether new and different impression of what remarkable strides have been made in lowest-cost motoring.

$655

AND UP F.O.B. DETROIT

Coupe, $655; Roadster (with rumble seat), $675; 2-Door Sedan, $675; Touring, $695; De Luxe Coupe (with rumble seat), $695; 4-Door Sedan, $695; De Luxe Sedan, $745. All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Plymouth dealers extend the convenience of time payments.

AMERICA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE

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even millenniums have passed since some of its still-existing materials were deposited. In the main, it is made up of the bones and broken weapons of uncounted millions who brought one another to violent deaths long ago. Upon these, three or four centuries have cast masses of rotting vegetation, and latterly an increasing discharge of waste paper. But in it, mixed up with all this litter, scattered about and intermingled, are some of the most precious and dearly loved treasures of the strongest races in the world. All the history books of Europe are there; its household gods; all the monuments and records of wonderful achievements and sacrifice; the battle flags for which the heroes of every generation have shed their blood; the vestments of religions still living and growing in the minds of men; the foundations of the jurisprudence still regulating their relations one with another—all flung and blended together.

Clearly the burning of the rubbish heap is not so small a matter as it seemed at the first glance. Should Europeans let it all burn away and start afresh, or must the conflagration be promptly extinguished and the rubbish heap preserved for the sake of the precious relics and possessions it contains? Certainly if this is the choice, and the only choice, there will be two opinions about the burning, and men and nations and interests and social organizations of all kinds will range themselves on opposite sides. But is there no other course? Is there not a more complicated, but more scientific method of dealing with this pile which cumbers the earth? Has not Europe the wisdom, the strength, the patience, by the same process to rescue its treasures and incinerate its rubbish?

Continuing to inspect the burning dump, we observe that it is overlaid with a tangled growth and network of tariff barriers designed to restrict trade and production to particular areas. This network is the product of modern times. It has markedly increased since the Great War. In fact, every improvement which science has given to European communications has been tripped up and rendered largely nugatory by this new and immense apparatus. Nothing like it is to be seen in the United States.

Real Barriers to Unity

An English member of the House of Commons—an impeccable Conservative—Sir Clive Morrison-Bell, has had the wit and ingenuity to construct a model of the tariff walls of Europe. He mounted a large-scale map and built in imitation brickwork and at their relative heights around the frontiers of the different states the tariff walls which exist in Europe today. The governor of the Bank of England invited him to place it on view in the bank parlor. Since then it has been exhibited in the parliaments and at conferences in most of the great capitals. One specimen has now reached Washington. Sir Clive Morrison-Bell claims that his model enables people to "visualize the idea" and that "its presence does not make a fleeting but a lasting impression," giving "an advantage over the written or spoken word." This is no doubt true. No European can gaze upon the astonishing spectacle of these internal tariff walls of Europe without being amazed at the embarrassments and difficulties in spite of which the peoples of Europe get their daily bread. This lively impression is stimulated by a glance at the map of the United States and by observing that throughout the whole of that vast territory, possessing within its bounds almost every commodity necessary for modern life, there is no obstacle or barrier of any kind except those which Nature has raised and which science is overcoming. Certainly it would seem that the free interchange of goods and services over the widest possible area, or over very wide areas, is a dominating factor in the rapid accretion of material wealth.

But this idea of European unity, so novel to untutored ears, is no more, in fact, than a reversion to the old foundation of Europe. Why should it appear startling to its inhabitants? Europe has known the days when Rumanians lived on the Tyne and Spaniards on the Danube as equal citizens of a single state. She has dwelt in nearer centuries in the catholicity of Christendom. She has rested her emaciated body upon the venerable structure of the Holy Roman Empire. She has seen, as if it were but yesterday, the sword of Napoleon uplifted in a cause which, cavil how you may, meant and could only mean, in the terms of political science, a revival under Gallic forms of Roman solidarity. And even in the lifetime of living men she has enjoyed the spectacle of united Italy and endured the overflowing strength of united Germany. Everywhere, in every age, in every area however wide, over every grouping of peoples however diverse, unity has made for strength and prosperity for all within its circle. Why should Europe fear unity? As well might a man fear his own body.

The Extreme in Nationalism

Upon the petty states, principalities and tribalisms of Europe each intermediate organism had to grow. The majestic Roman scene had passed away. The clammy bonds by which medieval Christendom had mastered anarchy must be torn asunder. The fierce youth, nationalism, was born for this peculiar task. But nationalism is an agent and not an end. It is a champion and not a breadwinner. It is a ladder and not a story; a process and not a result.

The Treaty of Versailles represents the apotheosis of nationalism. The slogan of self-determination has been carried into practical effect. The weaker or less fortunate competitors in the struggle of races have been set free. The old imperial organizations within which they had been compressed have been disbanded or burst. The Treaties of Versailles and Trianon, whatever their faults, were deliberately designed to be the consummation of that national feeling which grew out of the ruins of despotisms, whether benevolent or otherwise, just as despotism grew out of the ruins of feudalism. All the inherent life thirst of liberalism in this sphere has been given full play.

Europe is organized, as it never was before, upon a purely nationalistic basis. The scissors of treaty making and boundary drawing have cut sharply through the fringes and across disputed border lines. But in the main the Treaties of Versailles and Trianon represent the fullest expression of national and racial feeling which Europe has ever known.

But what are the results? First of all, there is a gasp of relief and expansion, and immediately thereafter a sense of weakness. The organization of Europe today is at once more onerous and less economically efficient than it was before the war. More than seven thousand miles have been added to her customs barriers. Every new frontier has increased the cost in time and money of the transport of goods. A traveler is forced to descend at stations whose names he cannot pronounce and to justify himself to states of which he has never heard. Professor de Madariaga complains that a journey from Paris to Stockholm—although the distance is less than the diameter of many American states—requires no fewer than six different kinds of coins and stamps, the passage of seven different frontiers and the use of five different languages.

The empire of the Hapsburgs has vanished. That immense, unwieldy, uneasy, but nevertheless coherent entity has been Balkanized. Poland has escaped from her eighteenth-century dungeon, bristling with her wrongs and dazzled by the light. The whole zone of Middle Europe, from the Baltic to the Ægean, is split into small states vaunting their independence, glorying in their new-found liberty, acutely self-conscious and exalting their particularisms. They must wall themselves in. They must have armies to defend the ramparts. They must have revenues to pay the armies. They must have foundries and factories to equip them. They must have national industries to make themselves self-contained and self-supporting. They must revive old half-forgotten national languages just to show how different they are from the fellows across the frontier. No more discipline of great empires: each for himself and a curse for the rest. What a time of jubilee!

In this vale of tears nothing is more disappointing than getting one's own way. The peoples of Middle Europe, famished by the privations of the Great War, have indulged in a banquet of Dead Sea apples. Even our own pet Ireland has found the task of rejoicing over freedom regained strenuous and bleak. Nationalism throughout Europe, for all its unconquerable explosive force, has already found, and will find, its victorious realization at once unsatisfying and uncomfortable. More than any other world movement, it is fated to find victory bitter. It is a religion whose field of proselytizing is strictly limited, and when it has conquered its own narrow world, it is debarred, if it has no larger aim, by its own dogmas from seeking new worlds to conquer.

The stages of human development press upon one another's heels and, now here, now there, block or trample down one another. Loyalty to the tribe is overtaken by loyalty to the nation; loyalty to the nation obstructs loyalty to the continent; and some day we may see loyalty to the continent a danger to mankind. But nothing is gained by cutting out the intervening stages. Each must find its place in the procession. Each will have its part to play in the assembly, and from every man will some day be required not the merging or discarding of various loyalties, but their simultaneous reconciliation in a complete or larger synthesis.

I am always twitted with using warlike metaphors. But in my life I have been brought in contact with many wars, small and great, and ever since Armageddon the world is familiar with military modes and phrases. In that harsh school pupils received lifelong impressions. Under the pressure of war, men and nations learn to discard unessential things. They reach out in thought and grasp realities. They mine and countermine among fundamentals. The ordeal is over. Lessons as well as scars have been received. Necessity is the mother of invention, and military organization is the result of intensely concentrated thought. Everyone knows a lot about it. Battalions and brigades are gathered together in a division, and the division forms part of a corps or army. The armies are grouped under a commander in chief, and finally the commander in chief is subordinate himself to the allied generalissimo.

Wisdom Learned in War

Imagine the ruin which would overtake the army, if there were nothing but battalions and brigades and divisions; if divisional generals sought to meet together in a council of war to settle on every plan, arrange for all the supplies and give their views upon the strategy and policy to be pursued. Imagine, on the other hand, a supreme command which had nothing between itself and the numerous divisions, all marching and maneuvering independently. Either method has but to be considered to be found manifestly absurd. Why cannot Europe in time of peace utilize a little of the wisdom she has bought so dearly in the crunch of war? Why cannot the civilian realize himself as French, German, Spanish or Dutch, and simultaneously as a European and, finally, as a citizen of the whole world. The flame of war has passed, its hideous losses have been written off. Europe might at least gather such experience from that time of trial as has been left upon the ground.

The resuscitation of the Pan-European idea is largely identified with Count Koudenhove-Calergi. He has conducted his campaign from Vienna. The headquarters are well chosen. The plight of Vienna since the Great War constitutes the bitterest example of the waste and folly of the present system. This forlorn capital, for centuries the seat of an empire, now merely the nodal point of severed or strangulated railways, a London walled in by hostile Irelands, makes its unanswered appeal. It is right that that appeal should be no longer mute. The form of Count Calergi's theme may be crude, erroneous and impracticable, but the impulse and the inspiration are true.

The Economic Sink

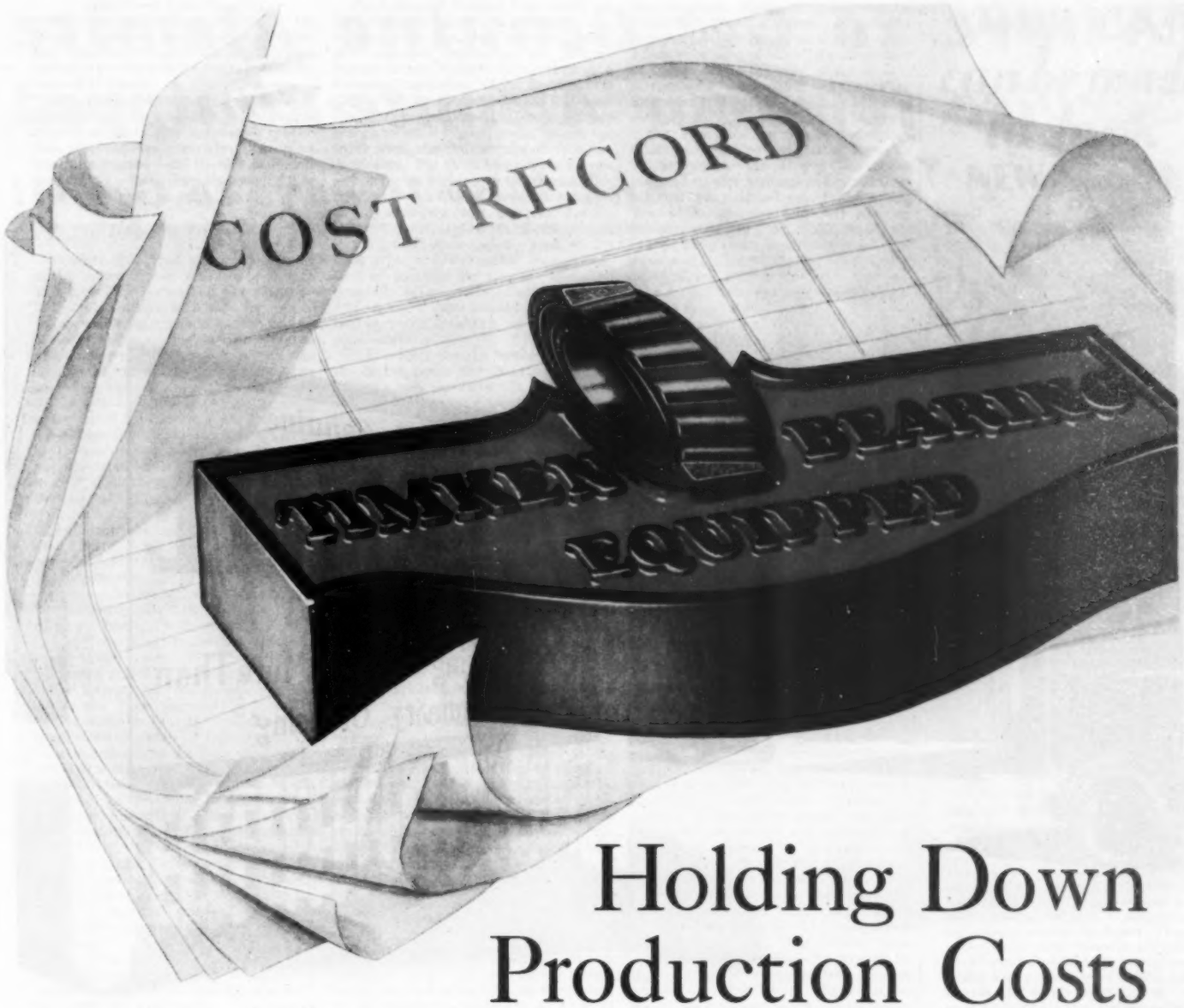
We have, further, a manifesto issued by the bankers in 1927, stating in effect that Europe is slowly strangling herself and that if her economic policy is not reversed she may find herself utterly impoverished and bankrupt. The report of the Consultative Committee of the League of Nations, published last May, supports the bankers. Finally, M. Briand, one of the most powerful, and certainly the most eloquent of European statesmen, has, with all the deft vagueness of an experienced parliamentarian, proclaimed to the Assembly of the League of Nations his adherence to the cause of a United Europe. He would like to see some "federal link" established between all these different states. "The most important component" of that "federal link" should be "economic agreement." He branded the European customs barriers as "mountain chains that divided one state from another." He gained the support of Herr Stresemann and of Doctor Benes. Whereupon the Assembly appointed a committee, under directions to report as soon as may be.

Thus we may exclaim with Zola, "Truth is on the march," but the time has certainly not come when we can complete the quotation—"and nothing will stop her." Let her, then, march forward, and let us aid her march. The farther she can get, the better. We may be quite sure she will not get far enough in the immediate future to do anything but good.

The reflections of European nations upon the need of unity must be stimulated by the financial relations of Europe to the United States. Under the arrangements which have now been agreed to by all parties, practically the whole of the reparations paid by Germany to the countries she has injured will flow by one channel or another to the least harmed and most prosperous member of the victor combination against her. For sixty years to come an immense flow of wealth must roll outward from Europe across the Atlantic. It cannot go in the form of merchandise, for the United States tariffs, rising ever higher, bar the payment of a debit in such a form. It is the declared economic policy of the United States to aim at an excess of exports. Therefore, on the one hand, the United States is entitled to these immense prolonged payments and, on the other, will not receive them in any form in which they can be conveyed across the ocean. From this there has followed and, whatever temporary checks may intervene, there must continue to follow, a process of reinvestment of American capital in Europe. This process is cumulative from year to year; consciously through the excess of American exports, almost unconsciously, perhaps, by the subtle and surprising manifestations of profits and compound interest.

Sir Josiah Stamp—perhaps the most eminent of practical economists—has made calculations which show that before the

(Continued on Page 51)



Holding Down Production Costs

Industry must be equipped to meet sterner competition. This means Industry must be "*Timken Bearing Equipped*".

Timken can carry this responsibility as no other bearing because Timken carries all loads capably—radial or thrust, or both. *It is the one bearing that does all things well.*

Lifting friction's load from power, production piles up into peaks. Maintenance cost swerves sharply into valleys. Lubricant expense clings closely to zero.

Exclusive with Timken are these distinct advantages—Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken-made steel.

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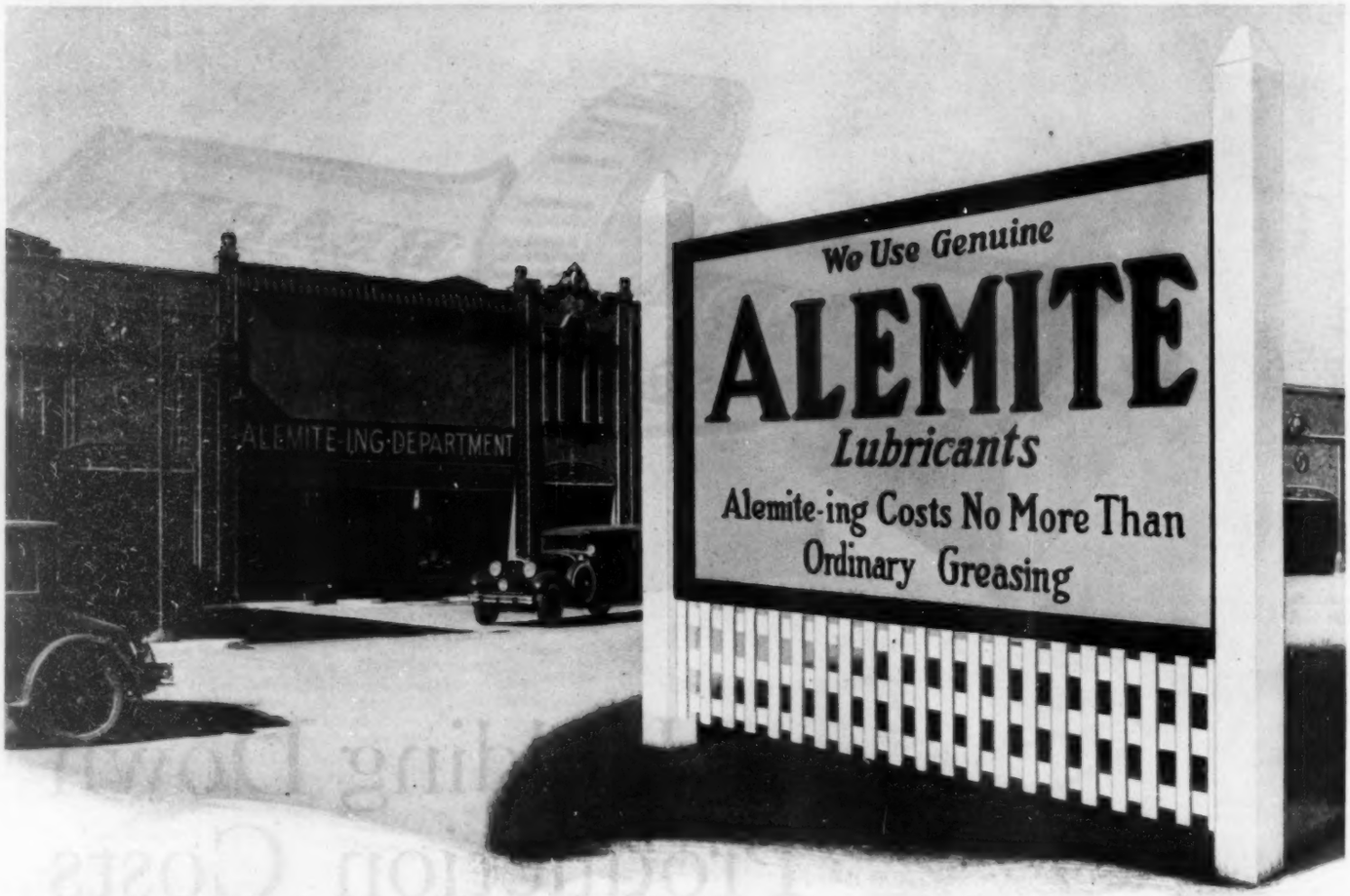

YOU selected your car with care. But if you expect it to serve you well—don't let "just anybody" service it.

Be particularly careful who lubricates it. For good lubrication is the best insurance you can have against annoying squeaks, early depreciation and repair bills.

95 per cent of all cars being manufactured today come Alemite-equipped. This means that you can make sure of giving your car *positive* lubrication. For Alemite-ing stations in convenient locations everywhere specialize in the lubrication of Alemite-equipped cars.

Depend on These Experts

These stations are in charge of efficient mechanics who thoroughly know the location of all the Alemite fittings on your car. They know how to properly fill them. They use the right machines and the proper pressure. And they use only Genuine Alemite lubricants especially designed for the Alemite-equipped car.

Every such station is responsible and inspected regularly by the makers of the Alemite systems. Hence in every case it is better to entrust them than to take chances with stations you do not know.

Go to Those Stations to be Sure of Correct Lubrication

Investigations show a flood of cheap greases are on the market. They are frequently offered by irresponsible stations claiming to give you high pressure lubrication. Those unknown greases are often highly dangerous to your car. Some contain soap, acid and abrasive filler. They are not suited to the Alemite lubrication systems now on 95% of all cars.

Experts will tell you that the performance of your car depends upon proper lubrication. That lack of proper lubrication causes 80% of all repairs.

Few car owners will wish to take chances, especially since Genuine Alemite lubrication costs no more.

A New Service

Genuine Alemite-ing stations are now offering Recorded Alemite service. Every time your car is Alemite-ed they record it in a book they give you to carry. That book certifies to the care you have taken with your car. It adds a value when you decide to trade or sell.

Those advantages make it worth while to look for the Alemite sign for all lubrication service. It's the surest way to protect your investment in your car.

100% Alemite-ing Means:

1. BEARINGS: Alemite High Pressure Lubricant forced into every vital chassis bearing with Alemite equipment by expert Alemite mechanics—every 500 miles.

2. GEARS: Differential and transmission thoroughly flushed out by a special Alemite process. New Alemite Gear Lubricant forced in—every 2,500 miles.

3. SPRINGS: Springs sprayed with special Alemite Vesuvius Graphite Oil—every 500 miles. Eliminating ALL spring squeaks and making the car run immeasurably smoother.

Wherever you see one of the signs shown here, just drive your car in and try this service. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs.

You'll keep out squeaks and prevent costly repairs. And you'll multiply the enjoyment of driving by keeping your car at peak performance.

Alemite Corporation, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2644 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

(Continued from Page 48)

reparations and debt payments to the United States are completed, Washington and American investors will together own perhaps two-thirds of the entire present income of Germany.

Such conclusions transcend the limits of imagination. Inch by inch, with mathematical certainty they approach a conclusion of monstrous absurdity. The most hopeful comment—and there is solid reassurance in it—is the German saying: "The trees do not grow up to the sky."

One-Way Traffic

To write thus is not to blame the policy of the United States; still less to impugn their lawful and contractual rights. American statesmen may, with blunt justice and unanswerable logic, point out that Europe has no grievance against the United States. The ancestors of the men and women who inhabit the American continent took little with them when they quitted Europe. They left behind and surrendered an immense accumulated inheritance. All that they have, they and their descendants have made for themselves by toil and science, and the resolute exploitation of those natural resources which they had the courage to go out and find. If the New World has grown rich, it is not at the expense of the Old. The Government and people of the United States were in no way responsible for Armageddon. They did not create or foment the hatreds and quarrels which led to that supreme catastrophe. They were drawn into the war against their will, against their tradition, because they were jostled and knocked about by the combatants and forced to take a side and take a part. The movement of soldiers, of warships, supplies, and of treasure, was solely eastward. The traffic was "one way only"—from the United States to Europe. And this ought never to be forgotten by Europe, and will never be forgotten by the rest of the English-speaking world.

Nevertheless, American statesmen and leaders of public opinion in every part of the United States should ponder carefully, and as realists, upon the chains of causation which have now been forged. For sure and certain it is that Europe will not continue for a generation to be an almost hopeless debtor, sinking deeper and deeper into the morass of foreign mortgage, without intense internal stresses and the birth of new doctrines.

Even if she had no such gray and dreary economic prospect, she will be driven sooner or later to question the monstrous absurdity of her own organization. The peace of the Roman world was maintained in the age of Augustus by eight hundred thousand armed men. After two thousand years of Christianity and of the accumulation and diffusion of knowledge, after the immense advance of science and the undoubted improvement in culture and morals, on the morrow of "the war to end war," more than twenty million soldiers or trained reserves, armed with instruments of inconceivable destructiveness, are required to guard the jigsaw frontiers of twenty-six jealous, impoverished and disunited states. No one can suppose that this is going to last.

From all these causes and others that together fill volumes, the conclusion may be drawn with much confidence that the movement towards European solidarity which has now begun will not stop until it has effected tremendous and possibly decisive changes in the whole life, thought and structure of Europe. It does not follow even that this progress will be gradual. It may leap forward in a huge bound of spontaneous conviction. It may even prove to be the surest means of lifting the mind of European nations out of the ruck of old feuds and ghastly revenges. It may afford a rallying ground where socialists and capitalists, where nationalists and pacifists, where idealists and business men may stand together. It may be the surest of all the guaranties against the renewal of great wars.

The League of Nations, from which the United States have so imprudently—considering their vast and increasing interests—absented themselves, has perforce become in fact, if not in form, primarily a European institution. Count Koudenhove-Calergi proposes to concentrate European forces, interests and sentiments in a single branch which, if it grew, would become the trunk itself, and thus acquire obvious predominance. For think how mighty Europe is, but for its divisions! Let Russia slide back, as Count Calergi proposes, and as is already so largely a fact, into Asia. Let the British Empire, excluded in his plan, realize its own world-spread ideal; even so, the mass of Europe, once united, once federalized or partially federalized, once continentally self-conscious—Europe, with its African and Asiatic possessions and plantations, would constitute an organism beyond compare.

It is evident that up to a certain point the developments now in actual progress will be wholly beneficial. In so far as the movement towards European unity expresses itself by the vast increase of wealth which would follow from it, by the ceaseless diminution of armies which would attend it, by ever-increasing guaranties against the renewal of war, it bodes no ill to the rest of the world. On the contrary, it can only bring benefits to every nation whose interests are identical with the general interests of mankind. But clearly there are limits, now assuredly to be reached in our lifetime, beyond which a United States of Europe might revive on a scale more vast, and in a degree immeasurably more terrible, the rivalries from which we have suffered so cruelly in our own age. A day of fate and doom for men will dawn if ever the old quarrels of countries are superseded by the strife of continents; if Europe, Asia and America, living, coherent and potentially armed entities, come to watch one another through the eyes with which Germany, France, Russia and Italy looked in the twentieth century. Conflicts of countries are, we trust, ended. They must not be succeeded by the antagonisms of continents. But surely, after all they have gone through, men will have the wit and virtue to take the good and leave the bad; to walk along the high road which leads to wealth and power, without being drawn down the fatal turning to shame and ruin.

With Europe But Not of It

The attitude of Great Britain towards European unification or "federal links" would, in the first instance, be determined by her dominant conception of a united British Empire. Every step that tends to make Europe more prosperous and more peaceful is conducive to British interests. We have more to lose by war than any human organization that has ever existed. The peculiar structure and distribution of the British Empire or Commonwealth of Nations is such that our safety has increasingly been found in reconciling and identifying British interests with the larger interests of the world. The prosperity of others makes for our own prosperity; their peace is our tranquillity; their progress smooths our path. We are bound to further every honest and practical step which the nations of Europe may make to reduce the barriers which divide them and to nourish their common interests and their common welfare. We rejoice at every diminution of the internal tariffs and the martial armaments of Europe. We see nothing but good and hope in a richer, freer, more contented European commonalty. But we have our own dream and our own task. We are with Europe, but not of it. We are linked, but not comprised. We are interested and associated, but not absorbed. And should European statesmen address us in the words which were used of old—"Wouldest thou be spoken for to the king, or the captain of the host?"—we should reply, with the Shunammite woman: "I dwell among mine own people."

But even this compulsive conception must be reconciled with other forms of British interest. The policy of Canning has endowed us with holdings and connections in South America, and notably the Argentine, which, although in no way affecting the sovereignty of independent states, are of solid and durable importance to us. The scheme of a British Empire economically self-conscious, a commercial unit, even perhaps a fiscal unit, can never be widely expressed in exclusive terms.

The Rôle of Canada

Here, then, is an aspect of the British Empire which the people of the United States would do well to study. The King's dominions circle the globe. We can never lend ourselves to any antagonism, however unlikely or remote, economic or warlike, between continents or hemispheres. We belong to no single continent, but to all. Not to one hemisphere, but to both; as well to the New World as to the Old. The British Empire is a leading European power. It is a great and growing American power. It is the Australasian power. It is one of the greatest Asiatic powers. It is the leading African power. Great Britain herself has for centuries been the proved and accepted champion of European freedom. She is the center and head of the British Commonwealth of Nations. She is an equal partner in the English-speaking world.

It is at this point that the significance of Canada appears. Canada, which is linked to the British Empire, first by the growing importance of her own nationhood, and, secondly, by many ancient and sentimental ties precious to young and strong communities, is at the same time intimately associated with the United States. The long, unguarded frontier, the habits and intercourse of daily life, the fruitful and profitable connections of business, the sympathies and even the antipathies of honest neighborliness, make Canada a binder-together of the English-speaking peoples. She is a magnet, exercising a double attraction, drawing both Great Britain and the United States towards herself, and thus drawing them closer to each other. She is the only surviving bond which stretches from Europe across the Atlantic Ocean. Her power, her hopes, her future guarantee the increasing fellowship of the Nordic races of the East and of the West; in fact, no state, no country, no band of men can more truly be described as the linchpin of peace and world progress.

It is possible to set forth the final conclusions of this brief examination of these deep and long-flowing tides.

The conception of a United States of Europe is right. Every step taken to that end which appeases the obsolete hatred and vanished oppressions, which makes easier the traffic and reciprocal services of Europe, which encourages its nations to lay aside their precautionary panoply, is good in itself—is good for them and good for all.

It is, however, imperative that as Europe advances towards higher internal unity there shall be a proportionate growth of solidarity throughout the British Empire, and also a deepening self-knowledge and mutual recognition among the English-speaking people.

Then, without misgiving and without detachment, we can watch and aid the assuagement of the European tragedy, and without envy survey their sure and sound approach to mass wealth; being very conscious that every stride towards European cohesion which is beneficial to the general welfare will make us a partner in their good fortune, and that any sinister tendencies will be restrained or corrected by our united strength.

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and its affiliated companies write practically every form of insurance except life.

MR. FENTRISS SAILS AT SIX

(Continued from Page 11)

Already men were at work on the well decks, hosing them free of shore muck, swabbing down the rails and squeegeeing mightily while, above, the clean smell of hot, soapy water and newly scrubbed rubber and the sharp tang of brass polish died in the soft breath of salt air that bathed the ship suddenly from the harbor below.

Harry Prout took a deep breath on the deck outside. Nice, that—the smells of a ship reborn to freedom—hot bread in the lower gangways, clean linen and night air, wet, coiled manila and heating oil from the vents.

He went into his passage and took his towels from the slop locker. The bath steward was going through, with his schedule on a board, tapping at cabins and jotting down times.

"Yes, ma'am; 8:00 or 8:30 are both open."

A man in loose gray came up the passage and stopped in front of 220, pulling out his pipe and tobacco pouch.

"Are you the steward? I've been looking for you," he said. "This is my luggage. One of the other men brought it up. Will you open the cabin? I haven't been to the purser's office yet."

"Yes, sir." Harry Prout whipped out his key and opened the door.

The card on the center panel read: "Mr. Frank Crackell, Cherbourg." He racked the two brand-new Gladstone bags and snapped the catches.

"The keys, sir?"

Mr. Crackell reached in the pockets of his trousers and held out two keys. Harry Prout opened the bags.

"You might lay out my dinner things while I go down to the office," said Mr. Crackell, "and I'll take as near to seven o'clock as the bath man has open."

"Very good, sir."

Harry Prout hung up his towels and ran deftly through the bags for studs, shirt, collar and tie, spread Mr. Crackell's smoking jacket beside them on the bed, hung up his overcoat and cap, and went on to 218. It was almost a quarter to seven when he reached Mr. Fentriss' cabin.

Mr. Fentriss was lying on his bed with an arm flung across his face and no lights on in the cabin.

"That you, steward?"

"Yes, sir."

"Never mind the cabin. I've got a frightful head. Can you get me a pot of tea and something for a headache.

"Yes, sir; directly." He hurried aft and went down to the barber shop for the medicine and on to the saloon pantry for the tea. Ten minutes later he was back with them.

"Just set them on the locker top," said Mr. Fentriss.

"Yes, sir."

The tugs were gone now and the deep vibration of the liner's engines creaked in the passage paneling and throbbed gently in the deck underfoot. The first dinner gong was sounding and people were on their way to the saloon, stiff-shirted and somber, with that strange calmness that falls upon a liner's company for those few hours after sailing time, with its sudden complete isolation, and remains until the open sea, in its vast emptiness, brings a nervous, hilarious confraternity to men's relationships.

Harry Prout sorted his towels and rolled them for the drying room. He emptied the hopper of his dust bin, and wadding the miscellaneous assortment of glazed paper, string, wrappings, flower stems and broken boxes from his rubbish rounds, went below for his own dinner in the pantry.

At 8:30, after his smoke with Al Brophy in the cubby behind the smoke-room bar, he went back to his bed turning. Mr. Fentriss was not in 216, so he opened the door and started his work. Too bad the gentleman didn't feel well. No fun, that, for a winter crossing. He tidied the disordered bed, smoothed the pillows and turned it down for the night. The open kit bags he placed side by side on the racks and ranged the shoes underneath.

He swabbed out the wash basin and took Mr. Fentriss' safety razor apart to clean it. It had been left there on the side, caked with lather. Funny 'ow your mind sort of worked automatic like when you were cleaning up a cabin. You could almost describe a passenger from the wye he left things, only you mustn't be too sure, ever. Tyke the ryzor now—untidy and left to rust. What kind of a man left his ryzor like that? An untidy man? Well, maybe, but 'ere we know Mr. Fentriss was sick. So much for that. Now then, sick or not, tidy men shyve in the morning; they don't leave it until night. But then again, Mr. Fentriss 'ad dark hair an' probably shyved twice a dye. So there you were, back agyne to a naturally tidy man who was too sick to bother about cleaning his ryzor.

Harry Prout held the thin blade between his thumb and finger, and wiped the sticky soap crust from its edges. Long stiff hairs on it. "Goes below 'is ears and shyves 's neck a bit maybe." Harry Prout shook his head. "No. It's 's mustache this time. Pomade on them 'airs, stiff and 'ard. There you are." He smiled as he put the razor in its case and rinsed the brush. "Bit of a detective, ayn't you, 'Arry?"

He brushed up the carpet and went out, locking the door behind him.

At 9:30, his rounds finished, he went up to Al's cubby in the smoke room for a bit of a talk and a spot of sherry—Old Bond Invalid, if you please; five bob the bottle in the wine shops.

And at ten he made his way below and forward to the glory hole.

III

THE charwoman set her pails down and turned the knob of Bodine & Fentriss' outer door. The clerks were still working against time, hunched over their books and banging nervously at adding machines beside them. A mat of dead cigarette smoke hung midway between the desk tops and the ceiling, writhing in the green-shaded lights like oil scum on filthy water. The air was thick with stale coffee, perspiration and the heavy heat of the radiators. A man yawned and stretched, and a voice chanted:

"Beck Pharm., Common, 86. Amal. Cop., Common, 62½. Nat. Tex., Pref., 42."

Keys clicked on a machine in a far corner and the totaling crank crashed sullenly.

"It's the rich as has the pleasure," thought the old woman as she brought her pails in, "and it's them poor lads as does the work. All day and most of the night, and sleepin' on cots in the guymasium upstairs these three nights now."

She went into the passage that led to Mr. Bodine's office and started to scrub the tiling down. When she had finished she pulled her vast bunch of keys from under her black apron and opened Bodine's door.

The desk light burned like a lone green eye and the man behind it stared at her vacantly, as if he had been trying to think of something and his mind had wandered off into a labyrinthine dream.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the charwoman.

But as she turned to go out, that something that comes to dogs and men alike, and raises the hackles in a ripple of icy nerves, froze her hand on the door knob. Once again she turned her eyes to the man at the desk behind the lone green light, and this time her mouth went dry and she couldn't move.

Still the man looked at her, trying to remember, thinking desperately, searching with hard, still eyes.

She cackled loudly. The passage behind her echoed to many feet. Men pushed past her as she stood against the door jamb—people in vests and shirt sleeves, pencils in hands, eye shades pushed back. In they came and stopped.

(Continued on Page 54)

Spoonfuls of summer sun . . .

for winter's cold, dark days

Sun-filled hours on bright, warm beaches . . . eager little bodies tanned a glorious brown . . . these are precious hours of health which, happily, can be carried over to the cold, dark days of winter by golden spoonfuls of vitamin-rich cod-liver oil.

Next to clear summer sunshine, good cod-liver oil best promotes the normal development of strong bones and sound teeth in growing children. And it is a recognized fact that cod-liver oil increases their resistance to disease—helps keep them free from winter colds and other illnesses.

Grown-ups, too, often find it beneficial to take cod-liver oil regularly throughout the winter months.

What makes it such a valuable winter safeguard? Here's the answer: Cod-liver oil is the greatest natural source of two important vitamins—Vitamin A, which builds resistance and promotes growth, and Vitamin D, the "sunshine" vitamin, which prevents rickets.

Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is beautifully clear, highly refined, fresh and pure. It may surprise you to find how easy it is to take—also how readily your children will take it.

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MAIL THIS TODAY

(Continued from Page 52)

Somebody went toward the man behind the desk and touched his shoulder. The head snapped forward. The man who had touched him snatched his hand away.

IV

SPARKS, in his cubby, was typing out the last of the late news as it came in for the morning bulletin:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.: A verdict of second-degree murder against Harper Fairbanks was brought in after six hours' deliberation. Counsel appealed. . . . Ditto: Steamer Joseph P. Holliday reported ashore off Point Reyes. . . . Gloria Swanson has left for New York for the world première of The Trespasser, and is reported en route to join the marquis in Paris. . . . N. Y.: Knute Rockne says ——

The liner's call number cut in on it—insistent, commanding. Sparks tossed his cigarette to the deck and snapped a fresh sheet into his machine. He leaned forward to throw his generator switch and bang out the acknowledgment.

Almost at once the flash came through:

Bok astrob Roger Fentriss condine police maggot slash Kitteridge.

Sparks repeated for confirmation, whipped his sheet out and rang for the steward.

"Take that to the Old Man," he said, "and never mind whether he's asleep or not."

Captain Hume switched on his bunk light and reached for the line code book, jotting the transcription on the margin while the steward waited.

Personal to the Captain: Ascertain definitely if Roger Fentriss is aboard. Police desire this information immediately. Advise line code to this office. KITTERIDGE.

"That's all, steward," said the captain. He reached for his telephone. "Put me through to Mr. Godfried; try his office first"—and again: "Godfried? Captain Hume. Have you a Mr. Roger Fentriss?"

"Just a moment, sir. . . . Yes, sir. Cabin 216, B Deck."

"That means he's booked. Is he aboard?"

"His vouchers are here, sir."

"Send his steward to his cabin."

"Yes, sir. I'll call you back."

The purser hung up and rang back again on the second steward.

"What bedroom man have you got on 216 B, Hale?"

"Half a tick." Hale ran through his lists. "Prout."

"Good. Dig him out and send him up here to the office."

Ten minutes later Harry Prout, sleepy-eyed, but dressed and brushed to a lick, tapped on the purser's door.

"Prout?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know Mr. Fentriss by sight?"

"Yes, sir; 'e 'as 216."

"See if he's in his cabin."

"Just that, sir?"

"Apparently," said the purser. "Captain's orders. Say you thought Mr. Fentriss rang."

"Yes, sir."

It was a quarter past eleven by the rotunda clock. Harry Prout went aft and climbed up to B Deck. The whispering passages were empty now and thickening slightly with the heaviness of many people sleeping. He tapped on the door of 216. There was no answer. He tried the knob. The door was locked. He inserted his pass key and opened it.

"Mr. Fentriss, sir?"

There was no answer. He turned on a light from the switch beside the door. The cabin was empty, and just as he had left it, except for a sheet of paper lying on the carpet in the center of the deck.

"To the captain" was scrawled across the top of it and scratched out. Below was written: "To whom it may concern"—and that was all.

Harry Prout stood for a moment in the center of the cabin with the paper in his hand.

"Oh," he whispered, "I 'opes not. I do, indeed." Three times in his years of deep-water flunkying Harry Prout had seen those desperately scrawled notes and felt the horrid chill of emptiness in the deserted cabins.

He went up to the smoke room and looked in. Four men talking in the far corner, but no Mr. Fentriss. He made his way below to the palm garden, and forward again to the coffee room, the library and the lounge. Then he tapped on the purser's door.

Mr. Godfried snatched up his hat and together they went up to the Old Man's cabin.

The Old Man scratched his head.

"What kind of a man would stop to lock his cabin door behind him if he was going overside?"

There was a knock on the outer door—the steward with another pink radio flimsy. Captain Hume read it and handed it to Prout:

Bok thirty seven one hundred forty pounds five feet nine blue eyes black hair military mustache dark complexion. KITTERIDGE.

"That your man, steward?"

"Yes, sir."

The captain picked up his code book and transcribed:

Your man aboard at sailing. Will notify when located. HUME.

"Take this to the wireless room and tell the watchman to keep his eye on 216 and to report to Mr. Godfried if he sees Mr. Fentriss. If he isn't in his cabin by six o'clock, I'll have Mr. Loomis make stowaway rounds. That's all. Good night."

The watchman did not see Mr. Fentriss, nor did Mr. Loomis, the chief officer, find him when he made rounds at dawn, nor did Mr. Fentriss come to his place for breakfast in the saloon.

At two o'clock that afternoon Harry Prout unlocked 216 for the captain and Mr. Godfried, and closed the door quietly after them. They stood for a moment, then the Old Man nodded.

"All right," he said; "pack him up. Here, wait a minute." He picked up Mr. Fentriss' waistcoat. "What suit did he have on?"

"That one, sir."

"He must've gone overside with nothing on, then. He's left his watch and his cigarette case"—the captain reached for the trousers—"and his wallet. Did he dress for dinner?"

"Not as I saw, sir. When I saw 'im larst, 'e was lyin' on 'is berth wiv a 'eadache in 'is dressin' gown—that one, sir, a 'angin' on the 'ook."

"Didn't even take that with him. That's funny—a man in his underwear—somebody ought to have seen him. There are his slippers, as well."

"Maybe 'e put on another suit, sir, and left 'is joolry behind on purpose."

"Maybe he did." Captain Hume nodded. "No accounting for the tastes of some people. Pack all his stuff and bring it to my cabin."

Alone in 216, Harry Prout shook his head.

"Poor laddie," he said to himself. He put the two great kit bags in the center of the deck. They seemed much lighter than they had the night before, but maybe that was because he had been carrying so much luggage. The rank of shoes he placed on the luggage rack and went out for paper to wrap them in.

"Never need shoes no more. Pity too."

They were good shoes. He picked up the patent trees to put into the pair Mr. Fentriss had taken off. The toe of the tree jammed. He put his hand into each shoe and took out the socks that Mr. Fentriss had wadded into them. He looked at his fingers. "That's funny," he said. He put his fingers in again and felt carefully along the toe of the inner sole of each shoe. Then he took the trees from the other four pairs and explored them also. Under the tip of each right shoe the soft inner sole had been molded to the foot, but the sole of each left shoe was perfectly smooth.

"That's a funny go," said Harry Prout. He put the trees in and clamped them home. Each shoe he wrapped carefully in paper and placed in the bags. Then he folded Mr. Fentriss' clothing and packed it away. Neither kit bag was more than half full, even with the overcoat. He closed them and stuck Mr. Fentriss' Malacca stick through the straps. He tidied the cabin and went out with the bags to take them up to the Old Man.

In some mysterious way, as it does on shipboard, the news had leaked out in a dozen different versions by teatime. Miss Ochinloss stopped Harry Prout in the passage and nodded toward the closed door of 216.

"Is he very sick?" she asked in a half whisper. "Nothing contagious, I hope?"

"No, ma'am, nothing contygious. I don't know anything abaht it m'self, ma'am, except that."

And again, while he was slicking up 214, Mrs. Hubsher came in for a wrap.

"That poor man in 216," she said. "I heard he died in the hospital this afternoon. Will they bury him at sea, steward?"

"I carn't really sye, ma'am. I don't know much abaht it, I don't."

"You mean you won't say much about it. I know how careful they are about those things. I've crossed before."

"'Ave you, ma'am?"

"Three times, but I've never seen a burial at sea."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Which was it—acute appendicitis or did he really shoot himself?"

"I don't know, ma'am. I was below fer m' dinner an' 'e was gone when I came up agyne."

And again in Mr. Schwartz's cabin and in Mr. Crackell's.

"So he went overboard, did he, steward?" asked Mr. Crackell. "What do they think it was—an accident or suicide?"

"I couldn't really sye, sir. The captain and the purser 'as charge of it and the hinstructions is not to talk abaht it."

"Quite right, too, I suppose. Spoils a whole crossing—that sort of thing," said Mr. Crackell. "Oh, well, poor devil. You can never get out of this world alive nowadays, can you?"

"No, sir, that you carn't. Beggin' your pardon, sir, like, but you've put on mismatched socks, sir, if I might myke so bold."

"So I have," said Mr. Crackell. "Thank you."

Harry took the dirty towels and his dustpan out to his locker. While he was getting a fresh stack, Joe Collins came into the passage.

"The Old Man wants you, Harry."

"Right you are."

"Prout," said the captain, "you've been with the ship a long time. I'm going to tell you something, and I want you to keep your mouth shut about it. Mr. Godfried here and myself are the only ones aboard who know it. This man Fentriss was an embezzler and about an hour before he sailed he shot and killed his partner in their offices in Wall Street. He's gone now, but the police in New York have every reason to believe that he brought the money aboard. It was drawn from five banks that he had accounts in, and it was drawn in large denominational bills mainly. He wasn't a clever crook, because he realized as soon as he got aboard that he was trapped. That's why he went over. The point is that if the money is aboard it's up to us to find it, if we can."

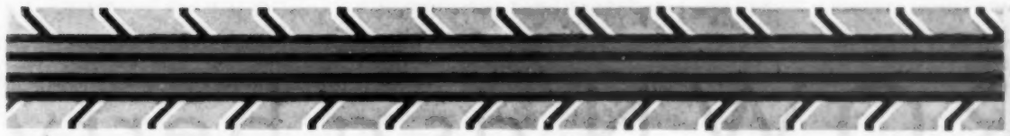
"Yes, sir."

"Well, where would it be?"

"Me, sir; I couldn't sye."

"Of course you can't; neither can Mr. Godfried or myself. That's not the point. The point is that in the next seventy-two hours we have got to be satisfied among ourselves that he didn't bring it aboard, or if he did, that he took it with him when he jumped." The captain picked up a stack of bills from his desk. "Here are a hundred notes," he said. "Press them down as flat as you can and they make a package so

(Continued on Page 57)



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(Continued from Page 54)

thick." He pressed them with a dictionary. "Now, then, if they were thousand-dollar notes and they were newer than these, Mr. Godfried and I figure the stack would be approximately a half an inch thinner. What we are looking for is about five times that cubic displacement. Do you follow me?"

"You mean the notes would tyke up that spyce or maybe five different spyces that size, sir?"

"That's about it. We've dumped his bags and been through everything he had. What I want you to do yourself is to use your knowledge of passengers and try to put yourself in his place. Where would you hide a thing of that size and value?"

"I'd 'ave to think, sir."

"That's what I want you to do; and in the meantime, Mr. Godfried and you are to take 216 apart if you think it is necessary. Those are our instructions. The engineer will give you a man. That doesn't mean we'll find the money, for it might be anywhere on the ship. That's all. Let me know when you have anything. And remember, an amateur crook might be infernally clever in hiding things."

Two days later Harry Prout tapped on the captain's door.

"Come in."

"It's Prout, sir. Could I speak to you a minit like? I don't want to get in no trouble, sir, but a steward carn't 'elp seein' things like and puttin' two an' two together to myke four like, sir. Hit's a long shot, but if you can find out one thing for me, I believe I can do the rest wivout causin' no trouble one wye or the other."

The captain listened carefully; then he reached for his radio blanks.

"There you are, Prout. If they work quickly, we'll have an answer in time. We make Cherbourg at noon tomorrow."

v

THE port doctor, his round face shining like waxed cherry wood above his uniform collar, sat at his deal table in the palm garden, checking the first-class passengers through as they presented their passports to the immigration officer for stamping.

"*C'est nécessaire obtenir carte d' identité toute de suite?*" asked Miss Ochinloss.

"No, madame, an identification card is not required until two months have elapsed."

Mr. Godfried stepped out into the passage and opened the door to the deck steward's soup pantry. Harry Prout was standing by the hot plate with an aluminum saucepan before him humming with boiling water.

"Mind now," said the purser. "I'll be standing beside him talking to him, and his face will be my way. The room's crowded, so you'll have to be careful. The captain is outside. Give me a count of fifteen and then make for me."

"Right you are, sir. I'll do it right, I will."

When the purser had gone again, Harry started his slow counting, and at five he poured the boiling water into a heated white metal teapot, placed it gingerly upon a tray, and at the count of fifteen, with a serviette in his left hand, stepped out into the crowded garden.

Carefully he made his way through the crowd until he saw Mr. Godfried's head near the starboard deck door. He passed Mrs. Hubsher and Mr. Schwartz.

Mr. Crackell was seated in a wicker chair, talking to the purser. Harry Prout looked about for someone who had evidently sent him for a pot of tea. The napkin slipped from his left hand. He stooped under Mr. Schwartz's elbow to pick it up. The tray in his right hand tipped slightly and a stream of steaming water gushed from the teapot's spout, trickled across the tray and cascaded down upon Mr. Crackell's silken-clad left ankle above his shoe top. Mr. Crackell went on talking to the purser.

The purser nodded as Harry Prout stood again and went on looking for whoever had ordered the tea.

Captain Hume came in from the deck and looked from the purser to Mr. Crackell.

"Would you mind stepping up to my cabin, Mr. Crackell?" he asked. "You had the cabin opposite 216, and the authorities seem to want an affidavit to the effect that the people in that passage ncticed nothing unusual in the actions of the gentleman in that cabin and heard or saw nothing the night he went overboard." The Old Man smiled. "You know what the French are like."

Mr. Crackell stood up and looked at the captain.

"Not at all," he said, "if I can be of any assistance."

They went forward and up to the boat deck.

As the captain unlocked his door and stepped aside for Mr. Crackell to enter, a gentleman in loose brown tweeds on the divan stood up and held out his hand.

"Hello, Fentriss," he said. "You remember me—Charles Hagenblock?"

"That's all we need, sir, I believe." Another man stepped through the doorway from the captain's bedroom.

Crackell wilted and sank into a chair. "Don't put handcuffs on me!" he begged.

The captain picked up a cigarette from the open box on his desk.

"I'll have to ask you gentlemen to do a bit more for me," he said. "It occurs to me that there may be a reward for this business, and though you've made the arrest, inspector, one of my men did the work. I want you to listen to the story as he tells it."

There was a knock on the door and Godfried came in, his hat in his hand, and Harry Prout behind him.

"Prout," said the Old Man, "tell these gentlemen exactly what you told me."

"Yes, sir." Harry Prout gulped and brought his heels together. "There ayn't much to tell, sir and gentlemen, a steward just sort of sees things like. It ayn't snoopin', it ayn't. You just carn't 'elp it like. They 'appens an' there they are. First it was the ryzor, maybe, wiv them bits of stiff 'air wiv pomade on 'em, like someone 'ad trimmed a mustache. Only, when a man wears a mustache waxed and pointed, and he cuts off the points, 'e 'asn't much left, so when 'e cuts 'em off 'e generally cuts the whole thing off.

"That was one thing, and another is that after 'e cuts it off an' starts to shyve 'is upper lip regular, it's sort of irritated at first, and on cold mornings like we've 'ad this crossing, it gets a bit more pinkish like than the cheeks.

"Well, I've 'ad three of 'em go overside, but none of 'em ever locked their doors before. The captain remarked that—and that if Mr. Fentriss 'ad gone over, 'e'd gone nakid, which wasn't natural. Then there was the luggage, which was 'eavy when it came aboard and light when I packed it up. And there was Mr. Crackell's luggage, which was so brand-new, it 'adn't even a scratch on the brass studs at the bottom that it stands on, on decks an' platforms and in cabs an' plyces where there ayn't carpets. That ayn't natural either, because brand-new luggage gets those scratches on the studs right away.

"All them things 'elped along suspicion, as you might aye, but the shoes really turned the trick quite by haccident, you might sye. Why they was smooth inside the left ones on the inner sole got me, until Mr. Crackell 'ere myde the mistyke of puttin' on mismatched socks. Then I knew it, because, beggin' your pardons, me own son lost 'is leg at Wipers, 'e did—through machine-gun bullets an' hinfection, they said—'im 'as got the D. C. M. it was—beggin' pardon agyne—an' when 'e would tyke his hartificial leg off 'e would sometimes leave the shoe an' sock on it an' put on different ones on 'is other leg when he got dressed agyne. But Mr. Crackell was careful an' 'ad better legs than government used to give William 'Enerey, an' 'e 'ad 'is knee joint, which 'elps in walkin' natural. So natural that when we wirelessed back to find out if Mr. Fentriss had one leg, nobody could tell us, so we 'ad to try the 'ot-water test at our own risk, to see if 'e'd jump an' yell, which 'e didn't.

"It weren't much, gentlemen, only it all fitted together like. A man plans to disappear an' 'e happlies for two passports from different plyces. 'E books two cabins an' 'e brings two sets of luggage aboard—one packed inside the other. He shyves 'is mustache and tykes off 'is glasses; then one of 'is selfs jumps overboard an' 'e is the other, barrin' haccidents like wot I 'ave said 'appened this time.

"An'—beggin' your pardon agyne—when William 'Enerey took to 'is 'eavy drinkin' spells, we would lock 'im in 'is room after the police would bring 'im 'ome, 'cause a lot of them was in the war with William 'Enerey. But 'e would get drunker in 'is room than out, an' we couldn't figger 'ow until Mrs. Prout found 'im wiv a bottle in 'is government leg—an' maybe that's where the money is now, sir."

"By Jove!" said the captain.

"Yes, sir." Harry Prout nodded. "An' wiv your leave, sir; me Cherboorg passengers 'll be goin' off in 'arf a tick an' I'd best be gettin' below wiv the luggage."

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 26)

The New Education

WHEN little Tommy roars and kicks,
Be sweetly deaf and blind.
Remember that repression nicks
The young subconscious mind.
So let the laddie thump and rave
Until he chooses not to.
A child ought never to behave
Simply because he's got to.

And when the youngster goes to school
And takes to raising Ned,
Continue calm, continue cool,
And give the child his head.
Be sure his teachers understand
It ruins self-expression
To keep a childish impulse banned
From natural egression.

And when he tastes the heady tang
Of manhood's virile cup,
And proudly joins the corner gang
And loudly whoops it up,
Remember that the boy is still
In psychic A-B-C-dom,
And all restraint is sure to kill
His future mental freedom.

And when they clap your son in jail,
Be not a prey to doubt.
The newest system cannot fail—
A fault has found you out.
Perhaps you once curtailed his rights
To bite a boy he hated?
You did? Repression always blights!
Your system's vindicated.

—*Gorton Veeder Carruth.*

Defined

MY MIRROR broke in two today,
All by itself.
I wasn't even in the way;
It just fell off the shelf.
I am not superstitious,
But I would dry my tears
If I thought this meant that my bad luck
Would last just seven years.

—*Jo Ruth Perry.*

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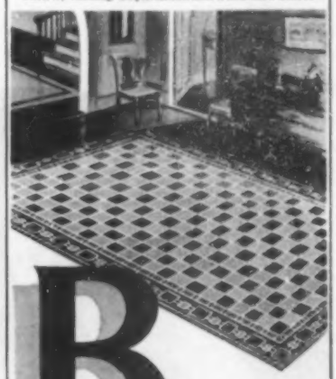

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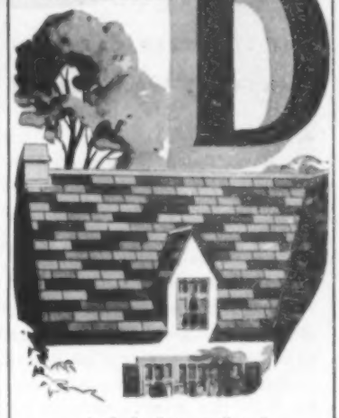

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Many car owners have been started by sending for this 25c can of Johnson's Wax Polish here offered free.

Experts agree that you cannot use a better polish than wax. It absolutely prevents water, film, dust, or grit from touching the body. It is perfectly dry, so nothing sticks to it. You get no cloudy or smoky areas after washing. At least half your washings, which is an important item, are saved.

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Gentlemen: Please send free 25c can of Johnson's Wax Polish to preserve and renew body finish.

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TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

(Continued from Page 21)

Père Delassus stood for a moment in shrewd thought, fidgeting his gray beard, his eyes gone small as they looked after the retreating Duponts. He turned toward his son.

"Stay behind in the hut, *mon fils*," he said, his old peasant cunning in his tone. "We will leave you the provisions. Old Dupont tells me that tomorrow they are coming with the cadastral survey to map out the boundaries again. He is capable of stealing some of our land. You can watch that they do not cheat. Perhaps even you can gain a little. There is nothing more to be done here now. *La mère* and I must return to the town; there is much to be arranged for. Tomorrow Annette can bring you out some more food. We must make a beginning, *nom d'un nom!* The sooner the better."

He acquiesced dutifully, accompanied them to the vehicle, watched them drive off along the shell-smitten road, disappear in the mist. Then he returned to the hut. It was bleakly cold. There was a litter of paper, some broken boxes, even half a sack of coal; all left by those wasteful English soldiers moving forward in the final moment of victory. He lit a fire in the stove. It smoked badly. He went outside while the smoke cleared, gazed again over the surrounding desolation. An immense loneliness gripped him.

This was what he had come back to, after four years fighting, after victory. His soul was sick within him, strained with all those past perils. Perhaps, after all, those townsmen were right. But all that was politics, something he had never bothered to understand except that the politicians in Paris were godless men, hostile to the Church.... What had become of their old *curé?* He suddenly remembered his shabby figure, the steel spectacles he perpetually shifted up to his myopic eyes. . . . Bah! What use thinking these thoughts? This was, after all, their land. He was back on it, miraculously delivered from death. That was something. They must work hard now, restore it. That girl had said so, cheerfully. She had courage, that girl Marthe—odd how she had changed in growing. Yes, that was it—courage. Get to work.

Why not begin now? There were tools in the hut—spades and picks. The first thing must be to drain the land, to let off this sour stagnant water. He looked over it with a suddenly alert eye, recovering something of an old expertness. Which way should the drain go? Where was the old ditch leading to the canal? It was invisible, obliterated. But there was the canal. He could see its ribbon of water in a long crumbled depression. The *Ponts et Chaussées* of the department would doubtless soon send men to restore it. He might as well begin to make a drain thither, from the land they would first attempt to cultivate, near what had been and one day would again be their house.

Yes. He went into the hut, procured himself a shovel, began to dig—a lone, solitary figure at primeval toil in that immensity as of a world again virgin after the wrath of God.

Two months had passed. It was January. Across the hummocky crumbled earth he guided a brand-new plow, a small boy at the head of the team of four demobilized artillery horses his father had bought. He himself had wanted to buy a motor tractor with a multiple-coulter plow, but the old man was stubborn in the old ways. Would a machine fill their indispensable manure midden? The small boy came from the village, a collection of temporary plank shacks run up by the first returning of the original inhabitants. He received what Madame Delassus worried over as an extravagant wage, but any sort of hired labor was dreadfully scarce.

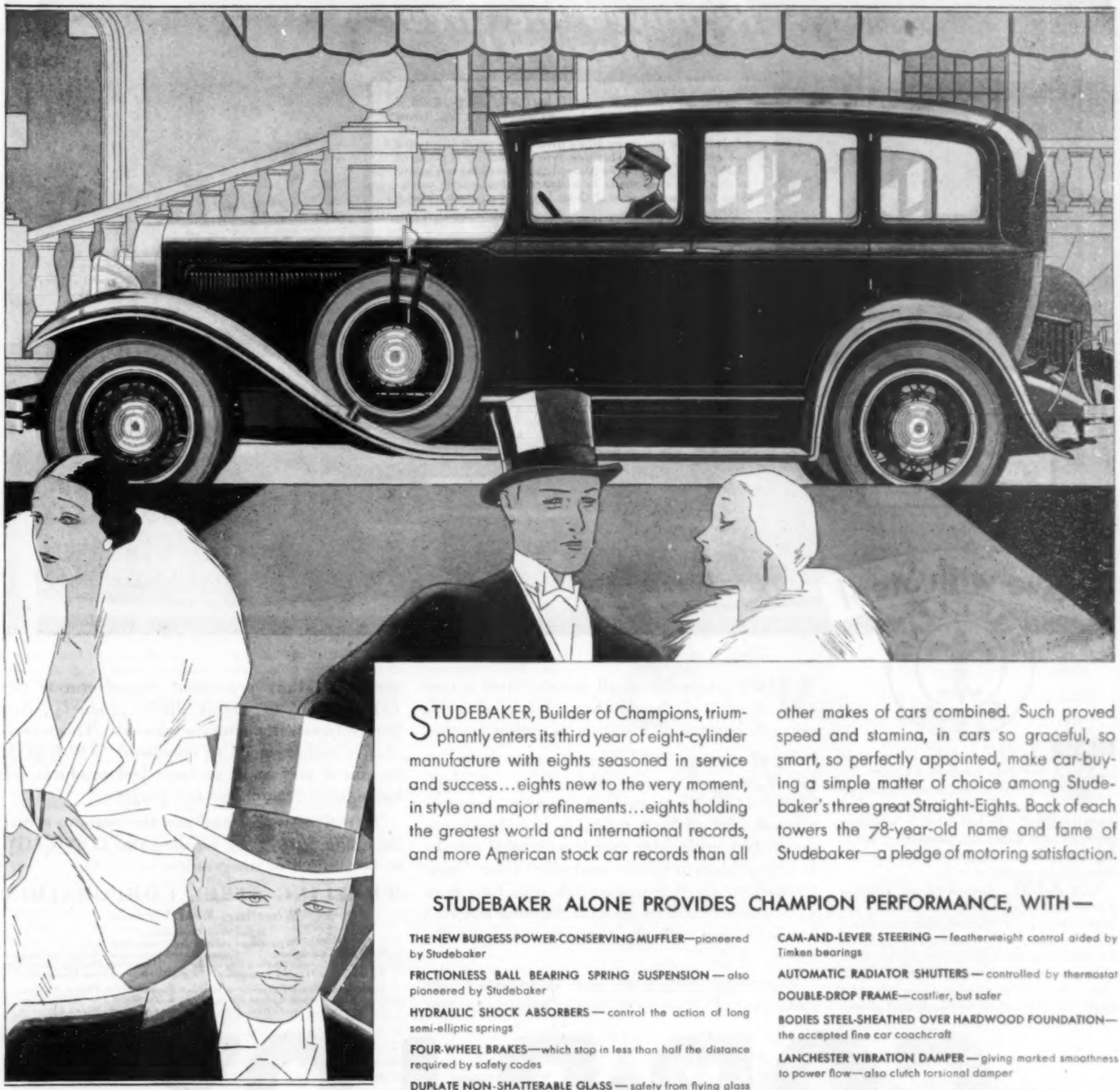
With a strong grip on the handles, crying out every now and then to the small teamster to keep straight, he drove those first furrows of what should be their first cornfield. He went cautiously, for it was extremely dangerous work. A vast number of shells had buried themselves, unexploded, in the soft soil sown with every kind of projectile. Any one of these, its deadly contents become unstable, was liable to be detonated by the impact of the coulter. Many such accidents had already occurred everywhere over the immensely long belt of devastation now being diligently worked upon by peasants eager to get a crop this year. Every now and then he cried to the boy to stop as he perceived a protruding piece of metal ahead of him, or felt the shock of the plowshare upon one more deeply buried. Then he seized his spade, dug it out. For the most part they were small field-artillery projectiles he could easily carry to the dump of such he had established. As a rule, the heavier shells had penetrated many feet down when they failed to burst, but occasionally he came across one so large that he had to harness the team to it, drag it away. Then again he resumed the furrow. With these delays it would only be a very small field.

The plowing of it was an act of faith. There were pessimists not a few who asserted that it was a waste of labor, that all the good soil had been blown away, that this upheaved subsoil, sour with a destroyed drainage, poisoned with the gases of the last year of almost preponderant chemical warfare, would never produce a crop. Yet as he drove that furrow through the soggy earth he was filled with an obscure, subtly intimate satisfaction. In him, unknown to him, outside his consciousness, was a descent from incomputable ancestors who had lived on and by that treasured land, their whole beings more and more profoundly interwoven with it since those immemorial times when the roving tribes had settled down and cleared their first agricultural patches in the vast Belgic forest. Again and again in those thousands of years, war had devastated their work, had left their homes a ruin, their fields a desolation. The Celtic hordes had passed, leaving a few lordly settlers masters of an original population become slaves. The Belgæ and the Suevi had raided and reraided each other. The legions of Cæsar had marched, ruthless with fire and sword in the forest clearings, to extend far beyond them the boundaries of what was to be Imperial Rome. The Franks had come from the north, merciless, fiendish in fierce cruelties. Throughout the Middle Ages lord had warred against lord, harrying first of all his fields and the wretched brutish peasant serfs upon them. Great nations had arisen, had made this the cockpit for their quarrels. Still remembered was the war of the Spanish Succession and the great trench lines of La Bassée, prototype of the trench lines of the Great War, and that "Marlbrouck"—Victor Delassus' mother had whispered that formidable name threateningly, a fearsome ogre, to him when he was a child—who had pierced them, in a European glory.

And always, after each cataclysm, after each of these alien storms where they were but passive victims, the peasants had set patiently to work again, rebuilding their burned houses, clearing again their neglected ditches, replanting once more their cut-down trees, plowing anew their weed-sown, derelict fields. It was a primeval urge within them to do so. Their crudely simple lives were dominated, heedless of urban civilizations that left them all but untouched, by the ineluctable necessity to till the earth they had through centuries fiercely hungered to possess, and had at last now for more than a hundred years owned in a peasant proprietorship subdivided for most of them to the economic limit of smallness. Once more, stubbornly, doggedly, they set about their task. This time, it was true, the devastation was incomparably greater. But that same innate

(Continued on Page 61)

STUDEBAKER'S newest Eights are seasoned Eights



Studebaker's champion Eights comprise three lines: The Dictator, $1195 to $1395; The Commander, $1495 to $1845; and The President, $1765 to $2495. The car illustrated is The President Eight State Sedan, $1975, including 6 wire wheels and luggage grid. All prices at the factory.

STUDEBAKER, Builder of Champions, triumphantly enters its third year of eight-cylinder manufacture with eights seasoned in service and success... eights new to the very moment, in style and major refinements... eights holding the greatest world and international records, and more American stock car records than all other makes of cars combined. Such proved speed and stamina, in cars so graceful, so smart, so perfectly appointed, make car-buying a simple matter of choice among Studebaker's three great Straight-Eights. Back of each towers the 78-year-old name and fame of Studebaker—a pledge of motoring satisfaction.

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HYDRAULIC SHOCK ABSORBERS — control the action of long semi-elliptic springs

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LOCK TO BOTH STEERING AND IGNITION — pioneered by Studebaker

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STYLE which interprets Championship Spirit

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Then Tubular Scaffolding of STEEL Removed the Great Hazard!
Tubular Steel Scaffolding, made by the Patent Scaffolding Company, New York, N. Y., brings fire-safe protection. Gives a new ease and speed in erection that cut costs. Quickly adaptable for use many times over on all types of interior and exterior work. This new-type scaffolding is made of COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel—striking testimony to this finer steel made to withstand atmospheric conditions from two to several times longer than steel without copper content.
53,800 lineal feet of Patent Tubular Steel Scaffolding were employed in the repair and renovation of St. Paul's Church, Broadway and Vesey St., New York City.
On the night of April 12, 1927, in New York City, the inflammable scaffolding surrounding the Sherry-Netherlands Hotel tower caught fire. This disaster called attention to the seriousness of fire hazard in inaccessible places. A few days later scaffolding of steel made its American debut on this tower.
Save with Steel
WHEELING STEEL

In COP-R-LOY Pipe, made of this modern Copper Alloyed Steel, a new conception of all 'round service has been realized. It has been a welcome product not alone for plumbing, heating and steamfitting, but for many industrial purposes as well.

COP-R-LOY, furnished in Sheets, Terne and Tin Plate, is available for fabrication into innumerable manufactured articles for the home, factory, farm, for maritime and railroad transportation.

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COP-R-LOY

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THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

(Continued from Page 58)

urge was still imperative. Sometimes, now, as he plowed, young Delassus bent down, picked up a fragment of that soil, crumbled it against his nostrils, inhaled its smell. He thought that he did it to ascertain whether it was sweet or sour. In reality, obscurely within him, it was an act of love.

He went on, hour after hour, straight furrow succeeding straight furrow, halting to remove shells and jagged shards of steel, halting sometimes to bury more deeply decomposed corpses German and English by their moldered uniforms, converting a little of this infernal desolation into the rectilinear neatness of agriculture. Away around him on the dreary, flat waste, the teams of other peasants were similarly plowing. It was amazing how quickly they had returned after the Armistice. Their little temporary shacks dotted this war-shattered desert, renewing upon it a still incongruous human habitation.

At a little distance, in a patch near the corrugated-iron hut where they lived, Annette was bending to plant young cabbages. Farther off, *le père* was working with two hired laborers, digging to drain yet more land. Away yet farther, the Duponts were also plowing. That was certainly Marthe—robust, strong, self-confident—leading the horses of the team, replacing one of those brothers who had been killed.

He walked along those furrows he had plowed, a sowing sheet attached to his neck in the old fashion, broadcasting with deft jerks of the wrist the seed that lay whitish upon the dark earth freshly redolent to his nostrils. Behind him he heard the gruff voice of his father, with uncouth immensely ancient peasant cries urging on the horses dragging the harrow, clanking and bouncing over the clods, its teeth interring the grain that should sprout again in green shafts ripening to heavy ears. What if after all it did not germinate, spring up again in this war-blasted soil as yet untried? The anxiety was ever-present with him as he jerked the handfuls from side to side. So, thousands of years earlier, his primeval ancestors had been anxious as they sowed the seed, confiding it precariously to the earth, by no means sure of its resurrection unless assisted by magical practices.

He had not omitted that precaution. In the dawn of that morning he had been, secretly as was necessary, to the crudely carved statue of the Virgin which had stood in a little shrine just outside the prewar village, and had been found overthrown and half buried, but miraculously undamaged, had already been set up again on a rough pedestal amid the devastation. He had prayed to Her, devoutly, flattering Her especial and local power, as from time immemorial it had been customary to pray to Her before sowing.

Now as he sowed he sang an ancient peasant song, a rigmarole that bade the birds not devour the precious seed. In the midst of that nursery rime, remembered from his childhood, another infantile recollection sprang into his mind. He recalled that his old grandfather had told him that once, long before the great Revolution, the peasants used to make a dummy effigy of a man and break it up to scatter it over the fields they sowed. There was no need for that now, he thought. There were real dead men in plenty under these furrows. He thought of them without pity in a primitive utilitarianism.

Once—so he had read somewhere—a book that had been given to him in hospital—women had done the sowing. He thought suddenly of Marthe Dupont.

It was May. A soft evening with the sun low down. He came out of the rough shed where he had been attending to their horses, went toward the semicylindrical hut which was their sparsely furnished dwelling. Squalid though it was, it was already homelike. A score or so of fowls pecked over the heap of precious dung from the stables which was traditionally outside the front door of every Flanders farmhouse. Upended under an extemporized shelter were one or two farm carts, their blue paint still vividly new. Near them were the new plows, the new rakes, harrows, rollers and other agricultural implements paid for by *le père* out of his avariciously guarded nest egg in the Hazebrouck bank, for not yet had he received that fat indemnity which would ultimately be extracted from the *boche*, author of all this destruction they were desperately trying to make good. That crude newness of everything had become habitual to him, never æsthetically sensitive. He no longer noticed it, had grown used to the universal, ugly bareness, unbroken by any tree. It was now difficult to remember what the country had looked like in the old days.

He was tired, his back ached, his boots were heavy clods of mud as he walked across to the hut. All day he had been hoeing in the potato field they had planted just beyond that unfenced first-plowed parallelogram where the wheat was showing green. Annette appeared from the other side, gathering up to her an apron filled with eggs from the fowl house. Her homely honest features smiled at him.

"*Tu rentres*, Victor?"

He smiled back evasively, on the threshold of the hut.

"I came for my gun. There are rooks in the bean field."

He unhooked his gun from just inside the doorway, opened a box and dropped some cartridges into his pocket. Annette stood there, still smiling at him significantly.

"Do not be long, Victor. They should soon return now." Their father and mother had gone together to Hazebrouck to arrange with an architect for the rebuilding of the farmhouse. Annette hesitated a moment, blushed. "If you should meet anyone ——" she checked.

"Georges, *par exemple*," he amplified maliciously.

The color intensified in her face.

"Or Marthe," she riposted, triumphantly scoring back. "Tell her I shall be at early mass tomorrow. And do not be long, Victor. You know what father is. If only he did not hate them so!"

It had been his turn to go red. He shuffled on the step of the hut, looked down, looked away to the distant, little, bluish, new corrugated-iron church near where the old one had stood.

"Do not be foolish, Annette," he muttered sheepishly. "I am going to shoot rooks."

"But if you should meet anyone," she pleaded outright, "you will tell them?"

"If I should meet anyone"—he nodded—"I will tell them."

He went along the now footworn little path by the side of the cornfield, glanced at it with an anxious, expert eye. Oddly precious was that first field he had plowed and sowed and weeded, vaguely in his rustic mind a symbolic criterion for the whole of their efforts. None yet knew whether this tormented earth would bear crops worth the cost of growing them. Now the wheat was coming up in long straight rows of green. *Le père* was satisfied with it, had growled as much, uncouthly word chary as was his wont.

That thought jumped him back to the one he was trying to avoid. If only his father did not so bitterly hate the Duponts! It was a mutual hatred, sprung up since they had returned to these possessions whereof every hedge and landmark had been obliterated. The government surveyors, working with the last cadastral map, had done their best accurately to trace out the old boundaries, had staked them at the most probable location after fierce argument between the prospective proprietors. Neither Delassus nor Dupont was satisfied. Each accused the other of stealing his precious land. Each in turn had by night lifted up the stakes, transplanted them farther into his neighbor's territory. Now the stakes lay uprooted, neither permitting them to stand, while both parties instructed their lawyers in Hazebrouck. The strip in dispute had always been all but worthless, was now a derelict bog littered with the

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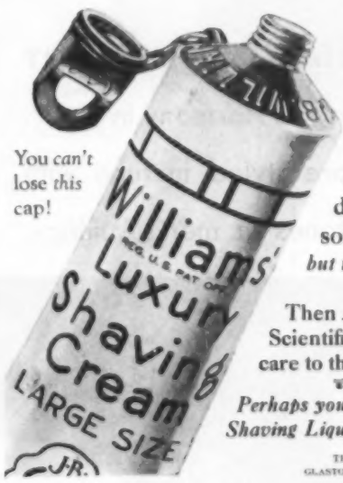

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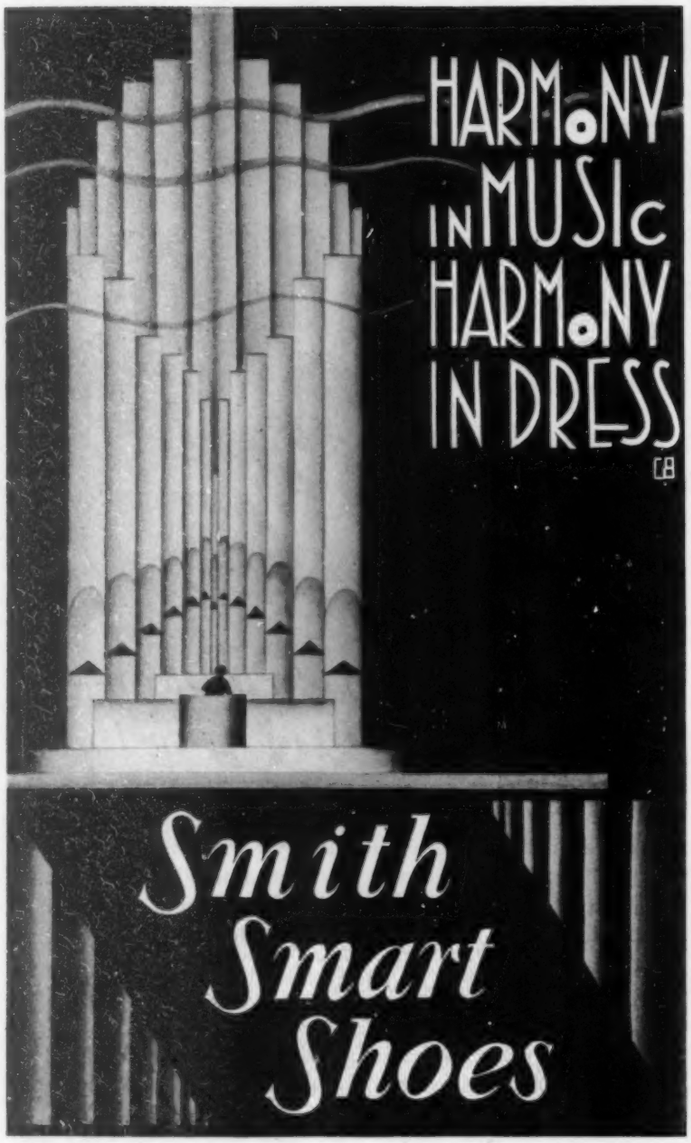

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The popular Speed, in Aztec Brown (No. 251) for the brown ensemble . . . In Black Hickory (No. 451) with gray or blue clothes.

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YOU CAN'T WEAR OUT THEIR LOOKS

débris of the war. But it was land. Those two old peasants would fight for it to the last gasp.

He himself, a peasant to the core, secretly shared his father's fierce assertion of his rights over the strip. Land was land, and long and bitter in the past had been the peasant's fight for ownership of it. But now another motive conflicted in him with that inbred covetousness, inclined him to some peaceful arbitration they should both accept. So long as this quarrel lasted it was impossible for him and Marthe to wed. And not only they two. Annette and Georges also shared some secret understanding he could easily divine from their clumsy sheepishness toward each other when they met at church. Surely this dispute might be arranged by a double wedding which should link the two families in a common interest? But the two old men were doggedly obdurate. Each had forbidden his children so much as to speak to the children of the other. When they themselves met in the market at Hazebrouck or at the market reinstated in Merville now beginning to be rebuilt, they passed each other with a scowl, a bitter muttered word. They were not unique in that hostility. All over the countryside, deprived of any visible landmark, similar disputes were raging between similarly land-greedy peasants.

He forced his mind from that painful subject, glanced over the land. Already, beyond the cultivated patches, it was becoming greened over with self-sown grass. *Le père* had been right. Even this year the earth would afford a pasturage, although rough and coarse—not like their old lush meadows. His father had been wise to purchase those young heifers which should arrive tomorrow. The old life was gradually being reconstituted.

He turned along a little track which led away from the bean field toward a conical mound of upthrown earth, precisely in the debatable ground. It was in reality a mine crater, blown up under a German strong point, and still filled with the remnants of an unrecorded but evidently sanguinary fight. His heart thumped in his chest as he approached it in the last glow of the disappearing sun. He climbed up its steep slope, descended into its littered basin.

She was already there, came from behind a mass of jumbled barbed wire to his embrace.

"Marthe!"

"Victor!"

Inarticulate peasants both, neither had words to express the ecstasy which welled in them from that tight-clasped embrace, an ecstasy as of new life. What mattered it that he was muddy, poorly clad, uncouthly unhandsome? What mattered it that she was in *sabots*, dirty with the clods amid which she had worked, in her rough week-day clothes, her hair inelegantly screwed into a knot behind her head, her beauty but that of a moderately good-looking peasant girl? They needed each other—needed each other desperately. Words were but recent inventions, eluding them in the primitive passion which held them fast against each other.

"Marthe!"

"Victor!"

It was all they could whisper to each other in that first renewal of craved-for meeting.

Presently they sat down on an old oil drum which had once vomited liquid fire among shrieking Germans pinned under débris, amid bursting grenades, the murderous rat-tatting of machine guns, the fierce crackling of rifles, the shouts and oaths and screams of men in deadly conflict. It was impossible to realize it in this soundless peaceful dusk. Even in him, those relics evoked no emotion from past perils. He thought only of her, sitting there smiling at him in the twilight. She was all that he wanted in the world. He propped his unused gun against the remnant of a barricade, took her again—wondrously yielding—into his arms.

"Marthe!"

"Victor!"

If only he had known how to talk, glibly, like townsfolk talked! He was filled with a poem, an idyl, a profoundly welling lyric, for which he had no expression. All he could say was, awkwardly: "*Il fait beau ce soir!*"

She whispered back, close against him, "*Oui*, Victor, *il fait beau.*"

He remembered the message with which he had been intrusted.

"Annette says she will be at early mass tomorrow."

Marthe nodded gravely.

"I will tell Georges." Then suddenly she turned toward him passionately. "Oh, Victor, why cannot our fathers be friends? And it is really our land. I remember well. Our hedge used to go down to the ditch——"

"To the ditch, yes," he replied, suddenly combative in the depths of him. "But the ditch used to be farther from our house than they now say."

"*Je te dis que non!*"

"*Je te dis que oui!*"

They broke off abruptly, stared at each other, appalled. Was this miserable strip of worthless eviscerated land to destroy their love? He wrenched himself from that combative passion, acquired a new idea in his slowly moving brain. He spoke softly, awkwardly.

"Marthe!"

She glanced at him, still semihostile.

"*Tu dis?*"

"When you are my wife that land will be our land—yours and mine—if my father wins."

She paused, contemplated the thought.

"*C'est vrai,*" she said. She sat, pondering.

He broke the silence timidly, "Marthe!"

"*Quoi?*"

"*Tu m'aimes?*"

She went again to his breast, to his encircling arms.

"*Oui*, Victor, *je t'aime.* More than that land I love thee, *mon homme!*"

A voice shouted to them angrily, from the rim of the crater.

"*Hé*, what are you doing down there?" It was, startlingly, terrifyingly, old Père Delassus, silhouetted against the dusky sky.

They sprang apart. Victor answered tremblingly, "*C'est moi, mon père!*" Still formidably patriarchal was paternal authority in their peasant existence.

"And who is it with you?" he continued in that furious anger. "Ah, I know well—that sacred good-for-nothing Dupont girl!"

"*Mon père*——" he began in scandalized protest.

His father cut him short, "*Tais-toi!*" He turned to the girl. "Get off my land!" he said brutally.

She faced him in a sudden equal fury. "It is not your land! It is our land!"

They argued, both at once, in the coarsely violent anger of peasants.

In the midst of the altercation they heard another voice calling: "Marthe! Marthe! Where are you? *Nom d'un nom d'un nom!*" It was old Dupont!

He also arrived at the edge of the crater, looked into it, came scrambling down in sudden rage.

"Ah, there you are, *salope!* And with whom?" he yelled at her. He saw suddenly the Delassus, father and son. "Get off my land!" he shouted. "Get off my land!"

Old Delassus sprang forward. Victor clutched him, held him back by main force.

"Your land! Your land! It is mine! Mine, I tell you! Get off it yourself!"

Old Dupont snarled, "Your land! We shall see! We shall see! It is mine—mine!"

"Get off it, I say!"

"Get off it yourself—you and your whelp!"

"Ah!" Old Delassus' cry was a scream of rage. He suddenly perceived the propped-up gun, snatched at it, raised it. "Go, or I kill you!"

Old Dupont looked at him, reluctantly gave way before that evident peril. He turned to his daughter.

"*Va, salope!*" he cried to her. "*Chez toi!* And if ever I catch you again with that——" He used vile words, struck her savagely,

(Continued on Page 64)

Miss Ruth H. Johnston in her New York shop where she designs modernistic furniture. She is an advocate of Quaker Oats as a breakfast to "go on" all morning long.

A. Rassow, press foreman, and George Flint, mechanical superintendent of the Chicago Evening Post, are Quaker Oats enthusiasts. They recognize the need of a good hot breakfast that "stands by" you.

No other oatmeal can compare with the *zestful, savory flavor of* Quaker Oats

America does its most important work . . . 70% of it! . . . in the morning hours, say business leaders. They urge the necessity of the right kind of a breakfast to provide "energy that lasts all morning long."

Mary France Littleton, a leader in class studies and in playground activities. "Mary starts every day with a breakfast of Quaker Oats," writes Mrs. Littleton.

BREAKFAST is your most important meal, according to leading American business executives. For, they say, no matter what your business . . . you do 70% of your entire day's output in the hours before noon.

No breakfast compares with Quaker Oats for its luscious, savory flavor . . . its energy that lasts all morning long. For Quaker is not "just oatmeal." It is not even made of ordinary oats. Quaker uses only the choice, plump, full-flavored oats. Next, Quaker roasts these choice flavory oats in open ovens to a succulent, flaky tenderness.

Why Quaker has richer flavor

This pre-cooking by roasting makes Quaker the fastest cooking of all oats. But it does more. It gives Quaker that fresh, nut-sweet, real oat flavor that only roasting in open ovens can give.

Most important of all, the famous Quaker milling process retains every bit of the vital part of the oat—where nature stores her richest vitamins, her health-building minerals, her most precious proteins. Quaker is 16% protein. Every living cell in the body is continually demanding protein for repair of wornout nerves and muscles. Quaker contains 50% more of the protective food than white flour . . . twice as much as cornmeal.

65% of Quaker Oats is energy food. It provides, too, rich iron to build good red blood—vitamin B to promote health—plus the roughage that makes laxatives unnecessary. Quaker Oats is unsurpassed for rich nutrition, for perfect food balance.

For lasting morning energy

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Always look for the Quaker figure and the Quaker name on the package, as illustrated above. They are your guarantee of superior flavor and unsurpassed nutrition millions have learned to recognize in Quaker Oats.

Quaker is the supreme fast cooking oat

1 *Fastest* of all quick-cooking oats. Done 2½ minutes after the water boils.

2 *"Most nutritious* of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.

3 *Health qualities unsurpassed*—16% protein for growth—richer minerals for bone building—abundant vitamin B to protect health.

4 *Richer flavor.* Quaker's exclusive oven-roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Here's a delicious treat—*Aunt Jemima's Pancakes!* And *Quaker Egg Noodles*—made with real eggs. Just as Quaker Oats are richer, finer—so all Quaker products are superior. If you do not agree—we will gladly remit the cost of the package. This is your guarantee of superior quality whenever you buy a Quaker product.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Quaker Oats . . . two kinds . . . at your grocer's

(Continued from Page 62)

drove her up the side of the crater, followed her. He turned for one last insult at them: "Thieves!"

Victor snatched at the gun just as the old man pulled the trigger to a harmless detonation.

They could hear the thuds of old Dupont's blows, could hear Marthe sobbing as the pair receded into the distance.

"*Salope!*" cried her father. "*Salope! Salope!* Ah, how I will beat you!"

It was late July. The sun blazed from a blue sky as, perched on the clattering reaper, Victor Delassus turned the horses, went again along the wall of yet standing corn. Immensely, amazingly fruitful had proved that upchurned soil. Far and wide over the devastated area a luxuriant growth of coarse grass had sprung up; a brilliant robe of wild flowers—scarlet poppies, yellow mustard, white daisies—veiled the scars of the tortured earth. The wheat had grown as never had he seen wheat grow, as never had his father seen it grow. They would have a record crop to the hectare. Now he was reaping it with an intimate pleasure that was like a song in him. Not for five years had he reaped. And this was his own wheat. He himself had plowed the soil for it, had sown it, had weeded it, producing this miracle of a fecund resurrection from a land that had seemed forever sterile. He cried joyous encouragement to the horses through the clatter of the machine as it swished into the long stalks with its whirring arms, gathered them to the knives, flung them out in string-bound sheaves. Behind him Annette collected those sheaves, propped them up in stooks.

His father came along the field. The old man was showing his age. That four years' exile, fretting in alien towns, had told upon him. At no time in this year of constant toil had he had his former strength. Now, his back bent, his joints gnarled, his shrewd old face hirsute with a beard that had gone white, he came from superintending the new farmhouse that was being built on the old site in garish red brick—the cheapest kind obtainable—like all the farmhouses, like the resuscitated villages, now springing up, hideously, everywhere over the ravaged zone.

Still was implacable the hatred between him and old Dupont. The families ostentatiously ignored each other. Old Delassus had threatened to disinherit his son if again he caught him with the daughter of his enemy. Victor had not seen her, except at church, since that disastrous evening in the crater, had had no opportunity for a word with her. She seemed to avoid him, her head high. But Annette had pined, had been white and silent, had scarcely left the farm. He had seen Georges only in the distance, working on the Dupont land.

The old man approached him, picked some of the ears of the wheat, seeded them out into the palm of his rough earth-worn hand.

"*Pour du bon blé c'est du bon blé!*" he said critically, but nevertheless satisfied. "*Nom d'un nom!* With all these dead men to eat, the earth grows fat."

He uttered the remark with complaisance. What mattered all that past colossal agony, those myriad scattered corpses? The earth had grown fat thereon, produced again luxuriantly in a puissantly renewed fertility. So, on that same field perhaps, thousands of years earlier, his primitive progenitors had with similar cool practicality admired the crop resulting from the death of the local incarnation of Osiris, known to them only by some crude local name of that universally primal deity of the resurrected corn, ritually slain and his dismembered fragments strewn over the soil they magically fertilized.

Victor laughed to him as he passed on the noisy machine.

"Good wheat, *n'est-ce pas?*" he shouted. "Hast thou ever seen the like?"

The old man looked up to him, grinned. "The war was worth something after all," he said.

He went on to the semicylindrical corrugated-iron hut which was still their dwelling.

It was midday. Mère Delassus appeared in the doorway of the hut, shouted to them. The meal was ready.

As Victor brought a pail of water to the horses he had tethered to a post, Annette came up to him, hot and exhausted with her toil. She looked, indeed, desperately ill.

"Victor," she said in a low voice, "find Georges this evening. I must see him."

He stared at her in surprise, in a sudden alarm, was speechless to utter the question which leaped in him with a shock.

She nodded her head, stolidly, a peasant girl accustomed to the primitive mysteries of existence. "*Oui,*" she said, "*c'est ça.* Three months ago."

He hardly knew how to sit through that meal where they ate cabbage soup at an uncovered table. What would his father say and do in his implacable hatred of those Duponts? Another anxiety sprang up in him. It was not Georges he must see—it was Marthe. Almost as if his father had divined the course of his thoughts, the old man commenced to speak of his enemy. The court at Hazebrouck had awarded the disputed strip of land to Delassus. Dupont had given notice of appeal. He would fight it court by court, he had said, doggedly obstinate, if it cost him his last *sou*.

Père Delassus was grimly sardonic at that threat. "Let him appeal," he said as he passed his bowl for a second helping of the soup ladled out of the tin tureen by Madame Delassus. "That land is mine, and I shall keep it. *Nom d'un nom!* I should like to see the man who can steal an inch of my land!" He went on to say that immediately the harvest was in he proposed to clear it of its litter of shells, barbed wire and other débris, prepare it for a crop. "That will show Dupont I mean business," he said.

Madame Delassus vehemently agreed with him. These Duponts! She had much to say about them, and nothing good. Her indictment included even the scandals of a previous generation.

Victor and Annette said nothing. They finished their meal quickly, went out again to the all-important business of reaping and stooking the corn.

That evening Victor took his gun again, wandered into the rough growth of the uncleared land, the coarse grass almost waist-high, poppies filling the shell holes like pools of blood. Already rabbits had taken up their abode in it. He shot one or two, wondered whether Marthe would hear the sound of his gun, whether she had received the message he had sent, to be delivered in secrecy to herself alone, by the small boy the Duponts employed.

A full moon rose hugely golden into the sky, looked down upon a silent stillness. He sat in a depression that had been a trench, just off a path that led from Dupont's land to the village. He waited patiently; an uneasiness, nevertheless, at his heart. Once before they had met in this old trench. She would know the spot he meant.

The time passed. The moon had climbed high. He thought he heard a slight sound, rose erect. It was Marthe coming slowly along the path. She saw him, climbed down into the old trench. They stood and looked at each other, aloof, not immediately embracing as of old they had done. Yet still her propinquity stirred him oddly.

He told her about Annette.

She nodded.

"Annette is not the only one," she said, drearily matter-of-fact, unemotional.

He stood staring at her, through a pause where he measured the implications of that statement, where he failed to find words.

"*Qu'est-ce que nous allons faire?*"

She replied stolidly, "*Il n'y a rien à faire.*"

He contemplated her in silence. It was incredible that she could be so indifferent. He felt himself clumsily stupid. If only he had the knack of talking!

"Marthe!"

"Yes?"

"*Il faut se marier.*"

She answered nothing. He could feel an immensity of past suffering in that silence. Now her matter-of-fact quietness awed him. She stood endowed with a mysterious superiority in that absence of any appeal for his help. There was something elemental in her, akin to this massively maternal earth that brought forth in unashamed fertility even from the dead, abashing his mere masculine superficiality.

"Marthe, *tu m'aimes encore?*"

She looked at him, spoke unemotionally. "*Oui,* Victor; *je t'aime.*"

He sighed in an immense relief. It was something that she still loved him. He began to speak, earnestly, eagerly. They would be married. If his father refused to receive her, turned him out, he would find employment in some other district. It would be easy. All the farmers were at their wits' end to obtain labor. Some day they would return to the farm which must eventually be his, the only son's.

She still looked at him stolidly.

"And if thy father disinherits thee?"

He checked, the possibility, the probability, suddenly vivid to him. He overcame something in himself, the almost impossible renunciation of the land that was part of him, spoke heroically, with an effort:

"*Quand même!*"

Her expression changed queerly. Unexpectedly, suddenly, with a sob she fell into his arms.

"Oh, Victor, thou lovest me still then—*vraiment, vraiment?*" She clasped him convulsively, tight against him. "Tell me thou still lovest me, and do not talk foolishness!"

He held her.

"Marthe, I love thee—I love thee. *Tu seras ma femme, dis,* whatever our families do?"

She pulled away, shook her head.

"No." She spoke decisively. "*Faut pas. C't enfant* ——" She shrugged her shoulders. "I shall not be the first. But the land is the land. *C'est quelque chose, sais-tu.* Thou must not lose thy land, Victor. We will wait."

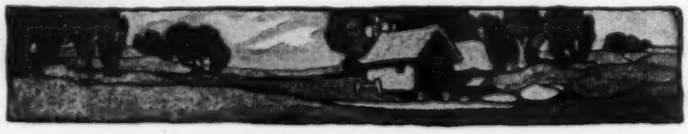
A violent detonation startled them. What was that? They stood sharply apart, listened, heard groans. The sound came from the disputed strip. They both began to run over the rough ground, the grass tangling about them.

The groans were guidance. They found old Delassus lying in a welter of blood. He had stumbled on something that had exploded with a great flash, he explained, gaspingly, between those groans. Had come because he suspected his enemy was perhaps pulling up the stakes that again marked the ground as his. Marthe had fled, horrified, for help. The old man's voice became weaker as Victor supported him.

"The land—it was—my land," he breathed. "Never—lose—the land." He was suddenly a dead weight, silent, in his son's arms.

They emerged from the little corrugated-iron church which must serve until the new one could be built, the old *curé* preceding the coffin bearers, Victor supporting the deeply-craped Madame Delassus in the little train of mourners. One murmured to another: "*Encore une fatalité.* It costs dear again to win our land." They came to the new grave. The coffin was lowered into it. The old *curé* commenced the final ritual.

The great mother earth received him who had his life long labored in her service, once more into her bosom as the seed is sown, mystically to resurrect as the corn springs anew from a germ wherein only the eye of faith can perceive that possibility of resurrection. So Victor thought, vaguely, awedly, as he listened to the solemn words. Thus one day would mother earth receive him also.



It was again autumn. Victor Delassus and his wife walked through the rooms of their newly completed, rawly red-brick farmhouse. The new Hazebrouck-bought furniture—by town standards, atrocious—was being moved in. Old Madame Delassus had exclaimed at their extravagance. Even Marthe had protested, economically, at the cost. But Victor had insisted. Were they not reëstablishing the family home! They would buy furniture once only in their lifetime. And they had money enough. An installment of their indemnity claims had been paid. Moreover, there was something else. He had now a secret to impart, a secret he had saved up for this moment.

"*Dis-donc, femme, j'ai quéque chose à te dire,*" he said. "That land—*tu sais*—the land I took with thy dowry so that there might be no more quarrels—*eh, bien,* I have sold it."

She stared at him.

"Sold it? To whom?"

He laughed.

"To the commune, the department, the government; *je ne sais pas trop.* Thinkst thou! Those fools of *bourgeois* want to keep souvenirs of the war. To preserve parts of the old Front forever just as it was. So I sold them our patch with all that rubbish on it, for a price equal to its value as cornland." He laughed again. "Worthless land like that—ten thousand francs! *C'était bien, eh?*"

She smiled happily.

"Thou art a man like thy father, Victor," she said admiringly. "*Tu te connais en affaires!*" Then she smiled again, amused in a new thought.

"It will be Annette and Georges who will be angry," she said. "Ten thousand francs—and in my dowry it counted for but one thousand!"

He nodded, pleased with himself.

"And more than that," he said, "for seven thousand francs I have bought that field of the Widow Lafargue. She had not money enough to clear it. It will prettily round off our land, *n'est-ce pas?*"

November 11, 1928. Ten years ago the last gun fired its last shell, ceased to a sudden uncanny silence. Now, along the road ribboned straight through a countryside of plowed fields, of new-made pastures, a long string of motor coaches brought loads of tourists who wore each a patriotic emblem in the buttonhole. They were English veterans of the war and their womenfolk, come in a great, organized excursion. The motor coaches stopped near the red-brick farmhouse of Victor Delassus. The tourists tumbled out.

"*Par ici, messieurs, mesdames!*" cried the guides. "Zis way, ladies, gentlemen. 'Ere we are about to see somesing very interesting." The tourists followed the guides like flocks of sheep, the menfolk looking around them with a puzzled gaze, trying to identify once familiar scenes, trying to place once exciting events for the benefit of their fair companions.

They passed Victor Delassus, muddied with labor in his fields. One of the tourists, a French-speaking ex-officer, exchanged a word with him.

"Yes, *m'sieu,*" agreed the peasant. "It is difficult to find traces of the war now. The earth is like that. It is very fertile, this soil, *m'sieu.* More than before the war even. Soon there will be nothing to be seen of all that horror. But what would you? It was but men that made it. The earth is the earth. *C'est quasiment comme notre mère à tous.* She covers our faults, brings forth anew. One must trust oneself to her, *m'sieu.*"

Editor's Note—This is the twelfth and last of a series of stories by Mr. Austin.

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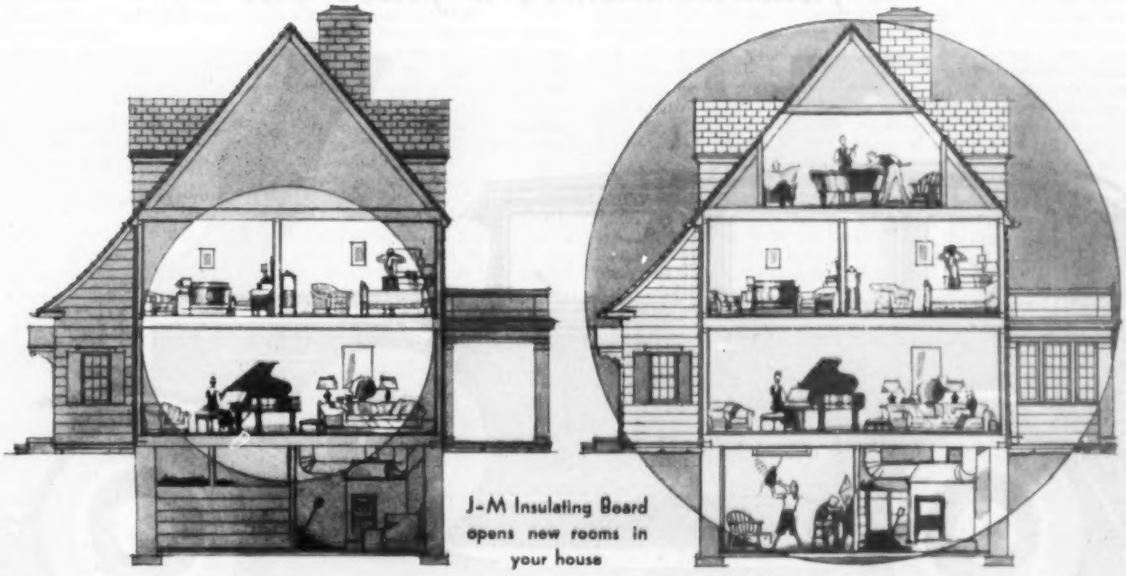

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LIGHTS

(Continued from Page 17)

wanted me to go into society, and all that." She dropped into the bored languor that she imagined was representative of the society she might have fallen into. "It's better, perhaps, that they're dead, for it would have broken their hearts to see me on the stage." She sighed dramatically, as if the speech had been rehearsed.

Though I didn't believe her, I couldn't help but see that she was a natural actress, and I gave her credit for the attempt to make a good impression. I meant to give her the job, but because I wished to find out something about her, I began inquiring into her theatrical experience.

"Where did you play last?" I asked. She thought for a moment. "In Beaumont?" I suggested. She grabbed at the suggestion quickly.

"Sure, I played in Beaumont." I was sure now that she had had no experience at all, for she began to pluck nervously at her buttons on her jacket.

"What kind of parts did you play?" I asked.

"Oh, every kind."

"All ingénue parts, of course."

"Yes. Ingénue parts—that was it!" The fingers were suddenly still and one of her pathetic shoes turned a little inward, in the attitude of a guilty child expecting any moment to be caught in a falsehood. I thought of the security of my own big daughter, and a wave of sympathy swept over me. I suddenly wanted, more than anything else at that moment, to see the look of strained anxiety leave her face.

"Well, I think you'll do all right," I told her. "But it doesn't pay very much. And sometimes we don't get any money at all. Only our expenses."

"Oh, that's all right," she said quickly, and with such relief that I was repaid immediately.

"If you'll wait while I run down and get the parts from the girl who's leaving," I said. "And drink a cup of coffee while I'm gone."

"Oh, I couldn't," she said, too quickly. "I ate a big breakfast this morning and I couldn't eat a thing." I poured the coffee anyway, and when I came back it was gone. And the cinnamon bun I had left on the table looked suspiciously smaller. I gave her the parts, asking her if she could get up in them by the following Monday.

"Oh, you don't need me right away?" she asked, dismayed, the hopes of an immediate salary lost.

"But you'll have to learn the parts," I said. "We change bills every night."

"I could learn them right away. I was always the best in my class at memorizing. And I'd rather go to work now. I hate to hang around."

"You might learn one part quickly," I told her, "but you couldn't learn six. Look at them."

From the way she looked at the parts I handed her I was sure she had never seen one. She stared at them resolutely for a moment, but it was too much, even for her.

"Well, give me the parts," she said bravely, and I saw her brace herself inwardly against an ordeal. I took out the twenty dollars that stood between me and my share of the week's doubtful receipts.

"Of course we'll pay you while you're learning them," I said; "just so you won't take another job." Though she must have known it was not customary, she dared not refuse the money. But the deprecating little laugh, as though I was forcing it upon her, saved her pride.

From that time on my battle for the defense of Ann Preston began. For from the moment she was sure of her ability to captivate an audience, she started the troubles which became, later, part of her fame. She had no regard at all for the little rules of the theater which actors adhere to in deference to one another; even after repeated warnings committing the same offenses, until there was no doubt that she did it intentionally. If her part was small and she chose to fatten it, it meant nothing to her that the customary cue would not be thrown. The actor could flounder and stammer and accuse her afterward, but she would deny it. She took a deliberate delight in remaining upstage on the actors, which forced them to read their lines toward her; spoiling, they claimed, their best scenes. She would revise her part each night. If she chose to be down right instead of upstage center, she was down right, and the actor who played the scene with her could adapt his actions to hers.

Naturally all these things made her unpopular with the company. They quarreled with her and she would antagonize them further by accusing them of jealousy. These scenes would often end in violence on her part, and indescribable language which did not fit at all with her fabulous stories.

"They're just jealous of me," would be her defense to me afterward.

"Yes, I guess they are," I admitted. "Even I'm jealous of you, I think. It's a little hard to admit that someone has, without deserving it, what we have worked all our lives for."

This did not please her at all.

"I deserve it as much as they do," she said petulantly.

"No, you don't," I said. "For they've worked for it. They've had hard, disappointing lives and they've suffered. And you're just a spoiled little girl who's had her own way."

"Yes, that's all you know about it. I guess I've had ——" Here she stopped lamely, realizing what she was about to say. "Well, they've got no right to be jealous of me," she went on, "just because I'm going to be a great actress."

"And you have no right to be unkind and inconsiderate of them just because you think you're going to be a great actress. You're far from great now." The little face set into hard, defiant lines. "We're all just poor struggling actors and you're just one of us."

This did not please her either. "I won't be—long," she said angrily. Then she leaned forward, her face tense. "I'm going to be on Broadway one of these days."

"A lot of us have thought that," I said.

"I don't care. I know it. I've always known it. I made up my mind when I was that high that I was going to be the greatest actress in the world. They laughed at me then, the same as these people do. But they won't laugh at me some day. I'll show them. One of these days they'll come to see me when I'm rich and famous and have everything in the world. And I won't even speak to them."

"Lots of girls are going to be great actresses, when they're your age," I warned her, "but by the time they're twenty they're married and have forgotten all about it. That's probably what'll happen to you."

"Me?" Her incredulity was so genuine that there was no doubting it.

"Why not?" I said. "All girls want to get married. I had ambitions, too, but I gave them up for a three-room flat and sixty dollars a week. And he wasn't so very handsome either."

"I don't see why anybody would want to marry." She said it with a flat cynicism that was amazing, and her face, as she spoke, was almost ugly.

An incident occurred later in the season which explained her youthful cynicism and made me forever the sympathetic, though perhaps unappreciated, champion of Ann Preston. We had been scheduled to play Austin, but learning of an epidemic prevalent there, we changed our route to Sand City a few miles away. When she learned that we were to play in Sand City, I saw her face go suddenly white. The evening before we were to leave, she came into my dressing room to tell me that she did not think she could get through the performance, as she felt dreadful. I sympathized with her, but was not alarmed, for she was accustomed to exaggerating her slightest illness.

"I may be able to get through tonight, but if I don't feel better tomorrow I won't go on to Sand City," she said.

I tried to laugh with her, but it was no use. She was determined that she was ill, and she was not going to take it lightly. The following morning she came into my room and declared she was going to remain where we were until she felt better and that we must play the bill in which she had no part. She said she would join us in Houston, our next stop.

I persuaded her to make the trip to Sand City, promising her to substitute the other bill if she did not feel better. By this time she had worked herself into a state of nervousness and looked really ill. I was just about to send one of the troupe in search for a doctor when I saw her stiffen suddenly as she looked out the window. For a moment she forgot me entirely and was completely absorbed in the row of gray stone buildings in the distance. The train was going slowly enough for me to read the large sign above the arched gateway that said Clark County Orphanage. On one side of the grounds a long file of young girls in dark uniforms was marching, led by a larger, uniformed figure, into one entrance of the building, and on the other side, a file of boys, led by another uniformed figure, marched into the other entrance. Outside, in the playgrounds, a few smaller children, in smaller replicas of the same uniform, and watched over by the same larger figure, were playing lifelessly, while many more sat, in little groups, watching the play. The train slowed down at a crossing. I saw her sit up and watch the door in fright. No one entered. When she saw that the train was going on, she sank back into her seat. I pretended not to have noticed anything.

A few minutes later I laid my hand on her forehead, in the pretense of seeing if she had fever. I found it bathed in perspiration. When we reached Sand City I took her in a taxi to the best hotel in the town—an unheard-of extravagance—and saw her safely in a room, which I shared with her. She remained in bed the two days we were in the town, and I believe she would have been really ill if we had stayed any longer. But we had no sooner left the city than her spirits were miraculously revived, and at the next performance she felt so bright that she committed all her old offenses in one evening. I could only deduce that she was making a pretense about her age and had run away from the institution we had passed. It explained her violent desire to become famous and wealthy, her lack of interest in romance and, I imagine, her belligerent attitude toward the world.

I tried many times to show her my sympathetic interest and win her confidence, but she was either ashamed or never able to lose her distrust. The only time I was ever able to penetrate the worldly attitude she assumed was at Christmas of the same year, when I had, between rehearsals and performances and making costumes, prepared a box to send my daughter, full of absurd things that were not expensive—a red velvet tam-o'-shanter and a knitted sweater and a warm robe covered with figures of fairies and goblins. To the box I had tied a little card on which I had written a silly rime. I showed the box to Ann, not meaning for her to see the rime I had made, and when I noticed that she was reading it, my first impulse was to snatch it away. But something in her expression stopped me. Instead of the amusement I had expected her to display, her face was serious and her lips framed the absurd lines with utter gravity. She laid the card back in the box, saying nothing at all. I thought it would be a good time to give her the slip of a chemise I had made her, as our Christmas would be a dismal, homesick affair and we would try to speed its departure by regarding it as an ordinary day. So I took out the little square of tissue in which I had tied the gift and handed it to her, apologizing for its smallness. In a soft mood I had marked the package, "For my other little girl, Ann." She took it, embarrassed, looked at the words I had written and up at me queerly. I thought she was going to cry.

"You can open it now, if you want to," I said. But she was suddenly gone.

It was not long afterward that she told me she was leaving for New York. From the way she evaded my questions about how she was going to get there, I saw that she did not wish to be catechized, but when, on the afternoon of her departure, she came to the theater to say good-by, the answer to my questions was plain.

She wore a flashy velvet suit and a cheap red-fox neckpiece, with a large picture hat and a gold mesh bag. I think she would like to have avoided me, but could not resist the desire to flaunt her new finery in the faces of the others. I was so shocked that I could say nothing, and meeting with no reproaches, she fell back into her old defiance.

"Well, I know what you're thinking," she said sullenly.

"Why mention it, Ann? You don't care what I think. If you did you wouldn't have let me know."

"Well, I had to do something," she snapped. "I was going crazy."

"It's your business," I reminded her.

"I know it's my business," she snapped. "There's nobody that cares what I do. Nobody!" She was defying me to say that I cared.

But when I said nothing, she went on guiltily. "I've got to get ahead," she argued, "and nobody's gonna do anything for me. If I don't get started I never will get any place. I'm so sick of playing in dumps and living in dumps and eating in dumps, I could do anything." She began walking around wildly. "You don't think I want to go with him, do you? I hate the dirty rat. But I got to do something. I can't stand this."

"The rest of us stand it."

"You don't feel like I do. You don't care if you get any place or not. Well, maybe you did once, but you didn't care enough. That's why you're where you are. Well, I'm not gonna be left behind. I made up my mind to that a long time ago."

"You've got all the time in the world, Ann. You're only a child."

"Yeh." She smiled cynically on this. "I'm just a child all right. Well, this child knows a few things. And I know it's no good to sit around dreaming about the good things that are gonna happen to you. They don't ever happen. I tried that once—so long ago I forgot all about it. And I'm not gonna wait around and get fooled again. I gotta get the things I want for myself."

I didn't know what to say to her. I felt helpless.

"I wish I could help you, Ann. I would if I could. You know that, don't you?"

I thought for a moment she was going to deny that I would, for she stopped walking up and down and looked at me skeptically.

"Sure, I guess you would." She was none too sure of it.

"I've tried to make you feel that I'm your friend, Ann. Haven't I?"

"Sure, you tried." She was embarrassed at my intimate tone and avoided my eyes.

"Well, why didn't you tell me how you felt? I might have helped you."

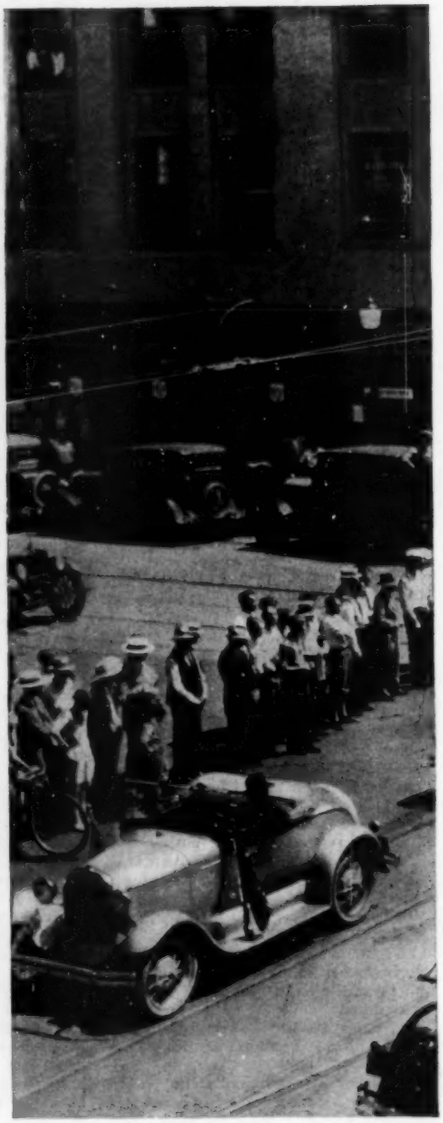
She laughed the queer little laugh again. "I don't know," she said shyly. "You get used to not telling things. I never told anybody much, I guess."

Suddenly a hope struck me. I turned to her eagerly.

"Maybe I could still help you, Ann, if you'd wait a little while. My father would

(Continued on Page 70)

The main street of your OWN *for* SILVERTOWNS..

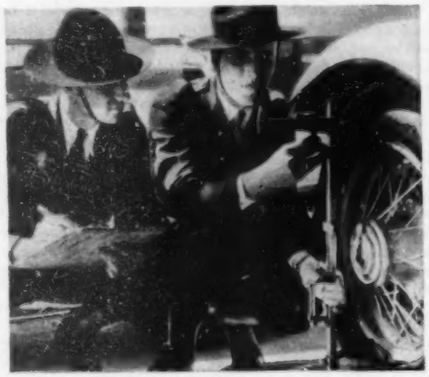


THE SILVER FLEET . . . *on parade*

Silver Fleet Demonstration Run Gives Motorists Brand New Yardstick of Tire Values

THIS is a tire advertisement based on facts . . . instead of generalities! On records . . . instead of claims! On performance . . . instead of a confusion of construction details.

Here's a new yardstick of tire buying . . .



CHECKING WHEEL CAMBER. Pilots demonstrating how the camber of wheels should be checked . . . a precaution that helps you get utmost mileage from your tires.

established by the simple act of *showing what Silvertowns can do*—

Not on a factory testing ground, not under the shadow of an experimental laboratory, not on just one car, in one size of tire, over one type of road!

No! Over the very roads you travel every day! Across the same wintry ruts that rip at your tires! Through the same spring muds! Over the same sun-blistered brick and concrete and macadam that burn your rubber through the hot weeks of July and August!

Literally on the main streets of your own home town . . . whether you live in Butte, Montana, Waco, Texas, or Philadelphia, Pa. . . . Silvertowns have proved their *extra* value beyond the shadow of a doubt!

There were 62 stock Silvertowns on the 15 cars of the Silver Fleet when it left New York in January, 1929.

More than half of those tires—32, to be exact—were still in service when the Fleet returned after 30,000 miles of punishment.

Fifteen had never been off the rim! Not one blow-out had been experienced in the whole 30,000 miles! Not a single failure.

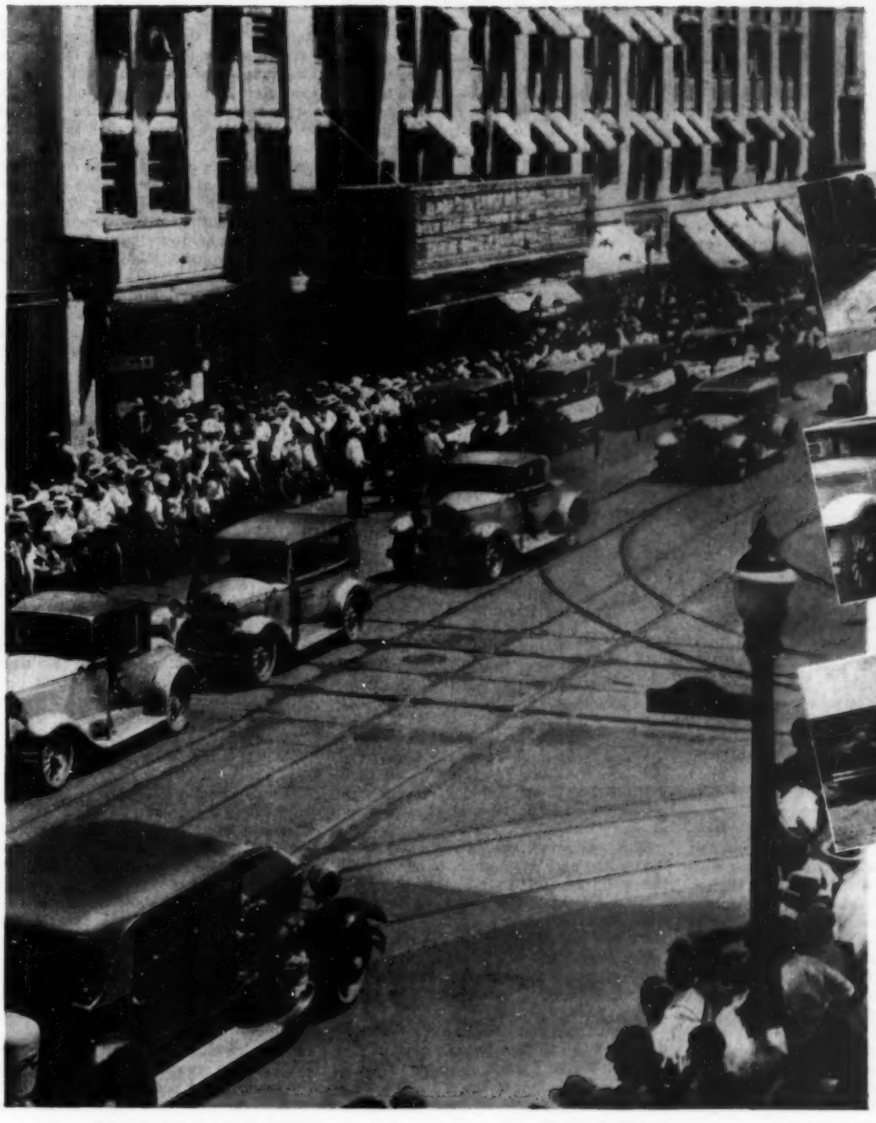
Apply these facts to your own experience. Think of every situation, every tire obstacle, every punishment for tires that you face in three years of driving.

Then remember . . . Silvertowns on the Silver Fleet have already come through exactly such tests! Silvertowns have faced exactly those situations, those separate punishments . . . and mastered them! *All in 10 months of concentrated road experience!*

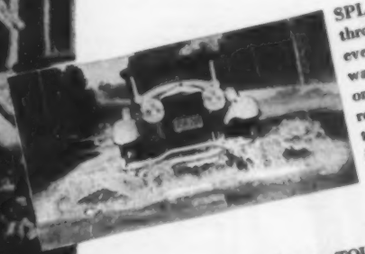
That's what your dealer has in mind when

Goodrich Silvertowns...

HOME TOWN...*a Testing Ground*



in Sioux City, Iowa, one of the 200-odd major cities on the Fleet's tour last year



SPLASH! Right through they go, even though water was hub deep. Just one of the many road adventures of the Silver Fleet on its 30,000-mile tour through 46 states.

TOUGH GOING! You carefully avoid roads like this, but the Silver Fleet often went out of its way just to make sure that its tires were fully tested in every way.

STINGING SAND! It takes the best of tires to stand up under much of this sort of travel! This Silver Fleet faced long stretches of going like this in its passage through the southwestern states.

FAMOUS GOODRICH SILVERTOWN . . . made of stretch-matched, weftless cord, then water cured for toughness clear through!

he offers you tires tested and proved on the Silver Fleet. That's what he is thinking of when he tells you what a specific tire accomplished . . . how far a certain tire went . . . what the record was of the tires on the car like your own.

So don't buy your tires "blindfolded." Don't guess and gamble.

Use these mileage records to check and compare with your own past experiences.

Go see the nearest Goodrich dealer. Get the facts about the Silver Fleet from him. Buy on the record of stock tires on cars just like your own in size, weight, load, and tire requirements.

You can judge tires honestly that way . . . with an *advance* knowledge of what you are going to get. See him today . . . if for no other reason than to make sure you are getting the utmost value for your money.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Est. 1870, Akron, O., Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ont.

a product of The B.F. Goodrich Rubber Company

Leaf-Green and Black, another new Conklin Endura, gives an unprecedented luxury to the persistent vogue of green. Those who admire this vital color motif will thrill to a new application when they see this new Conklin creation. Designed with the new Conklin Symetrik lines. Service unconditionally and perpetually guaranteed without question. The pens $6 and $8. The pencils $4 and $4.50. Sold by responsible dealers everywhere.
The Conklin Pen Company
TOLEDO, OHIO
New York
Chicago
San Francisco
Toronto, Canada
Conklin
ENDURA
SYMETRIK
Unconditionally and perpetually guaranteed

(Continued from Page 67)

lend me money enough to help you get to New York."

She looked at me for a long moment, and there was something stricken in her face. I knew what she was going to say.

"It's too late now." It was a hoarse little whisper. She pretended to be absorbed in snapping the jaws of the red fox together. I could not keep back the tears that rose in my eyes.

"It's not too late if you don't want to go with him, Ann. No matter what you've done."

"He's waiting at the station now, and he bought the tickets already. I wouldn't have come here at all but—well, you know how it is. They didn't believe I was going to New York."

"I wish you hadn't told me, Ann," I said wretchedly. "It's made me terribly unhappy. And I'll always have to remember you like this."

She was near to tears herself.

"Well, I got to go now."

I turned away. Not hearing her go, I looked up. She still stood there and I thought, hopefully, that she might change her mind. But she had no intention of doing this. However, she had a parting consolation for me.

"I'm gonna give the dirty rat the air the minute I hit New York," she promised huskily, and ran quickly from my dressing room.

It was seven years before I heard anything of her. I fully expected her to do what she had set out to do, and constantly searched the theatrical papers for her name. Not finding it, I decided with relief that she had been married or had left the profession. So it was with complete surprise that I attended my first rehearsal of The Beaten Path, a road company in which I had been cast for a character part, to find Ann Preston playing the rôle created in New York by Elise Farley. I was so genuinely glad to see her that I rushed up to her joyfully, ready to embrace her. She recognized me, I was sure, but her expression was immediately guarded.

"I was with you in the rep——" I didn't get the words out, for she interrupted me brightly.

"Oh, yes; I remember you now," she said quickly. "We were in Illusion together, weren't we? How stupid of me." I started to correct her, but she turned to the others and said warmly, "She was with me in my first play."

She slipped her arm through mine and drew me a little way apart, talking with animation until we were out of hearing. Then she spoke frankly. "I don't want these people to know I was in that awful company," she explained.

"Of course. I understand," I said. "I don't brag about it either. And I don't mind having played with you in Illusion."

She became very friendly. "You were with me in Illusion and I was only just out of boarding school then," she went on. "You knew my family, and all that. You know how it is on Broadway," she explained. "They have more respect for you if they think you are somebody."

"Of course," I assured her. She was so anxious that I felt sorry for her.

She was effusively grateful, and presented me personally to the director, saying that I had helped her when she was only an amateur and she was sure I would be fine in the rôle I was cast for. After I had been engaged she was through with me. Occasionally she remembered that I might gossip about her, and conferred some special favor upon me, as if to buy my silence. I would have been more comfortable if she had ignored me entirely, for she was hated by the company and they were constrained with me for fear that I might repeat their remarks. I could have, often, if I had chosen to, for she had a great curiosity as to what people thought of her and questioned me until I became irritated in my denials.

"I know they talk about me," she insisted.

"Not to me. They know you're a friend of mine."

"They hate me." Because her questions irritated me, I did not deny it.

"Well, you aren't very kind to them," I said. "You do everything you can to embarrass them and make them uncomfortable. And you never give them a word of praise."

"Why should I?" she asked. "They're stupid. There's not one of them who can act."

"Langley isn't a bad actor," I said. "He got wonderful notices in New York."

"Langley is a terrible actor." She did not argue; she simply expressed a flat opinion and dismissed the subject.

"Everybody isn't fortunate enough to have your ability," I said; "which is all the more reason you should be kind to them."

"No star was ever kind to me," she said defiantly. "Mary Devlin gave my part in One for All to Enid Powers before I got to New York in it. I was too good in it. It showed her up for the rotten actress she is. And when Lola Mason had an operation and I played her part, she got up out of bed too soon, because I was getting notices. And that's not all either. She had me fired. And Florence Matthews made them cut my part in Illusion down to nothing. That's what stars did to me."

"Well, you're not exactly a star yet. That's what they resent. They expect that kind of thing from a star. Yet after all, they have to protect their position. There's an excuse for them but you're only the leading woman of a second-rate road company."

This plunged her into dejection. Instead of defying me, as I thought she would, she turned abruptly and stared out the window. Her face, in profile, looked tired and old, and though she was only twenty-five, a network of wrinkles was appearing around her eyes. I somehow felt sorrier for her than I did for the others, for it was a poor season and they were happy to have engagements. But Ann Preston was miserable in a leading rôle.

"I think you've done very well, though," I said consolingly, "to have gone as far as you have." She shrugged disgustedly. "Well, it takes time to become a star," I went on.

"I suppose you don't call the seven years I've spent tramping Broadway time," she said sarcastically.

"But you've had good jobs from the very beginning," I said; "better than most of us ever get."

This was small consolation. Less than the leading part was nothing to her. I told her so.

"I don't think you'll ever be satisfied. Even if you do become a star."

"I'll be satisfied when I've shown every rotten actress and every low-down director and every cheap manager that's ever kicked me out of a job. That's when I'll be satisfied."

"I must say you haven't a very wholesome ambition, if that's what you want."

"That's what I want, all right. And I'll get it too. I'll show them. I'll make them pay for every minute I've waited in their low-down offices. I'll ——"

"You're so silly, Ann. How will your becoming a star make them pay? By that time they'll have forgotten all about you."

"Well, I won't have forgotten them. And believe me, when I get there, I'll make them remember. They won't forget what they did to me. They'll know who I am, all right."

She was working herself into a frenzy. Her face was almost fiendish as she leaned forward in her seat, forgetting all about me. It gave me a feeling of terror to see her become so violent over things that were past, things she should have been able to dismiss philosophically, as the rest of us did, and as part of the game. Even at seventeen she had made ridiculous statements about showing people. She had seemed merely petulant then, but there was nothing petulant about her now. It was because of this attitude, from which she seemed to derive a peculiar satisfaction and which always tired and excited me, that I learned all sorts of tricks to avoid her, for which I blame myself mercilessly now; as I sometimes feel that if I had been honest with her I might have softened her attitude toward the world. But it is hardly likely that anyone could have had any permanent influence on her, for later in the season she gave me further proof that her terrible ambition came before everything else in the world.

It was shortly after the holidays, and the management was sending another actress on to replace her in order to use her in a forthcoming tryout. It was a triumph for her, as the play was then a London hit and the leading part was played by a celebrated star. To play the part in America might have lifted Ann Preston to the front ranks. I can't say that the members of our company were happy over her good luck, but they were happy to be rid of her and, consequently, gave her a farewell that was almost deceptive. I was delegated to take her the parting gift we had all contributed for, and was on my way to her room with it, feeling half ashamed, for it had been given to me with caustic instructions. As I stood outside her room, hesitating to knock, I heard the voice of Howard Whitney, our leading man.

"I know what it means, Ann," he was saying wearily. "You'll forget."

"Don't be silly, Howard," she answered, and there was a faint trace of irritation in her voice.

"You will. I know you will. And I can't stand it. I've got to give up my job and go with you. I can't lose you."

"You're talking like a fool, Howard. You can't give up your job."

"It'll be months and you'll forget." It was almost a wail.

"Well ——" There was a hesitation and then the voice of Ann Preston went on, a little hard: "After all, Howard, these things can't go on forever."

"Ann!" There was another long silence, and I could hardly hear the next words. "That's all it meant to you. You're ready to go on as if nothing had happened. This is the real thing with me, Ann. Don't you realize that? I love you. It hasn't been just a light affair to me. I want to marry you, Ann."

"Well, that's a new one!"

"Don't laugh at me, Ann, for God's sake."

"I'm not laughing at you." Her answer came quietly.

"You need me, Ann. You know you do. You can't fight this racket alone, going on your nerves, the way you do. You've got to have somebody you can depend on, somebody who'll be there when you need him. And I want to take care of you, to ——" Here his voice trailed off, as though he knew his pleading was futile.

She was the first to speak again, "I've heard a lot of men say that, Howard, but you're the first one who hasn't been reading just lines."

A new hope brought the words from him in a burst of emotion, "I'm the first one who really loved you, Ann—that's why!"

"It's funny how easy it is to tell it." She seemed to say it wonderingly.

I found myself straining to hear what followed, and realizing suddenly that I was eavesdropping, I turned guiltily away, but not without a sense of relief that I had overheard as much as I had. I was glad that something had happened to change the course of Ann Preston's life.

But my satisfaction was short-lived. Howard Whitney's performance that evening was as strained as hers was brilliant; proving what, I imagined afterward, she had tried to make him see—that her work came first and that she was, above everything else in the world, an actress. She left a week later. Before she left the theater, after her last performance I went to her dressing room to say good-by. I had seen her run abruptly from the stage after the curtain, refusing to take the customary bow with Howard Whitney. He took it alone, looking anxiously toward the wings.

(Continued on Page 72)

Luxurious Transportation

In the "gay" nineties of the last century a privately owned Hansom Cab was a mark of social distinction—the last word in vehicular elegance, both here and abroad

PACKARD builds three complete lines of luxurious straight-eights—at three distinct ranges of price.

The Eight De Luxe lists from $4585 to $5350 at the factory; the Custom Eight from $3190 to $3885; and the Standard Eight from $2425 to $2885. Each is a Packard in every sense that thirty years of leadership has given to that famous name.

It is natural that the Packard Standard Eight should be the most popular car Packard has ever designed. A smaller Packard than the costlier Custom and De Luxe models, it still is a large and powerful car with its 90 horsepower motor and chassis lengths of 127½ and 134½ inches. Literally it has won new thousands to Packard ownership.

But as the demand for the Standard Eight has increased Packard has continued to think first in terms of quality. The factory knows no other way.

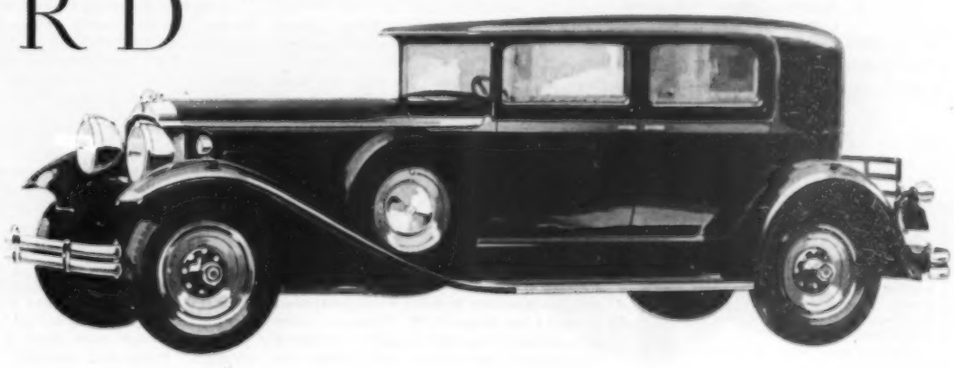
On Packard Avenue, the main thoroughfare within the Packard plant, hangs a great, permanent sign which reads "Quality First." Unseen by the public, it is a constant reminder to all Packard men, from chief executive to humble apprentice, that Packard's sole aim is the building of quality motor cars for a world clientele of means and discrimination.

Packard quality has brought its just reward in increased business. But Packard is interested in quantity manufacture only so far as quality standards can be strictly maintained.

Each Packard car, from Standard Sedan to De Luxe Limousine with custom-coach work, carries the Packard crest and equally upholds the Packard reputation.

PACKARD

ASK
THE MAN
WHO OWNS
ONE



VENUS PENCILS

Choice of 17 shades of black

Are you satisfied with "just a pencil"?

OR are you one of those people who are just a little particular . . . who want the best . . . a pencil that writes with flawless smoothness . . . that's just soft enough, or hard enough, to suit *your* particular style of handwriting?

If you are, Venus is the pencil for you. Sold everywhere, plain or rubber tipped, at 10c each. Also in handy boxes of one dozen.

17 shades of black—6B to 9H

The 17 shades of Venus black provide the perfect pencil for the business man, the architect, engineer, artist and other craftsmen.

AMERICAN PENCIL COMPANY
Venus Building, Hoboken, New Jersey

VELVET PENCIL
"Smooth as the name"

The makers of Venus Pencils also offer Velvet—the 5 cent pencil as smooth as its name. Very soft, soft, medium or hard. Plain end or rubber tipped. Everywhere at 5c each, or 50c for the boxed dozen. The ideal pencil for quantity users.

(*Purchasing Agents: Write for samples*)

(Continued from Page 70)

When I entered she was sitting, still in her last-act gown and make-up, staring at the floor, while her maid hurried about, packing her trunks. She gave me a perfunctory smile.

Her maid warned her she had no time to spare. She said nothing, but sat still, continuing to stare at the floor. I thought she wanted to be alone, so made an excuse and started to leave. But she refused to let me go.

"No, don't go," she said, jumping up, "and don't mind me. I'm all that way"—she fluttered her hands quickly. "Leaving and all," she explained. "You never know what you're getting into," she said, laughing ruefully—"another flop, I guess." She went on, talking excitedly, and at such a tension that I was convinced that she was wrought up over leaving Howard Whitney. She seemed to be listening to what was going on outside, and once stopped in the middle of a sentence to wait until the footsteps in the hall had passed on. Her maid warned her that the gowns must be turned in and that she must remove the one she wore. She started removing it absently, and then stopped with sudden decision.

"I want to keep this gown," she said.

The maid mumbled rebelliously and I started to go again, when there was a knock on the door. She looked up, frightened.

"Don't go away," she whispered to me. "No matter who it is, don't go away. Who is it?" she called, and her voice was suddenly weak and frightened.

"It's I, Ann," Howard Whitney's voice came back, tired and infinitely sad.

"Just a minute," she called. She clutched me again.

"Don't leave me alone with him," she whispered.

I had no intention of aiding her in doing something I thought she shouldn't. I opened the door to go. Howard Whitney looked at me, his eyes too filled with pain to try to disguise it. He did not even make the effort to speak, but went silently in. When I came downstairs later, the star dressing room was empty and she was gone. The dress she had decided to keep hung limply over a chair. Ann Preston had decided to leave the past behind. For weeks afterward I saw Howard Whitney look through the stack of old mail that was forever in the boxes of the theater. If she ever wrote him, I did not know of it. But the English play opened without her. The part was given to Margaret Langley, "owing to Miss Preston's difficulties in mastering the accent." Though I resented her treatment of Howard Whitney, I suffered for her when I read of it, knowing the double irony that would be hers.

From the road, the next few years, I watched her career fluctuate. Her opening in The Bargain, which was heralded as a sensation during the try-out, was an auspicious occasion, and it looked as though she was going to arrive at last, but it was condemned unmercifully by the New York reviewers in spite of the "glowing new personality of Ann Preston." It had a dreary three weeks' run, supported mostly by the cut-rate agency, and the "glowing new personality" was again on the theatrical market. A few months after this her name was withdrawn from a cast before the seven-day rehearsal period was over, and that of Marion Waters substituted. Then I read nothing of her for a long while. When I learned, through Variety, that she was heading the road company of The One Way, the New York success played by Jane Tree, I was completely wretched, for I knew what it meant to her. To have accepted another road engagement after New York plays must have been only from desperation. It seemed to me that her success was like the golden apple of the fairy tale—always within her grasp, yet not to be plucked.

I returned to New York some time later, to find her playing the feminine lead with Charles Walters. I thought of going to see her, but somehow dreaded it and postponed it until I had forgotten it. However, when my serious overgrown daughter conceived the desire to leave school and attempt the stage, and would not be dissuaded, in spite of all my warnings, it occurred to me that Ann Preston might use her influence to get her a small part or an understudy in a New York company. I hesitated to call upon her, but I dreaded so to have my poor, earnest Patsy start out on what I felt, by this time, would undoubtedly be a pathetic and disappointing struggle, that I think I would have braved the greatest of the stars in order to help her.

I hardly recognized the Ann Preston who opened the door to my bold knock. Her face, which, in spite of its thinness, had been piquant and childish, was now sharp and angular. Her reddish-brown hair had changed color and was now a brilliant gold. The eyes, large before, now seemed unnaturally so, set deeply in the thin face and heavily mascaraed. She was beautiful still, but it was a beauty that touched me, for it was so complete a contrast to the Ann Preston I had known. I must have changed myself, during the intervening years, for she did not recognize me either and thought I was one of the numerous women who haunt the theaters selling everything from make-up to press service.

"I told you not to bother me!" she said angrily. "I don't want any make-up and I won't want any next week—or any other ——" Here she recognized me suddenly, and stopped, embarrassed.

We shook hands and both laughed awkwardly, not knowing what to say to each other. But she quickly recovered her poise and, before I had time to introduce Patsy, began a rapid series of questions. How had I liked the play, how did I think she was in the part, and did I notice that her voice had given completely out in the last act? When I confessed, rather shamefaced, that we had not seen the play, she seemed disappointed, but quickly forgot it.

"Well, I'm just as glad," she said. "I was terrible tonight. I got so mad at that Walters ham that I blew up in my lines completely. Of all the lousy actors ——" Here I looked blankly at Patsy, who, I knew, would be shocked, as she worshiped all stage celebrities.

"This is my little girl," I said quickly.

For a long second Ann Preston stared at Patsy.

"You never told me she was beautiful," she said finally.

On this, Patsy's tongue was released, and she launched forth on a breathless description of how beautiful the girls at school had thought Ann Preston—which seemed to please her for a moment. But she turned quickly back to her play. She would leave us seats for the next evening and I was to come back and let her know if she played her hysterical scene well and if she made up too ghastly for the court-room scene. We were to watch Walters on his scenes with her—how he would not give her any reactions, and she had to carry them alone and still they went well. As if he added anything to the play, the old fool. I think she would have gone on indefinitely if Patsy had not nudged me into speaking of our errand. I mentioned it rather falteringly, in the effort to be casual about it. But Ann Preston's attitude cooled immediately. She showed at once that she was not interested in helping Patsy.

"I'm sure I wouldn't know what to do for her," she said lightly. Patsy helped me out with eager suggestions.

"I wouldn't care if it was the smallest kind of a part," she said bravely. "I'd do anything to get a start. I'd even do a walk-on."

But Ann Preston listened coldly and refused without apology.

"Well, to tell the truth," she said, turning to the removal of her make-up, "I wouldn't help any girl to get on the stage." She caught sight of Patsy's downfallen face in the mirror. "It's too hard a life," she said.

"I've told her all that," I explained, "but it doesn't seem to do any good. So all I can do is try and help her all I can."

"I don't care how hard I have to struggle," Patsy said tearfully. "All the great ones have had to struggle, and anything they can do, I can. I know all the things you have to go through—how you have to ——"

"Listen, kid." Ann Preston looked at her through the mirror. "You don't know anything about it. Not that much." She measured an infinitesimal distance on her finger nail. "So get it out of your head and settle down and marry some nice boy."

"I don't want to settle down and marry some nice boy," Patsy said rebelliously. "I've made up my mind and nothing can stop me."

"I used to talk like that," Ann Preston said bitterly.

"Well, you didn't let anyone persuade you."

"No, I didn't let anyone persuade me." She said it more to herself than to us.

"Yes, and look where you are."

"Yeh. Look where I am." Ann Preston looked in the mirror at the face that was now ashen and lifeless, without its counterfeit youth, and smiled wearily. "That's why I won't help you," she said enigmatically.

Patsy, not understanding the cynicism conveyed, burst into tears. "Well, don't help me then; I don't care! Somebody else will! You can't stop me! I'll be as big an actress as you are one of these days!" She stopped in the doorway. "And bigger!" she flung back defiantly.

There was a faint flash in Ann Preston's eyes, but she did not take the trouble to express it. She gave a little shrug instead.

"I've tried to tell her," I said humbly, "but I can't do anything with her. So I brought her to you. I thought if she had someone to help her a little in the beginning, it might not be so hard for her. Perhaps if you had had someone to help you when you started out you might not feel so bitterly about it."

"Perhaps." The word was spat viciously from a face that was set. She slapped her huge powder puff at her cheek. She paused for a moment, staring at the face completely white with powder, but seeing, I knew, the cheap velvet suit and the red fox fur. She jumped up quickly, and her chair fell over with the vicious shove she gave it. "They can do what I did," she said with an almost diabolical grin.

I started from the room. She ran after me quickly, shamed, her face a little terrifying in its white blanket.

"Listen," she said excitedly: "I'll see what I can do for her. Send her up to my apartment tomorrow morning and I'll give her a letter to Belasco. And you come with her. We'll all have breakfast and talk about old times. You're right. It all depends on the way you start in this business. It's nothing but luck. And she's pretty; she ought to get along." She put her arm around my shoulders and went down to where Patsy was still whimpering into her handkerchief.

"We're going to help you, dear," she said consolingly. "I was just trying to talk you out of it, that's all. So don't be such a baby. I'm sure you'll be very good, and I can do a lot for you."

We left the theater bewildered, but so brightened by the sudden change in her that we were willing to forget her first attitude. But the next morning, when we called at Ann Preston's apartment in our best finery, we were told emphatically that she had left word that she was not to be disturbed.

It was six months afterward that she opened in Hull Down—the play that made her famous overnight and made her name synonymous with the character which she played. In spite of the grievance Patsy insisted on nourishing against her, I was glad that she had finally attained the success she had struggled so bitterly for, and hoped that it would wipe away some of the sting of the earlier years and give her the graciousness that should come with success. But from all around came rumors that indicated the opposite. Some of them I dismissed as absurd, but others were too

(Continued on Page 76)

An Entirely New Type . . .

HUDSON'S Great 8

A fine, powerful, fast Eight

FEATURES

Great power in proportion to weight.
Low set motor—straight line drive.
Low center of gravity.
Low roof line—Greater head room.
Wide seats. Ample leg room.
Ten body types on two chassis lengths.
Modernistic body lines and detail inside and out.
Four 2-way shock absorbers.
Engine starter on dash.
Electrolock—electric oil and fuel gauge.
Radiator shutters.
Tires carried on side in fender wells.
Tire lock. Luggage carrier.
Rich upholstery—harmonious hardware and fittings.
Your own choice of many colors.

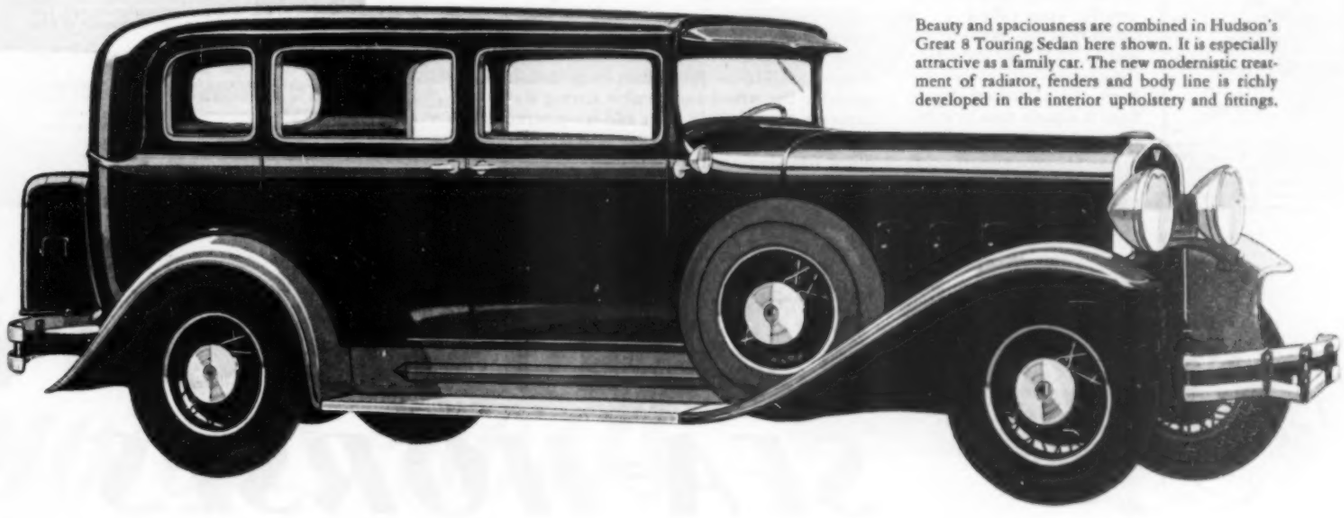
The motoring world thoroughly understands that no ordinary car or merely conventional eight would be entrusted to take up the onward stride of Hudson leadership. It is acknowledged as Hudson's greatest achievement.

It is a complete new car throughout. New ideas, new beauties, new comforts, with Hudson's same price advantage. It has unusual alertness in get-away and in speed. It has attractive operation economy.

Here is performance more flexible and smooth in all ranges than any in Hudson's famous past. Here is quicker get-away and greater hill-climbing ability. Here is a motor so smooth and powerful that it imparts a new riding sensation, active, free, effortless.

Every detail is newly designed. It conforms to no standardization, either in chassis or in appearance. It is wholly Hudson and wholly individual.

Only a car possessing these qualities in pre-eminent degree could earn the right to carry on Hudson's leadership. It sells in Hudson's well-known price range. It must continue Hudson's reputation for producing the world's greatest value.



Beauty and spaciousness are combined in Hudson's Great 8 Touring Sedan here shown. It is especially attractive as a family car. The new modernistic treatment of radiator, fenders and body line is richly developed in the interior upholstery and fittings.

Electrically Started Outboard powered by these swift, silent

bear you gaily and safely apart from the crowded highways to fresh air, freedom and adventure

Step into the new Johnson Aquaflyer and sit luxuriously at the driving wheel where all controls are located. Let your friends pile in. When the last one sings out, "All aboard!" touch the electric starting switch. A soft purr and a surge of power is the motor's instant answer. You are off in a second, cutting the waves at motor car speed, breathing exhilarating air, color mounting to your cheeks—about you the charm of woods and waters, and ahead some golden adventure.

Electric Starter requires no engaging clutch or gears — it is mounted on the end of the crankshaft and serves as a flywheel. No magneto is necessary.

Look about you—steer what course you choose, for you are the captain of your boat and lord of the waterway.

Never before in the annals of water motoring has a craft like this been seen—a complete outboard motor boat, lightweight, non-warping, water-tight construction; powered by a Sea-Horse outboard motor entirely concealed and electrically started. A woman or child can start and drive it as easily as a man.

Deep-Water Safety— Shallow-Water Navigability

Due to its automatically tilting propeller, it enables you to navigate shoal and shallow waters inaccessible to inboard motor boats. And in deep waters likewise, it avoids the hazards of logs and rocks. You can pick your course without fear of obstructions so liable to disable a stationary propeller, and thus leave the ordinary motor boat at the mercy of wind and wave.

Although less expensive to own and operate than an inboard motor boat, Johnson Aquaflyers are stronger, more seaworthy, and more portable. And they're fully as speedy and luxurious.

Automatically Tilting Propeller avoids obstructions in deep water, or in shallow water where ordinary motor boats dare not venture.

White flannels and sport clothes are never exposed to the motor because it is neatly concealed in a hatch-covered recess in the stern. This also increases the usable space inside the boat. In a 20-foot Aquaflyer it equals that in a 26-foot inboard motor boat.

Sea-Horse motors all have the Water-cooled Underwater Exhaust originated by Johnson, hence they discharge fumes and noise below the surface.

They are the world's speed champions. Last year alone they won over 450 victories. And a Sea-Horse made the fastest time on record—49.34 miles per hour.

Even with its electric-starting equipment the Sea-Horse motor on the Aquaflyer is so much lighter than inboard motors, it can easily be removed for service or storage by unscrewing two wing nuts.

Sea-Horse "4"

One of Johnson's new alternate-firing twin-cylinder motors.

Other Matched Units

With these fast, spacious Aquaflyers, Johnson also introduces other matched units—boats of revolutionary seamless Sealite construction easily powered by specified Sea-Horse motors. Matched units are an entirely new idea. They represent years of engineering study to design hulls with which an outboard motor can perform to its highest capacity.

These boats weigh only half as much in water service as ordinary wooden boats of comparable size, yet are guaranteed to outlast them. Breaking tests conducted by W. M. Sawdon, professor of experimental engineering, Cornell University, showed Sealite to be about 35% stronger. Even when shattered, Sealite remains leakproof because its seamless sheathing is water-tight. It is non-absorbing and won't warp even in storage. Hence requires no care or attention.

Johnson Boats, being lighter in weight, are faster, more portable, and capable of larger loads. And because they are steered by the power-driven Sea-Horse propeller, they instantly respond to the wheel and combat strong waves and currents more safely than rudder-steered craft.

What the motor car did for land travel, the airplane for air travel, the Johnson Aquaflyer and other Johnson Matched Unit Motor Boats now do for water motoring.

New Motors and New Developments

This year Johnson Sea-Horses present amazing new developments like the alternate firing principle in new "4" and "12," with full pivot steering.

Full pivot steering permits the driver to back the boat without stopping the motor. Alternate firing in the "4" and "12" and the Johnson Release Charger in the Sea-Horses "3," "10," "16," "24," and "32" cut starting effort in half. And they make starting certain even when cold.

Among Johnson's numerous great features this season are seven of which any one is sufficient to command again a sale for Sea-Horse motors exceeding all others combined.

• • •

Seven miles or seven hundred, apart from traffic jams and stop lights, you can now travel on water at motor car speed, amid the bloom of nature, to the haunts of fish and game, or to the summer homes of friends.

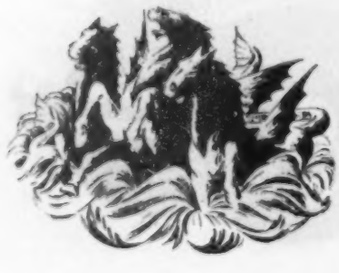
Write for Color-illustrated Catalog De Luxe containing full descriptions, specifications, all Matched Unit combinations, and prices. Choose early to insure delivery when wanted.

All dealers carry first-aid service parts. Stations for complete service in all parts of the country.

Johnson Motor Company, 187 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill.
IN CANADA: Canadian Johnson Motor Co., Ltd., Peterboro, Ont.
Distributors for British Columbia: Hoffar's Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

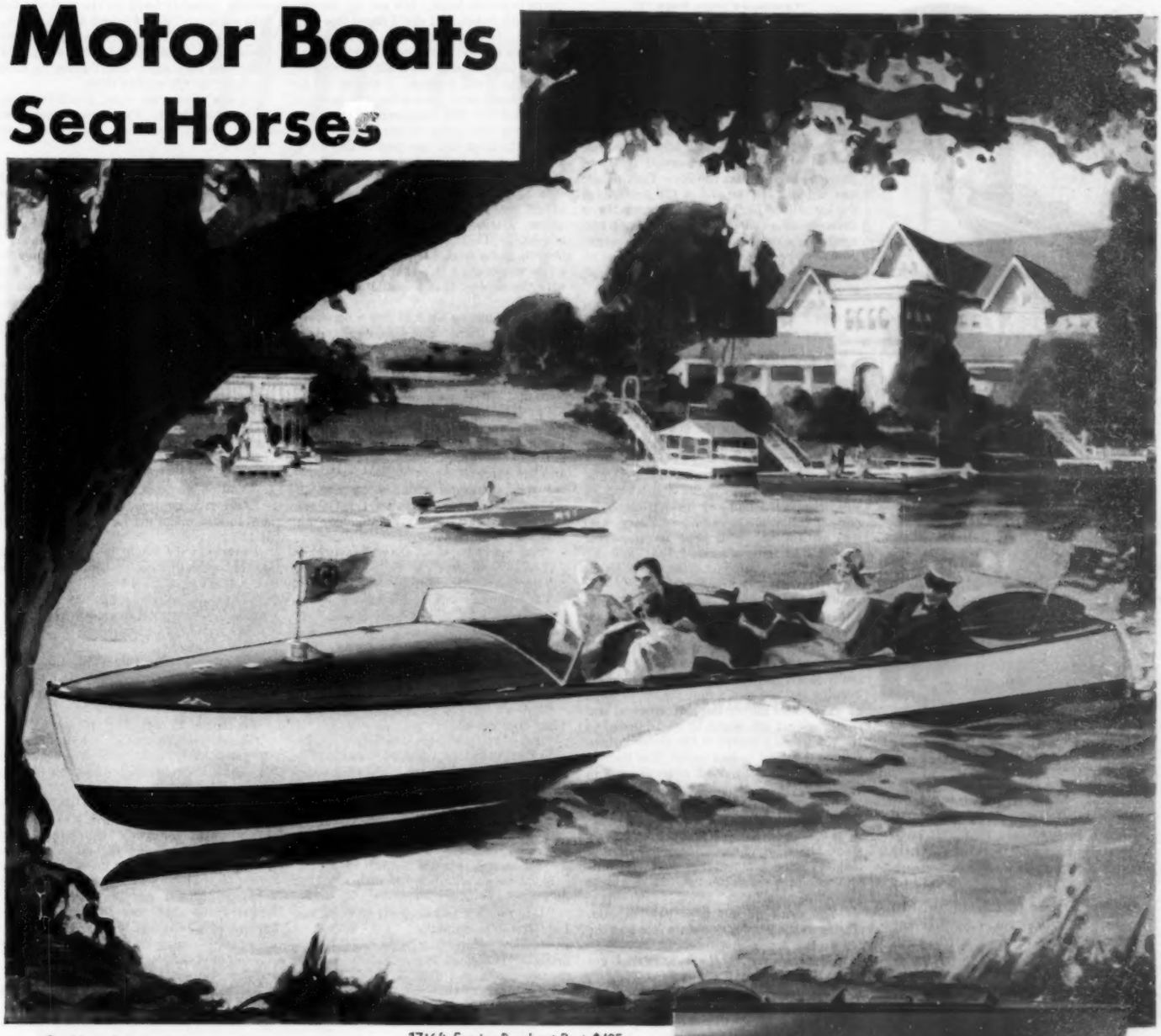
Valuable Innovations and Improvements

1. Simple electric starter also charges battery and supplies lights with current.
2. Propeller tilts automatically on striking shoals or obstructions.
3. Steered by power-driven propeller (instead of trailing rudder).
4. Water-cooled Underwater Exhaust deposits fumes and noise below surface.
5. Aquaflyer motor concealed and silenced—in hatch-covered recess in the stern.
6. Cleaner, quieter, more usable interior space, as none is occupied by motor.
7. Alternate Firing or Release Charger gives automobile starting ease to Sea-Horse motors not equipped with electric starter.
8. Motors easily removed by loosening two wing nuts. Being 2-cycle type instead of 4-cycle, they develop twice the power, size for size, or equal power with half the size and weight. Contain no valves (hence no valve-grinding), no cams, timing gears, etc.—easy to understand and service. Case-hardened parts, roller bearings, and exact tolerances—as durable as a fine motor car engine.
9. Automobile Steering Wheel and other controls operated from driving seat.
10. Rotary Valve distributes full charges at high speeds resulting in more horse power per cubic inch piston displacement.
11. Hulls of new-day Prestite and Sealite construction. Sealite completely water-tight, in storage and in use.
12. Trim, rakish boat lines in smart color effects, luxurious upholstery, and special streamline fittings.



JOHNSON SEA-HORSES

Motor Boats
Sea-Horses



Sea-Horse Prices

"Single," $125; "3," $150; "4," $160; "10," $185; "12," $195; "16," $250; "24," $285; "32," $325.

All prices f. o. b. factory. Partial payment terms.

17½ ft. Service Runabout Boat, $485

Sealite construction, V bottom, 5 ft. beam; 3 cross seats with lazybacks; weighs 395 lbs.; true speed up to 26 m. p. h. with Sea-Horse "32." Aquaflyer-type recess for motor.

17½ ft. Aquaflyer, De Luxe Runabout

Sealite construction, V bottom, 5 ft. beam; double cockpit arrangement, with two upholstered cross seats with lazybacks; weighs 450 lbs.; true speed up to 19 m.p.h. with Sea-Horse "16," complete with motor, $925—up to 25 m.p.h. with Sea-Horse 32, complete with motor, $995.

15 ft. Knockabout Boat, $135

Strong, lightweight, ⅜ in. cedar planking, hollow and round construction; strong, bent white oak ribs sheer to sheer, round bilge bottom, 4½ ft. beam.

14 ft. Utility A Boat, $165

Sealite construction, cedar deck, only 175 lbs.; round bilge bottom, 52 in. beam, 3 cross seats, ideal for yacht tender, camping, children.

15 ft. Utility B Boat, $275

Sealite construction, V bottom, 52 in. beam; 3 cross seats with lazybacks; weighs 227 lbs.; true speed up to 22 m.p.h. with Sea-Horse "16."

MATCHED UNITS
MOTORS & BOATS

The quality that means the greatest economy
Unbreakable hard rubber handle. Steel clad. Ball bearing.
YANKEE
Famous "Yankee" Ratchet
Dust-proof. Moisture-proof. Quick, positive, easy-acting and VISIBLE ratchet shifter
"Yankee" Chuck will not loosen. Patented quick centering. Ball bearing. Any bit, round, square, any taper, held accurately.

"YANKEE" toolmakers served their apprenticeship long before the art of cheapening was known.

Their standard—now and always—is the utmost quality and efficiency that can be built into a tool; the utmost saving of time and labor for the user of the tool.

The "Yankee" Brace is unlike any other brace. Its position in tooldom is like that of a fine car in the auto industry. Its appeal is to those who take pride in ownership of finer things . . . appreciate precision and finish in toolmaking . . . understand the long-run economy of paying a little more for quality and efficiency.

Men who thought they did not need another bit brace are buying the "Yankee" on sight. Men who get the "Yankee" will never have to buy another brace!

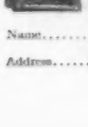
No. 2100. **"Yankee" Bit Brace. Four sizes: 8-, 10-, 12- and 14-inch. Two-jaw Chuck Holds ½" round; ⅝ square (across corners). Price, 10-inch sweep, $8.20.**

USE COUPON and get free

"Yankee" Tool Book. Shows how work is made easier with "Yankee" Spiral Screwdrivers, Automatic Push Drills, Ratchet Breast and Hand Drills, Chain Drills, Bench Drills, Vises, Etc.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics



NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
You may send "Yankee" Tool Book.

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(Continued from Page 72)

persistent to be ignored. Patsy insisted, childishly, that they must be true, that anyone who could do what Ann Preston had done to her, would do anything. She insisted, furthermore, that she did not believe she was the great actress she was said to be.

When I surprised her by buying tickets for a performance, she still maintained her grieved attitude, but consented to go to prove to herself that the New York public was wrong. At the end of the second act she sat still in her seat while the audience cheered and recalled Ann Preston again and again. She remained still while her neighbors fell over her feet in an effort to get to the aisles. Finally she looked at me, all grudges forgotten in her humility.

"I can never hope to be an actress, mother," she said simply.

Considering Ann Preston's behavior toward us the last time we saw her, I did not speak of going backstage, but Patsy insisted.

"I've got to see her, mother, just to tell her how wonderful she is," she pleaded, and I gave in, grateful for the new tolerance.

She showed nothing but delight at seeing us and remembered Patsy at once, though she made no apology for her offense. She insisted on taking us to her apartment for supper, and if I had any inclination to decline, I could not have refused Patsy, who was enthralled. She kept us there for supper and long afterward. At first we listened fascinated, but after a few hours we tired of her ceaseless chattering.

When she had sent for us several times and the same evenings were repeated, we grew wary and began to find excuses. I went alone, sometimes, in spite of Patsy's objections, because I knew that she was really lonely, and I was sorry for her. One evening she had sent a note for me to come to the theater during the performance, and thinking that she might be ill, I hurried to the Empress. I waited in her dressing room for her third act to be played. The curtain had no sooner rung down than she ran in excitedly, the stage manager at her heels.

"They're calling for you, Miss Preston," he said pleadingly.

"Let them call," she snapped. "I can't stand the sight of their faces one minute longer." She grabbed her coat. "Come on," she said peremptorily. "I've got to get out of here."

"You can't go out like that," I said, staring at the heavily made-up face and the red dress.

"I'll be in the car," she answered impatiently. Nobody'll see us."

"They're still calling, Miss Preston," the stage manager said excitedly.

"Get out of here, will you?" She grabbed my arm. But I had no intention of being seen with her as she was.

"I think you can take time to change," I said casually.

"I've got to get out of here, don't you understand? It's got me bats." She ran out, and all I could do was to follow. I did it, angry at myself, and resolving never to be at home again when she sent for me. We drove slowly up Sixth Avenue; the theater traffic blocking our way at every corner. Her nervous tension was almost unbearable. I had to exercise control to keep my own nerves normal, watching her. My anger was gone, for I saw that she was really suffering. She railed at the chauffeur. She peered out the windows. She lit a cigarette, only to throw it away after the first puff. I tried to talk to her, but she answered me vacantly. Finally she settled back in her seat, her hands over her ears in an effort to control herself. She sat for a few moments like this, and then burst into the most horrible profanity I have ever heard.

"Doesn't it get you at all?" she demanded, almost angry at me because I did not react as she.

"Of course it gets me," I said calmly, "but I don't give way to my nerves."

"Why wasn't I made like everybody else?" she wailed, with genuine grief. The horns began to honk. She sat up, her eyes wide with fright. "I can't stand this," she gasped. "I've got to get out and walk."

Before I could stop her, she was threading her way through the traffic and running wildly up Sixth Avenue. I waited for her at her apartment, and when she came in, wild-eyed still, she dismissed me abruptly, saying she was going to bed.

Shortly after this the papers carried an account of her collapse during a performance—due to the strain of her emotional rôle. I was relieved when she was given a rest and her understudy permitted to go on. I tried to see her, but no one was admitted. Then came her resumption of the rôle and a second triumph. It was only a few weeks after this that her maid came with the request that I should come to the theater immediately.

She was pacing up and down nervously when I got there. She sent Sadie out at once, and turned to me, clutching at my hands. The touch of her own hands was hard and dry against mine, and her eyes were unnaturally large and bright.

"Listen," she said tensely; "I've got an idea. I want you to come live with me. I've got a big place up there and nobody's in it half the time. So why can't you come and live there?"

I was somewhat stunned by the absurdity of this, and insisted that it was impossible, that I had my daughter; but that was no obstacle.

"She can come, too," she said feverishly. "There's room for all of us."

"But why?" I asked her.

This seemed to stump her for a moment.

"Because I know you're my friend," she said, "and you don't talk about me behind my back, like everybody else does."

I told her that she was foolish, but she would not listen.

"They hate me," she said flatly.

"I don't know why you say that, Ann. They don't at all."

"They do!" she said angrily. "I know they do. They don't fool me any." Then she came close. "Listen," she said confidentially. "Tell me what they're saying about me. I want to know."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You do and you won't tell me. I guess you're not the friend I thought you were."

"You're not yourself, Ann."

She drew herself up indignantly. "What do you mean?"

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I think you're drunk."

"Is that what they're saying—that I drink?" It seemed to me that she wanted me to say yes, so I did.

"They do say that you drink, yes."

"Is that all they say?" Her eyes narrowed down to pin points as they searched mine.

"I don't know, Ann," I said flatly. "I don't know what they say. I don't talk to people about you."

She was suddenly like a pathetic small girl.

"Will you come and live with me?" she begged. "You can have my car and my apartment and do anything you please. I won't bother you. I just want you to be there. And I'll do everything you say."

"Ann, dear, I couldn't. It's too impractical."

"I've got to have somebody," she said, "and everybody else hates me."

"Well, darling, I'll come to live with you, if you need me, but it's just your imagination that people hate you."

"It's not! I know they hate me! I know it! They're jealous of me. They say Mary Andrews is actor-proof—that any actress could play it—but it isn't true."

"Of course it isn't," I said soothingly.

"They might get by, but they couldn't play her like I do. You know why?" She leaned toward me confidentially. "Because I know Mary Andrews—that's why. I am Mary Andrews. I'm like her inside. Even when I was little and in that place and they used to lock me in the grandpa because I kicked and screamed to get out—I felt like her then." She was talking to herself now, staring vacantly back on the past she had told no one. "Not a friend in the world," she sighed. "Maybe Howard was my friend. He cried when I went away. He cried, the poor sap! But I guess he hates me now like the rest of them."

"I don't hate you, Ann," I said tenderly. "I'm your friend. I've always been your friend. They just don't understand you, that's all."

She did not even hear me.

"Sometimes when I'm out there I forget where I am. I think I'm back in places where I've been before, and then I remember, and I see the faces out there, and it makes me dizzy. That time I fainted I couldn't remember where I was. I thought I was in the grandpa and it was dark." She put her hand to her head and began to whimper. I saw that she was really ill, that the part she was playing, arousing emotions in her too similar to those she had felt, had become an obsession to her.

"You need a long rest, Ann," I told her.

"And how!" The trite phrase became tragedy as it fell from her lips on a long, quivering sigh.

"You've got to give up your play and go away somewhere."

"Give up my play!" She sprang up, excited.

"You've got to, Ann."

"And give another actress a chance to step in and make me look cheap. I'd die first!"

I saw that she meant it—that the worst fear of her life was to fall from the pinnacle she had reached.

"Then you've got to take better care of yourself and stop dissipating," I said.

"Who said I was dissipating?" She was suspicious again.

"That's all I can think," I said, "from the way you're acting. You're in a terrible state. Look at your eyes. Look at your hands, your color."

She looked at herself in the mirror.

"I look awful, don't I?" She turned to me pathetically, her hand to her cheek. I thought if I was brutal I might bring her to her senses.

"Well, you don't look much like the little girl I used to know."

She stared at me for a long moment, and her hand went to her throat. The tears started, trickled slowly down the ashen face. Her whole body fought against the sobs that could not be repressed any longer—sobs that rose from the hidden springs of a past too long-lived to be remembered. But even in her emotion she remembered to be proud.

"Go away," she choked—"go away."

I didn't want to leave her alone, but I saw that she really wanted me to, so I went outside and walked around the block. I stayed no longer than ten minutes, and when I came back she was gone. I left the theater, saddened, for I felt instinctively that I would never see her intimately again. Once having shown her weakness, she would not like to be reminded of it. It was after midnight, and as I turned down Broadway I saw the giant framework of metal and wire which, earlier in the evening, had blazoned her name across the theater. Without the lights, it looked like a huge puzzle, and it was difficult to make out the letters which had represented so much sacrifice in the life of Ann Preston. Our last scene together, I felt, foretold the end of the story. Even now, when she might regain the youth she had burned out, she still clung, refusing to share her glory. She was making the final sacrifice in the name of the sacred lights which, extinguished now, left her name only a gray and gaunt reminder that they would one day burn out and be no more.

Three months later Ann Preston was dead. I looked upon her as she lay, robed in the bright dress of Mary Andrews, and a sharp pain tore at my heart; for it was not the racked and wretched face I had last seen that I looked upon, but the face of the little girl who had plucked nervously at her worn jacket while she told me of what she would one day be.

"M'ff, cider! M'ff, spices!"

and he bounds out of bed—

THE man of your dreams sings in his tub, whistles through his shaving-lather, as he sniffs that keen, sweet odor of spices and cider. He scents those Apple Butter Muffins you're baking for his breakfast.

Then, like a gamboling elephant, he runs down the stairs to welcome those Apple Butter Muffins in all their gorgeousness . . . piping-hot and luscious!

For the cloves and raisins and sugar and cinnamon—all the nice things that go into good muffins—you make twice as appetizing when you add to them the chocolate color, the cidery smell and the spicy taste of Lippincott Apple Butter.

You'll find that the complexion of *your* whole day is brightened when you serve Lippincott Apple Butter Muffins to your husband for breakfast.

Of course, he will like Lippincott Apple Butter in other ways, too. Its smooth blend of ripe, juicy apples, purest cane-sugar, golden cider and choicest spices makes an amazingly fine seasoning *cooked into* meats. And, naturally, he'll always like it as a relish with cold cuts. And it makes a most seductive pie-filling and all sorts of other enticing desserts.

How about piping-hot Lippincott Apple Butter Muffins for breakfast tomorrow morning?

THE LIPPINCOTT COMPANY · *Cincinnati, Ohio*

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER MUFFINS

1 cup white flour
4½ cups graham flour
5 teaspoons baking-powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¾ teaspoon cloves
1 cup seedless raisins
1 egg
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons shortening
3 tablespoons Lippincott Apple Butter

Sift white flour and graham flour with baking-powder, salt, sugar, cinnamon and cloves. Stir in raisins; then add egg, milk, and melted shortening which have been thoroughly beaten together. Finally add Lippincott Apple Butter, beat the mixture thoroughly, and bake in greased muffin-pans for about twenty minutes, in a hot oven. (This makes 24 to 30 muffins.)

Lippincott Apple Butter

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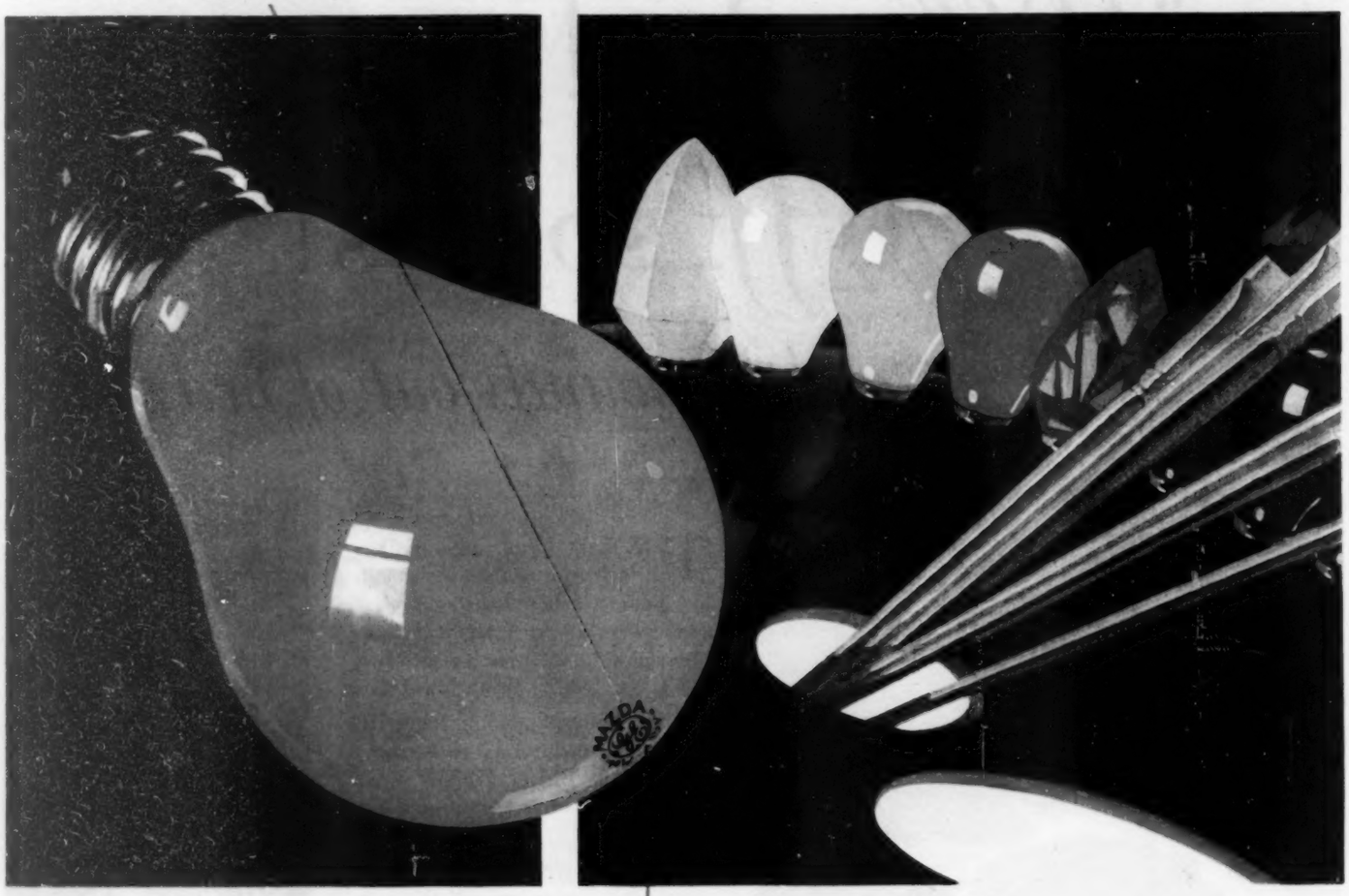
▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ MAZDA ▲ NOT THE NAME OF A THING BUT THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE



USE GENERAL ELECTRIC FLAMETINT AND INSIDE COLORED MAZDA LAMPS TO

PAINT *with* LIGHT

THE magic brush of the theatre is light. Use it freely in your own home to achieve the softness and beauty which make the Land of Make-Believe so attractive from "out in front." Ask your dealer in General Electric colored and decorative MAZDA lamps to show the following:

FLAMETINT lamps, whose mellow glow makes you think of candlelight and the ruddy warmth of an open fire. No living room really lives until its deep, easy chairs and cushion-piled couches are supplemented with the beckoning comfort of flametint. Paint with them for better living.

DECORATIVE LAMPS to give the final touch to modern decoration. Smart as Paris. New as tomorrow's sunshine. Unusual as an illustration by Erté. Every woman will think instantly of a dozen places to use them effectively because they are as beautiful unlighted as lighted.

COLORED LAMPS in a complete symphony of beauty—from the muted tone of pale ivory to the lusty notes of red and green suggestive of cheerfully painted breakfast rooms and gaily cretonned sun-rooms.

EXPENSIVE? Only a few cents more in most cases over the price you ordinarily pay for the famous standard line of inside-frosted MAZDA lamps which fill so many of your lighting needs. Inexpensive to burn as well. And remember, they come in the familiar blue carton. NATIONAL LAMP WORKS of General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA LAMPS

THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 23)

face was a study. Miss Sanderson was a large blond woman with a slight limp, and she was evidently prepared for company. She was slightly overdressed, and her room, when she took us up to it, was very tidy. Suspiciously tidy, Judy said later, as if she had just finished with it.

When she had closed the door she lowered her voice.

"You never know who's around in a place like this. It's all ears. And since poor Miss Gunther's awful end ——" She looked at me with her pale blue eyes, and they were childish and filled with terror. "I haven't slept much since. If there is a homicidal maniac loose, nobody can tell who'll be next."

"I wouldn't worry," said Judy. "There's no maniac loose. Whoever killed her knew what he was doing."

That seemed to relieve her. She was, for all her clothes, a singularly simple woman, and I am glad here to pay my bit of tribute to Lily Sanderson. She had her own small part in the solving of the mystery, and of the four major crimes which it involved.

She liked Judy at once, I think. There is something direct about Judy, for all her talk about using her wiles; and Judy, I think, felt the compassion of youth for her, for the narrow life that one room typified, for the loneliness of soul which was feeding on this one great excitement. I saw her looking about at the dreadful reach at beauty which the room revealed, the tea table at which nobody obviously ever had tea, at the silk shawl draped over the bed, at the imitation-shell toilet set, the gaudily painted scrap basket, and at the screen which concealed the washstand in its corner, and behind which, I had no doubt, Miss Sanderson had dumped a clutter of odds and ends.

"You are very comfortable here, aren't you? It's quite homelike."

Miss Sanderson smiled her childlike smile.

"It's all the home I have," she said. "And Mrs. Bassett likes everything to be nice. She's very clean, really."

Before she settled to her story she opened her door, looked out, closed it again.

"I'm only talking because you were friends of poor Florence," she said. "And I don't know if what I have to tell you is important or not. I won't have to go to the police, will I?"

"Certainly not," said Judy sturdily.

"You know I told them that I'd heard her moving things about that night? Well, I did. I didn't like to say what I really thought." She lowered her voice. "I thought she had a man up there. That's what I went up in the morning to speak to her about."

"A man?" I asked. "Could you hear him?"

"A man and a woman," she said. "I could hear them both."

Her story amounted to this:

She was a light sleeper, and she was wakened sometime after midnight by movements in the room above. As Florence never stirred about in the night, this puzzled her. Especially as the movements continued.

"Somebody seemed to be moving the furniture," she said. "Very carefully, but you can't move a bureau in a house built like this without it making some noise. Even then I might have gone to sleep again, but there were two people. One walked heavier than the other."

She was curious rather than alarmed. She got up and opened her door, and at last she crept up the stairs and—she seemed to apologize for this—put her ear to the door. There was a man talking in a low tone in the room.

That scandalized her. She went downstairs "with her head whirling," and stood there, uncertain what to do. She seems to have been in a state of shock and indignation, imagining all sorts of things. And the sounds went on; only now she could hear a woman crying. She was outraged. She thought Florence Gunther had a man in her room and that they were quarreling.

Finally she took her hair curler and rapped vigorously on the chandelier. The noises ceased at once, but although she set her door open and waited inside in the dark, nobody came down. Whoever they were, they must have escaped down the rear staircase.

But she could not sleep. A sort of virtuous fury possessed her, and half an hour later she threw something on and went up valiantly to Florence's room.

"I was going to give her a good talking to," she said. "It makes me sick now to think of it, but this is a respectable house, and—well, you know what I mean. If she was carrying on with anybody ——"

The door was closed, but not locked, and she spoke to Florence and got no answer. She turned on the switch inside the door, and there was the room—in chaos. She seemed unable to describe it. She made a gesture.

"Even her shoes," she said. "Her poor shoes were on the floor. But she hadn't been robbed. Her dime bank was still on her dresser, and she had an old-fashioned watch for a clock beside the day bed on a table. It was still there."

She shot downstairs after that, trembling, and got into bed. Even then she was not certain that Florence was not concerned in it somehow. She knew that one of the two in that room had been a woman. Then, too, she "didn't want to be mixed up in any trouble." She might lose her position, and, in addition, she had a childish fear of the police.

"If they knew I'd been up there ——"

She went asleep finally, but at seven she went up the stairs again and opened the door. The room had been straightened. It looked better.

"Not just right, you know. But things were put away. The way the police found it."

"And what do you think now?" Judy inquired. "What were those people after? Have you any idea?"

"Not really. But she was in a lawyer's office, and they get some queer things sometimes. Letters, you know, and so on. If she had something like that, it might explain a lot. It had to be something small, or they'd have found it. But I'm sure I don't know where it is, if it's there."

"Oh, you've looked?" said Judy.

"Yes. The room's kept locked, but my key fits it. I suppose it's hardly the correct thing, but she was a friend of mine ——"

Her eyes filled with tears, and Judy patted her heavy shoulder.

"Of course it was the correct thing. Perfectly correct. As a matter of fact, I'd like to go up myself and look around. You don't mind, do you?"

Miss Sanderson not only did not mind but looked rather gratified.

"I'll wait down here with the curler," she said with a conspiratorial air, "and if I hear anything I'll rap on the chandelier."

I was all for waiting below, but Judy took me with her, maintaining that the very sight of me would remove her from the sneak-thief class if we were discovered, and at last I consented. Nevertheless, I was frankly trembling when we started up the stairs. Miss Sanderson had preceded us, creeping up with a stealth which gave the entire procedure a clandestine appearance that was disquieting, to say the least. After unlocking the door, however, she left us as noiselessly as we had come, and Judy moved the key from the outside to the inside of the door.

As we stood there in the darkness, I think even Judy was uneasy, and I know that I felt like a criminal. The house was exceedingly quiet. Mrs. Bassett, Miss Sanderson had said, slept at the rear of that floor, but she was ill, had been for some time. And whatever was the mysterious life of the women behind the closed doors around us, it was conducted in silence.

Judy drew the shades before she turned on the light, and then the two of us gazed at this strange room, from which Florence Gunther had started out in a checked frock and a blue coat and with a blue bag on her arm, to a sudden and unaccountable death.

It was neat now, very orderly, the day bed covered with the imitation Indian rug, her clothing still in its closet, her shoes in a row underneath. Practical shoes, flat-heeled, without coquetry, each with its wooden tree. Judy looked depressed and angry.

"She had so little," she said. "Why not have let her alone?"

But she was businesslike too.

"No use looking in the obvious places," she announced. "They'll have seen to that. Something small. I suppose the police took it for granted that they got it, whatever it was. But if Lily is right —— If I wanted to hide a paper here, where would I put it? I hid a love letter once from mother in my can of tooth powder."

Poor Florence's toothpowder was on her washstand, but, although with much difficulty and a pair of scissors Judy finally worked the top off, she found nothing there. Then she examined the bottles on the dresser; one dark blue one interested her, but it contained an eye lotion and nothing else. The wall paper—"she might have loosened the paper and then glued it back again"—showed no signs of being tampered with, and the baseboard was close to the wall.

She reached the clothes closet then, by elimination, and with small hope.

"They'll have done that first," she said.

Apparently she was right. No pocket, no lining, no hem of any garment revealed so much as a hint. Save one thing, which at first looked as though our search was useless. There was an old pocketbook in the closet, and she brought it out to examine it.

"Look here!" she said. "She's carried something in this pocketbook, hidden. See where she's cut the lining and sewed it up again?"

"It's not sewed now."

"No," she said slowly. "Of course, if she transferred it to the blue bag ——"

But time was passing and I was growing impatient. The whole excursion seemed to me to be an impertinent meddling, and so I was about to say to Judy, when there came a sharp rap from the chandelier beneath our feet.

Neither one of us moved, and I know I hardly breathed. Someone was coming up the stairs, moving very quietly. The steps halted just outside the door, and I motioned wildly to Judy to turn out the light. But in a moment they moved on again, toward the rear of the house, and I breathed again.

After that we locked the door, and Judy matter-of-factly went on with her search. She was on the floor now, carefully inspecting Florence's shoes.

"I'll just look these over and then we'll go," Judy said.

"And the sooner the better," I retorted testily. "If you think I'm enjoying this, I'm not. I've never spent a night I enjoyed less."

But she was paying no attention. She had found, in a pair of flat black shoes, leather insoles designed to support the arches. Glanced at casually, each was a part of the shoe, but Judy's sensitive, well-manicured fingers were digging at one of them diligently.

"Flat feet, poor dear," she said, and jerked out the insole.

It was, I believe, a quite common affair of its sort, although I had never seen one before. In the forward portion was a pocket into which fitted a small pad of wool, designed to raise the forward arch.

Behind this Judy dug out a small scrap of paper, neatly folded.

I think we were both trembling when she drew it out and held it up. But without opening it, she dropped it inside the neck of her frock and, finding a pin, fastened it there. She wears so little underneath that this precaution was necessary.

"No time now to be curious, Elizabeth Jane," she said. "We have to get out of here, and to stall off Lily."

Everything was still quiet as we relocked the door and went down. Miss Sanderson was peering out of her door and beckoned us in, but Judy shook her head.

"They made a pretty clean sweep," she said, "but thank you anyhow. You've been very sweet to us."

"He didn't try to get in, did he?"

"Somebody stopped outside the door and then went on. Who was it?"

"I couldn't see. It was a man, though. It might have been the doctor," she added doubtfully. "I just thought I'd better warn you. Won't you come in again?"

She was clearly disappointed when we refused. She must have had many lonely evenings, poor soul, and to entertain Judy would have been a real thrill; Judy Somers, whose pictures were often in the New York evening papers and in the smarter magazines.

"I've got some sandwiches," she said.

"Thanks, no. I never eat at night."

She saw us out, rather forlornly.

"If anything turns up I'll let you know."

"Please do. You've been wonderful."

She brightened at that, and the last we saw of her she was peering around the half-closed front door, loath to go back to her untasted sandwiches, to her loneliness and her wakeful nights.

We found the car around the corner where we had left it, but not until we were in my bedroom with the door locked did Judy produce that scrap of paper. And then it turned out to be completely unintelligible. Neatly typed on thin copy paper was this: "Clock dial. Five o'clock right. Seven o'clock left. Press on six."

"Clock dial!" said Judy. "What clock? There's something in a clock somewhere, but that's as far as I go. It wasn't her clock. She didn't have one. As far as I can make out, we're exactly where we started!"

Which turned out to be very nearly a precise statement of the situation.

XII

JUST when Amos discovered that his carpet was missing from the car I do not know. With Jim in bed, the car was not in use, and it may have been a couple of days before he missed it, or even more. I hardly think he suspected me, although he may have.

But sometime before Sunday he saw Wallie and told him. Just why he should have told him, I do not know. Certainly he believed Jim Blake to be the guiltiest wretch unhung, but we also know that he had a queer affection for him. Maybe Wallie questioned him; Wallie had his own problem to solve, and he may have gone to Amos.

The result, however, was an extremely unpleasant interview between Wallie and myself a day or two after Judy had found the paper. I know now that he was frightened, terrified beyond any power of mine to imagine, and with Wallie, as with other nervous persons, anxiety took the form of anger.

He stalked into the house then late on Sunday afternoon, looking so strange that at first I thought he had been drinking again.

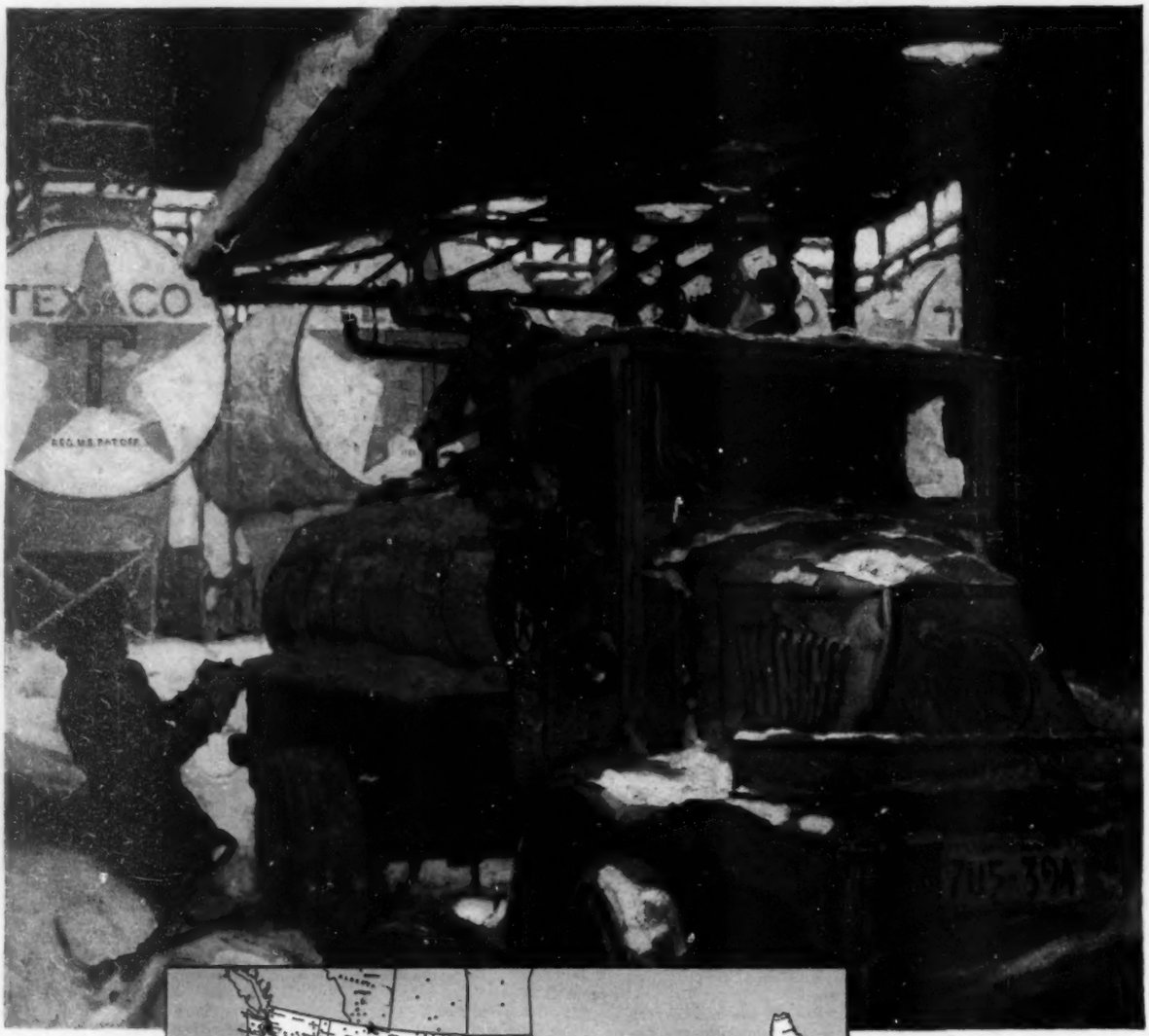
"Do you mind if I close the door?" he demanded. "I've got some things to say that you may not want overheard."

"Then I'd better leave it open. I don't care for any more secrets or any scenes."

"Very well," he said savagely. "It's you I'm trying to protect."

But he slammed the door shut nevertheless, and then confronted me.

(Continued on Page 82)



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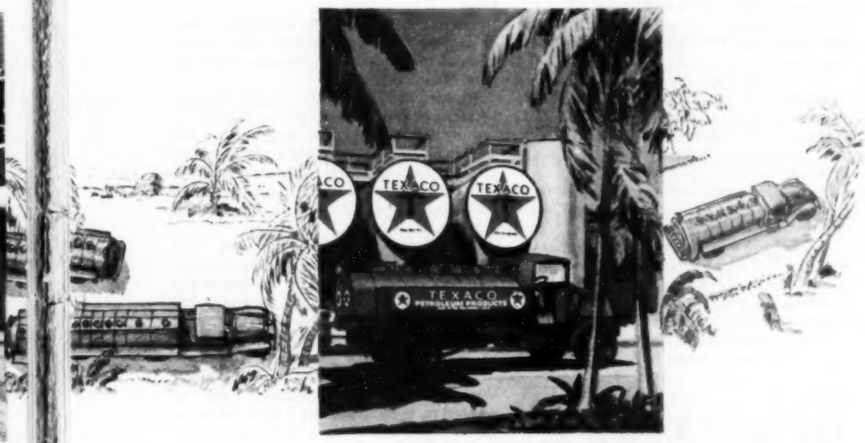

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(Continued from Page 79)

"I've got to know something. Of all the damnable, outrageous messes —— Did you or did you not take the rug out of Jim Blake's car the other night?"

"Why? Is it missing?"

"You know very well it's missing."

"I don't like your tone, Wallie."

He pulled himself together then, and took another turn about the room.

"Sorry," he muttered. "I get excited. Who wouldn't be excited? I'll ask you in a different way. Was the carpet in the car the other night when Amos drove you back here?"

"It was."

"And you left it there?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

"That's not an answer."

"Now see here, Wallie," I said. "I won't be bullied. There is no reason why I should answer any question you put to me. Go to the police, if you like. Then, if they choose to come to me ——"

"The police. I'm trying my very best to keep the police out of this. But that darky of Jim Blake's blabs everything he knows. They'll get it out of him yet. All I want to find out is why the carpet was taken. What was on it? It told something. What did it tell?" I eyed him.

"Wallie," I said, "do you believe that Jim Blake committed these crimes? You've insinuated that, and that there was a reason."

"I could think of a reason, but this Gunther thing —— No, I don't believe he's got the guts."

"If you could think of a reason, it's your business to tell it. Tell me, at least. If I'm to work in the dark ——"

"Ah, so you have been working! Now look here; what was on that carpet? Oil? Blood? You took it, didn't you? Amos says you did."

"Why should he say that?"

"He says that if you'd got in the car and it was missing, you'd have asked about it."

I made up my mind then to make a clean breast of it.

"I did take it, Wallie. I took it out and burned it in the furnace. There was oil on it—a ring of oil. Something containing kerosene oil had been carried in it."

Wallie seemed to sag lower in his chair. He had aged in the past few days. That is the only way I can describe the change in him. That buoyancy and gayety which had made him likable, with all his faults, had deserted him. But I could not feel sorry for him. He knew something; I rather thought that he knew a great deal.

"Do you think Amos knew what was on that carpet?" he asked.

"I haven't an idea. If he did, the police may know it, too; but I think, if they do know it, they would have taken it away for safekeeping. No, I think you and I and Joseph are the only ones so far."

"Joseph? What's Joseph got to do with it?"

He listened intently while I told him of my attempt to burn the carpet, and of my being locked in the cellar. I could not gather from his face what he made of the incident. He had had time to recover, and the fact that the carpet had been actually destroyed seemed to reassure him. But when I finished he remained sunk in a silence which was more like brooding than anything else. I finally broke in on this.

"Isn't it time you told what you know, Wallie? If this thing is to go on, none of us are safe. Even Judy."

"Judy's all right," he said roughly. "And I don't know anything."

"That's not entirely true, is it?"

"You'll know all I know when the time comes." He got up, looked at me furtively, and then began to finger the pens and pencils on my desk. "I suppose," he said, with an attempt at casualness, "that you are one of the incorruptibles, eh? A lie's a lie, and all that?"

"I will assuredly not perjure myself, if that's what you mean."

"Why put a label on everything? What's perjury anyhow? What's the difference except the label between your pretending you have a headache and making a statement that might save a life?"

"Perjury is a lie before God."

"Every lie is a lie before God, if you believe in God. All I want you to do is to say, if it becomes necessary to say anything, that that carpet was not in the car the other night. Wait a minute," he said, as I started to speak, "your own position isn't any too comfortable, is it? You've destroyed valuable evidence. And what do you do to Jim Blake if you tell the truth? I tell you, there's more behind this than you know. There are worse sins than lies, if you insist on talking about lies. I give you my word, if you tell about that carpet, Harrison will arrest Jim. Arrest him immediately."

"I'm not going to volunteer anything, Wallie."

"You've got to do more than that. You've got to stick it out. There are always thieves about, and what's to have hindered someone crawling over Jim's fence and getting in by the garage window? The car hadn't been out, according to Amos, from the day Jim took sick—or went to bed, rather. He's not sick. That carpet might have been gone for a week."

I was in a state of greater confusion than ever when he had gone. Judy and Dick were out—on the hillside of the Larimer lot, I suspected—and after Wallie's departure I sat down at my desk and made an outline of the possible case against Jim Blake. I still have it, and it is before me now:

1. Sarah had tried to communicate with him by call and telephone.

2. She had finally written him a letter, which he had probably received, but had denied receiving.

3. On the night she was murdered, he did not dress for dinner, but dined early and went out, carrying the sword cane.

4. From some place, not his house, he telephoned to Judy, offering her mother's anxiety as an excuse, and asking for Sarah.

5. He was out that night for some time. He offered no alibi for those hours, intimating that to do so would affect a woman's reputation.

6. When he returned he still carried the sword cane, but on the discovery of Sarah's body it had disappeared.

7. Also, shortly after that discovery, he had taken to his bed, although actually not ill.

From that it was not difficult to go on to the second crime.

8. Sarah and Florence Gunther knew each other, probably shared some secret knowledge. The paper Judy had found might or might not refer to that knowledge. Certainly one or the other of them possessed some knowledge or some physical property, or both, which had been desperately sought for in each case.

9. According to Inspector Harrison, the two rooms had been searched by the same individual.

10. The oil stain on the carpet of Jim's car may not be suspicious in itself but, coupled with the above, is highly evidential.

To this list I added certain queries:

1. Would Jim, under any conceivable circumstances, have attacked Judy?

2. Was he capable of such sustained cunning as had been shown throughout? The planted footprints, for example?

3. Had Jim actually worn golf clothes on the night of Sarah's murder? If not, had he had time after his telephone message to break into my house? Fifteen minutes, or at most twenty, was all he had had.

4. Was Sarah in Jim's house for the three hours still unaccounted for?

And under the heading "Florence Gunther":

1. Did Jim know her?

2. Was Jim the visitor testified to by the colored woman at the Bassett house?

3. Why had so cunning a murderer overlooked the oil stain in the car?

I studied this last.

Surely were Jim guilty, lying there in his bed he would have gone over, inch by inch, the ground he had covered; have thought of every detail, have followed his every act, searched for the possible loose thread in his fabric.

He knew he was under suspicion. He had only to raise himself in his bed to see that figure across the street. Then why would he have left that stain in the car? Why not have burned the carpet? Burned the car?

There was more than that. He was definitely under suspicion, and there had been a city-wide search for the "death car," as the press called it. But either the police had not found that stain, or they had chosen deliberately to ignore it. Why? Jim Blake and a box of matches could at any time destroy that evidence.

It was too much for me. And to add to my anxieties, Joseph told me that day that the maids were talking of leaving. Ever since Norah had found the kitchen poker in the laundry, the haunting of the house had been an accepted matter, and it was finally getting on their nerves.

Yet the remainder of the day was quiet enough on the surface. Since Wednesday night, Judy and Dick had been working over the house clocks at intervals, and that Sunday was no exception. I have no doubt that the servants thought them slightly mad.

One by one the clocks were taken into the library and there investigated. By and large, I had quite a collection of odd springs and wheels, and Dick would sit there over his wreckage, his hair rumpled, and try to reassort what Judy called "the innards."

"Now where the devil does that go?"

"Don't be such an ass! Right there!"

"It doesn't fit. Try it yourself, since you know so much."

And with this very wrangling, which was the cloak to hide their deeper feelings—after the fashion of youth today—they would be making love to each other. They would jeer at each other, their mouths hard and their eyes soft.

"Keep quiet! How can I do anything if you jerk my arm?"

"Well, you're so clumsy."

The final result, even the servants' alarm clocks having been investigated, was that the establishment ran rather erratically. Meals were at queer hours, and I remember that on that very Sunday, with nobody the wiser, we found that we had breakfasted at eleven o'clock and lunched at half-past three.

Then that Sunday night at eleven o'clock or as near that as our ruined time system allowed me to judge, Katherine called up from New York.

Howard had had another attack. He was better, but she wanted Judy at home.

Judy left the next morning. Dick was working and so I took her to the station, and on the way there I gathered that she and Dick had reached an impasse in their love affair. She stated it quite flatly, after her fashion.

"He's crazy about me," she said, "but I'm a child of the rich! If he condescends to marry me, I'm to live on his salary and a bit he has outside! It's absurd! It's sublime! It's perfectly barbaric these days for a man to insist on supporting a wife. It's childish vanity; the great male 'I am.'"

It was quite characteristic of her that she should be crying at the moment. But she wanted no sympathy, and I gave her none.

"If you'd rather have things than have Dick ——"

"Oh, to the devil with things! It's the principle of the thing. He'd deprive me to nurse his own vanity."

Well, it is a problem which is confronting a good many young people today; both of

(Continued on Page 84)

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The Specialized BLUE Suit

(Continued from Page 82)

them right and both of them wrong. I had no solution, and whatever their troubles, it had not affected Dick's feelings toward her, for he came in to see me that night, out of sheer habit.

"Tried to pass by," he said, "but the old bus just naturally headed in and stuck its head over the hitching post."

I was glad to see him. I had been very lonely; missing Judy, even missing—to tell the truth—the inspector, with his blue eyes and his toothpicks and his general air of competence. He had deserted me almost completely for several days.

And in the expansiveness of that hour, then and there I told Dick about the carpet. He was incredulous.

"But see here; the first car the police would examine would be that car."

"So I think. But they may know about it, at that."

"You're sure Amos hasn't been carrying oil in it?"

That had not occurred to me. I felt rather foolish, and the net result of the talk was that Dick saw Amos the next day and learned certain things.

On the night of Florence's death, being a Sunday, he had been out and Jim was alone. But he could not have taken the car out, for Amos carried the key to the small door of the garage from the garden. The main doors to the alley were bolted on the inside.

Not that Dick asked these direct questions. He asked Amos where he was on Sunday night, and if anyone could have got at the car.

But Dick was not satisfied. He watched the negro leave the house on an errand, and then climbed the rear wall into Jim's yard. There he found two interesting facts—the side window into the garage had a broken pane, and it was possible to reach in and unlock the sash. And there were marks on one of the newly painted garden chairs.

He got into the building and examined the car. The driving seat and the one next to it were leather and could be washed, but there were no blood stains.

"Amos doesn't watch the mileage," he said, "so he doesn't know whether the car was out or not. But he does suspect that the gas is lower than it ought to be."

He did, however, discover that Amos had carried no oil in the rear of the car. He had said to him:

"What's all this about the carpet being missing? You've done away with it yourself, haven't you? Spilling something on it?"

"No, sir!" said Amos. "I never carry nothing back there. Mr. Blake's mighty particular about that car, sir."

All of which, important as it was, did not help us at all. Nothing was clearer than that Jim himself, locked out of the garage, might have placed a garden chair under the window, broken the pane, and taken his car out himself on Sunday night.

That was on Tuesday, the tenth of May. Sarah had been dead for three weeks, and Florence Gunther for ten days. Apparently the police had found nothing whatever, and we ourselves had nothing but that cryptic cipher, which was not a cipher at all but a key.

I dare say I should have shown it to the police; but already I had done a reckless thing with the carpet, and I was uneasy. Then, too, the inspector had ceased his almost daily visits, although I saw him once on the Larimer lot, poking about with a stick, and the faithful Simmons trotting at his heels. But he did not come to the house, and soon—on Wednesday morning, to be exact—I was to receive a message which made me forget it entirely for the time.

Howard Somers was dead.

XIII

SO FAR I am aware that I have painted a small canvas of the family—only Judy, Wallie and myself, with a bit of Katherine. As Laura was never involved, it is unnecessary to enlarge on her. She remained in Kansas City, busy with her children, mildly regretful over Sarah, but not actively grieved.

The one figure I have not touched is Howard Somers. Perhaps this is because I never understood him particularly, never greatly liked him. Katherine's passion for him had always mystified me.

But Howard was to add his own contribution to our mystery, and that by the simple act of dying. It was not unexpected, although Katherine had sturdily refused to accept it or to face its possibility. I fancy that there must have been times, after that almost fatal attack the summer before when she was abroad, when he must have wanted to talk to her. There are many things in the heart and mind of a man facing death which must long for expression.

But I know from Judy that her mother never let him speak. It was as though, by admitting the fact, she would bring it closer.

"We really ought to paint the place at Southampton before we go up next summer," she would say.

And her eyes would defy him, dare him to intimate that there might be no next summer for him.

All this I was to learn from Judy later on, trying perplexedly to understand the situation among the three of them, and that strange silence of Howard's about matters which concerned them all.

"Probably he wanted to tell her, poor darling," she said. "But how could he? She wouldn't let him. It was like Wallie, only worse. She wouldn't speak about Wallie, you know."

"Do you think he was seeing Wallie?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"He must have been, but he never said anything. He never even told her that Wallie had been with him when he took sick last summer. I suppose he didn't want to hurt her."

And, without being aware of it, she had drawn a picture for me which was profoundly to affect my judgment later on; of the barrier Katherine had for years been erecting between Howard and his son, and of a relationship there perhaps closer than she imagined. The two driven to meetings practically clandestine, and Wallie, with Margaret's charm, her eyes, much of her beauty, making his definite claim on his father's affection.

A conversation I was to have with Doctor Simonds later on was to confirm this.

"Whatever their trouble had been," he said, "they had patched it up. Wallie was there every day. For a night or two he slept there in the suite. Later on he relieved the nurse for a daily walk. He was Johnny on the spot all through."

He had insisted on knowing his father's condition, and had gone rather pale when he learned it.

"How long?"

"A year. Two years. Nobody can say. It might even be longer."

But that was some time later.

Howard had died on Tuesday night, or rather some time early on Wednesday morning. A footman called me to the telephone, but it was, of all people in the world, Mary Martin who spoke to me.

"I am sorry to have bad news for you," she began, and went on to tell me. Mr. Somers had seemed fairly well during the evening. Miss Judy had sat with him until after eleven. At eleven, Evans, his valet, had brought a whisky-and-soda and placed it in his bedroom, and a short time after that Judy had gone to bed.

Katherine had found him in the morning, in his dressing gown and slippers, lying across the bed as he had fallen.

I took the eleven o'clock train and was at the apartment at something after two that afternoon.

Mary was in the hall when I was admitted, her red head flaming over her decorous black frock. She was talking competently and quietly with what I gathered was an undertaker's assistant, and she greeted me with considerable manner.

(Continued on Page 87)

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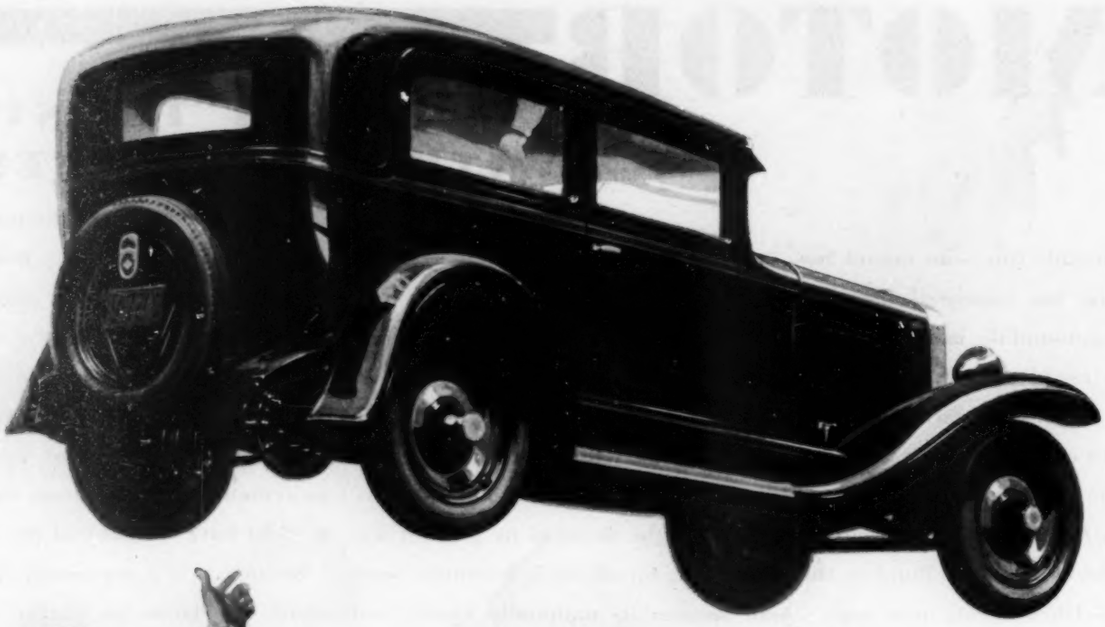

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(Continued from Page 84)

"Mrs. Somers is trying to get some rest," she said. "Have you lunched, or shall I order something for you?"

"I have lunched, Mary. When did it happen?"

"The doctors think between three and four this morning. It was his heart."

"Then there will be no inquest?"

"Inquest?" I thought she looked at me strangely, as though I had shocked her. "No. It was not unexpected."

She went on as she led me to my room. The doctors had not been surprised. He had died very quietly—that was one comforting thing. And she had notified the family. She had called up Mr. Blake, and had telegraphed Laura. Also—she hoped this was all right—she had sent a wire to Mr. Walter.

"Why not?" I said rather sharply. "He is his son. And is Mr. Blake coming?"

"He will try to be here for the funeral."

Judy was shut away with Katherine, who seemed to be dazed and entirely unprepared. In my room I had time to think. Mary was there, apparently at home; and as Judy had predicted, Maude Palmer was gone. She had worked fast, I reflected, had Mary Martin. She had been out of my house less than a week, and there she was.

I know now what happened, how it came about. Katherine has told me.

On the Friday before, Mary had called at the apartment and asked for Katherine. Katherine was dictating letters in that small room off the great drawing-room which she likes to call her study. She went out, and Mary was waiting in the hall, soft voiced and assured. Within the next half hour she had told her things we had never dreamed she knew—about the sword cane, for example, and Jim's refusal to alibi himself the night of Sarah's murder. She knew—or guessed—that he was not ill, but hiding, and then, bending forward and speaking cautiously, she told her that the carpet was missing from Jim's car.

Katherine was stunned.

"How do you know that?" she demanded sharply. "Amos, I suppose."

"Partly Amos. Partly my own eyes. Miss Bell tried to burn it, but it didn't burn. When I went down to breakfast the cook told me the poker was missing, and I found it in the cellar. So I looked about, and the carpet was there. It was in the furnace."

"You'd swear to that?"

"Not necessarily," said Mary, and sat waiting for Katherine to comprehend that.

Within an hour Katherine had dismissed poor Maude Palmer, who had been her secretary for five years, giving her two months' salary in advance, and the next morning Mary Martin was threading a new ribbon into the machine in that small neat room where Katherine attended to the various duties of a woman of wealth and position.

What were her thoughts as she sat there? Was she exultant or depressed? She may have been frightened. I think now that she was, for sometime during that day she asked Katherine not to tell me she was there.

"Why?" Katherine asked. "Miss Bell would be glad to know that you are in a good position."

"She would think I had used what I know to my own advantage."

Katherine gave that faint, cold smile of hers, and the girl flushed. But in the end she agreed to say nothing, for a time at least.

"Of course, when Miss Judy comes back ——" she said.

"It may be all right then," Mary said quietly, and turned back to her machine.

Incomprehensible, that girl, now as I look back; hiding as definitely and more safely than Jim was hiding. She never gave even Katherine the address of her room downtown. She must have felt safe, too, for the first time, for on that night—as we know now, the night of the day she was engaged—she walked out on the Brooklyn Bridge and dropped something into the water. She had not tied a string around it, and as it fell the paper blew away.

Then she walked uptown to a branch post office, bought a stamped envelope and sent a note to Wallie. Not giving him her address; just a line or two. After that she went to her room and "slept very well."

Anyhow there she was, established, settled in that handsome Park Avenue apartment where a dozen servants moved quietly about in the early hours of the day, later on to disappear and only emerge on the ringing of bells or for the ritual of the table. What she felt I have no idea. She adapted herself, I fancy. She had learned a good bit while with me. But she was there for a definite purpose. That over, she moved on. Vanished. A queer girl, I think now; not entirely explicable, even by the light of what we now know.

I settled down, then, to the hushed routine of a house in mourning. Katherine did not appear. People called, spoke in low voices, went away. Flowers began to arrive, and Mary entered the names of the senders neatly in a small book. She was to stay there at night now, until after the funeral.

I thought she looked changed—not so pretty and rather worn. Once, carrying some cards into her room to be entered, I found her with her head on her desk, and I thought that she was crying. But she was not crying. Her eyes were defiant and rather hard.

I had not the faintest idea that there was any mystery about Howard's death until I talked to Judy. Then I was fairly stunned.

And as the apartment itself figures in that story of hers, I must begin by describing it.

It is of the duplex type; on the lower floor are the large drawing-room, a small living room, a library and Katherine's study. Behind these, along a corridor, lie the long dining room, the pantry, kitchen and servants' rooms, and above, connecting by a front and rear staircase, are the family rooms; Katherine's boudoir connecting with her bedroom, Howard's study opening from his. Judy's room, guest chambers, a room for Katherine's maid, and a small sewing and pressing room opening from it, constitute the remainder of that floor.

On that Tuesday evening, then, Judy met Mary in the lower hall, preparing to go. Judy was resentful of her presence in the house and inclined to be short with her, but Mary detained her.

"I don't think your father ought to be alone at night," she said.

Judy eyed her.

"And why?"

"Because he's a very sick man. If he—if he should take sick in the night, he mightn't be able to call for help."

"We have no intention of neglecting him," said Judy shortly, and turned away.

But she was worried, nevertheless, and she spent that evening with Howard in the study off his bedroom. He had a heavy cold and was rather uncomfortable. Mostly he read, and when, at eleven o'clock, Evans, his valet, brought the highball and placed it beside the bed in the bedroom, she prepared to leave him.

What followed she had not yet told her mother.

The telephone rang, and Judy herself answered it. It was for Howard—apparently a long-distance call—and he appeared rather surprised when he answered it.

"Tonight?" he said. "Where are you? It's pretty late. You'll be a couple of hours yet."

But in the end he agreed, and Judy said he seemed thoughtful as he hung up the receiver.

"Your Uncle Jim," he said. "He's motoring up. I thought he was ill."

"He has been," said Judy, thinking hard. "I wish you wouldn't see him, father. He'll upset you."

"Why?"

"I don't know. He's in trouble, father. Of course it's silly, but the police are trying to connect him with Sarah, and all that."

"Nonsense! Why should he want to do away with Sarah? It's an outrage."

(Continued on Page 89)

An emergency for which most people are never prepared

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(Continued from Page 87)

She wanted to wait up, but he said Jim had been very urgent that his visit be kept a secret. He proposed to come in by the service entrance and up the stairs, and she was to unlock that door on the floor below. He called up the night watchman while she was still there and asked him to admit a visitor there, or better still, to open the door onto the alley and go away. He was smiling when he hung up the receiver.

"Probably thinks I'm receiving my bootlegger," he said.

"Or a lady, father!" said Judy. "I think I'll tell mother!"

"Your mother is not to know. He's very insistent about that."

She persuaded him to go to bed and see Jim there, and after he was settled she went in and herself gave him a book and fixed his light.

"Door unlocked?" he asked.

"All fixed."

He had not touched the whisky in the glass at that time. She remembered that.

She kissed him good night and went to her own room. But she was very uneasy. How Jim had escaped surveillance did not interest her, but she was fearful for Howard; Jim bursting in on him with that whole hideous story, perhaps begging for help to escape, perhaps—she says this entered her mind—perhaps even confessing.

She heard no footsteps by two o'clock, and she dozed off. At three she wakened suddenly, sat up and finally got up. She went along the corridor to her father's door and listened. She could hear voices—one low and quiet, her father's louder and irritated.

Shortly after that she had heard a sort of thud. "Like somebody falling," she said with a shiver. She had sat up and listened, but it was not repeated, and soon after that she heard Jim come out and close the door.

She went to sleep after that.

At nine o'clock the next morning she was wakened by a shriek and the sound of a chair being overturned. Quick as she had been to throw on a dressing gown and run out, Mary Martin was before her. She was standing staring into Howard's room, where Katherine lay in a faint on the floor, and Howard was quite peacefully dead across his bed.

He was in his dressing gown—a thing of heavy dark brocade—and his face, according to Judy, was very quiet and very peaceful. Whatever his last thoughts had been, if indeed he had any, they were wiped clean.

Some weeks afterward Inspector Harrison was to give me a little talk on just such things.

"There is no expression on a dead face," he said. "In two minutes it's wiped clean, like a slate. All this stuff about expressions of horror on murdered people is pure nonsense. I've seen a fellow beaten to death, and he looked as peaceful as though he'd died in his bed."

Judy called for help, and the servants flocked in. Katherine's maid, a hysterical Frenchwoman, was entirely helpless, and it was Mary Martin who threw up the windows and ran into Howard's bedroom for water.

"But she dropped the glass," said Judy, gazing at me with reddened eyes. "She took the highball glass from beside the bed and dropped it on the bathroom floor. It broke into bits. I want to know why she did that. There were glasses in the bathroom."

I tried to reassure her. After all, her father had been a dying man for some time. And anyone might drop a glass. But she was not satisfied.

"How did she get there so quickly?" she demanded. "It's as though she was waiting for it."

I advised her to say nothing, especially to Katherine in her grief. But she only made a small gesture.

"She'll know soon enough that Uncle Jim was here," she said. "The night watchman saw him. And he told Evans this morning when he heard that father was—gone. All the servants know it, probably."

"He recognized your Uncle Jim?"

"I don't know. He knows somebody was here."

"And the doctors? They think everything is all right? I mean, that it was his heart?"

"Why would they think anything else?" she said drearily. "If it was poison ——"

"Hush, Judy."

I got through the remainder of the day somehow; not for years had we faced an emergency without Sarah, and I missed her now.

Sarah would have taken hold; would have put Katherine to bed matter-of-factly and with authority, have driven out that hysterical Frenchwoman who was wringing her hands in the servants' hall, have given us all sedatives or got the doctor to order them, and then, flat-footedly and as if death were as normal as living, have read a book until we were all safely asleep.

But Sarah was gone. Florence Gunther was gone. And now Howard.

XIV

WALLIE arrived that evening. Katherine was still shut in her room. Now and then Judy would wander in, but Katherine was absorbed in her grief, alone with it. She would kiss Judy and then forget she was there.

But she made a ghastly mistake when she refused to see Wallie. One gesture from her then—one bit of recognition of their common grief, their common loss—and things would have been different.

Whatever might be his weaknesses, Wallie had cared about his father, and he looked stricken when I went in to see him. His face was blank and expressionless, and he had little to say. He sat slumped in his chair, and for the first time I saw a hint of gray in his hair. He was only in his middle thirties, but he might have been fifty as he sat there.

"It was the heart, of course?"

"Yes. It was bound to come before long anyhow, Wallie."

He seemed to hesitate, to bring his next question out with an effort.

"Then there was no post-mortem?"

"No."

"I asked for her, but I suppose she won't see me."

"She's not seeing anyone, Wallie. I haven't seen her myself."

"Does she know I'm here?" he insisted.

"I told her, yes. Through the door. She's quite shut away, Wallie."

But I did not tell him that I had urged her and had been refused. It had seemed to me that death ought to wipe out old angers, old jealousies. But she had been coldly stubborn, would not even unlock her door.

"I have no intention of seeing him, Elizabeth. Do go away."

"Shall I tell him you will see him later? He seems to think it is important."

"Nothing is important, and I never want to see him again."

Of course that was pure hysteria, but no man has ever understood a woman's hysteria.

Mary Martin came in just then with a number of telegrams, but he did not so much as look at her. She glanced at him, waited a moment, then put down the telegrams and went quietly away.

"Give her a little time, Wallie," I begged him.

"No," he said. "She's had her chance. I'm through."

His face had hardened. It was as though he had come with some overture of peace and the impulse had died as I looked at him. He was standing in the big drawing-room, with its tapestries, its famous paintings, its well-known collection of eighteenth-century French furniture, and I saw him look around as if appraising it. Then he smiled unpleasantly.

"She has good taste," he said. "Good taste, but bad judgment. I daresay I can see him? After all, he was my father."

I asked no one's permission for that, and he had had about five minutes alone with Howard before he left. Judy took him to the door and left him there. It must have been five minutes of pure agony, knowing what we know now, but he came out quietly enough.

When he left I thought I saw Mary waiting in the hall, but she disappeared when she saw me. She was staying for the night, working late in order to attend to all the details, and I could still hear her at her desk when at last I went up to bed.

But I did not sleep. I had taken two cups of coffee, and my mind was racing like a mill stream. The news that Jim Blake had been with Howard, that, for all his pretended illness, he had driven his car the night before to New York, arriving stealthily after that long-distance call, had been a profound shock.

True, that might have been explicable. He was in great trouble. He might have felt the need of Howard, of some balanced judgment. But suppose that the shock of his story had destroyed Howard? Suppose he had died before Jim left?

Suppose the thud Judy had heard had been his body as it fell? Then why had Jim slipped away like a thief in the night? His own sister in a room beyond, with only her boudoir intervening, and he had not called her.

It seemed monstrous, inhuman.

Then, of course, Judy's suspicions played their part. We would probably never know the truth. Unless we told Katherine the whole story, she would never permit an examination of the body, and to tell her the story was to involve her own brother.

So I turned and re-turned. How long could this visit be kept under cover? Not long. The servants knew, and from the servants to Mary Martin was only a step. Then, when it was known, what? How would the police argue? That Jim had made a confession to Howard, and that the shock had killed him? Certainly they could argue that this secret visit of Jim's was not the act of a consciously honest man.

But what did any of them know, after all? That Howard had had a visitor, but not necessarily that visitor's identity. Or did Mary suspect who that visitor had been? Moving in her mysterious way among us all, never of us but among us, unfathomable, shrewd, unscrupulous when she chose to be, she had her own methods, her own purposes.

Suppose, then, that she made inquiries downstairs? Suppose she had talked to the night watchman, got a description of the visitor, was proposing to give that description to Wallie? And Wallie perhaps already suspicious, asking about a post-mortem, maybe about to demand one.

Still, she had broken the glass. Why should she do that? What picture had been in her mind? Did she suspect or did she know of something—a powder, perhaps—shaken into that glass beside the bed, and Howard drinking it? Sitting there, talking maybe, and drinking it.

Where was the glass now? She had broken it, but the pieces would be somewhere about. Suppose they were, and Wallie was suspicious? Suppose he had gone to the police that night, and early morning would find the trash can examined, and Jim's guilt proved beyond a doubt?

I thought that it would kill Katherine.

Outside it was raining, a heavy spring shower. I got out of bed and paced the floor in my bare feet, to the accompaniment of heavy thunder and the beating of the rain on neighboring roofs. Suppose I got those pieces of glass and disposed of them? Hid them and then carried them off? Dropped them in a river or out of the window of a railway carriage? Innocent or guilty, they would be gone.

Looking back, I know that I was not entirely normal that night, but I was on the verge of desperation. I was ready to pay any price for peace. It did not even seem to be important that Jim Blake might be a cold-blooded and deadly killer. What mattered was that it should not be known, that we be allowed to go back to our quiet lives once more, that no scandal break to involve us all.

(Continued on Page 91)

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KELLY

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, 1775 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 89)

So, thinking, or not thinking, I put on a dressing gown and went quietly down the stairs.

As I have said, the dining room, kitchen, pantries, and so on, are at the rear of a long hall. One passes from the dining room through a butler's pantry into the kitchen, and beyond the kitchen, opening from a rear hallway, is a small cement-floored room in which is the dumb-waiter by which refuse cans, and so on, are lowered to the basement, there to be collected. This room I knew well. During the day it was there that the boxes had been taken as the flowers were unwrapped, and when last I saw it that day, it had been waist deep in paper.

To this room, therefore, I went. Save the dumb-waiter, there is no access to it other than by the one door, and I felt my way along in the darkness, fearful of rousing the servants. But outside the door I stopped, almost paralyzed with amazement. Someone was in the room. There was the stealthy movement of paper, the sound of a lid being fitted cautiously onto a can.

It took all my courage to fling that door open, and for a moment, after the darkness, the blaze of light almost blinded me. Then I saw, sitting calmly on the floor, Mary Martin. She was looking at me with a half smile, and the light on her red hair was positively dazzling.

"Good heavens, how you scared me!" she said.

"What on earth are you doing here?"

"I couldn't sleep," she said, "and I got to worrying about a card. That bunch of orchids and lilies of the valley—the card's been thrown away."

She had emptied one of the trash cans onto a paper before her. Now she ran her fingers through the débris, the flotsam and jetsam of the day—a chipped cup, bits of string, old envelopes, even sweepings from the floors. And suddenly she picked something up and waved it before me.

"Here it is," she said. "Now I can sleep in peace."

I do not know why I felt that she was acting. Perhaps the open window had something to do with it; the rain driving in and blowing over her, and that assumption of hers that this was as it should be; that she liked sitting in that chaos and allowing the rain to wet one of those alluring negligees which she affected.

"Why don't you close that window?"

She drew her kimono about her and got up.

"I will," she said. "Not that I suppose it matters, here."

And then, at the window with her back to me, I saw her release her clutch on the kimono, so that it blew out into the room, and I saw her lower the window with one hand. I knew then that she had dropped something over the sill.

And I saw another thing. There were no bits of glass among the trash on that paper. If she had thrown them out, as I suspected, the rain would wash them clean of evidence. They were gone.

But lying in bed later on, I was bewildered beyond thought. Had this unfathomable girl lain awake as I had, reached the same conclusion, acted on the same impulse? Or was there something more sinister there, some knowledge I did not possess which she did? And once again I was back in my house at home, hearing that desperate weeping of hers.

"It's nothing. I was low in my mind. That's all."

I have rather a confused memory of the next two days. I recall that early the next morning I made an excursion into the courtyard of the building, but without much result. It was still raining, and although here and there I could see very small pieces of glass, there was nothing large enough to be worth salvage. Which was not surprising, considering that, if I was right, they had had a sheer drop of twelve stories.

Dick Carter appeared on Thursday. I did not know he had come until I saw him in the library with Judy. I happened to walk in on them, and I saw at once that things were not well between them. He was standing at a window, staring out, and Judy was huddled in a chair.

"I don't see what difference it makes," she was saying.

"Don't you? Well, I do."

Nevertheless, it was from Dick that I got the first intimation that someone besides myself was suspicious of Howard's death. Judy had disappeared, but the boy stayed around after she had gone, uncomfortable, but apparently determined.

"I suppose it's all right?" he said to me. "No chance of anything queer, eh?"

"What do you think?"

"I don't know. Suppose Blake told him something and the shock killed him; that's not murder. That is, supposing it was Blake."

"Good heavens! Do you think it was someone else?"

"Well, figure it out for yourself. Blake's sick, or he says he is. But he comes here in the middle of the night, driving his own car for ninety-odd miles, sees Mr. Somers and gets back, presumably, at daylight or thereabouts. That's some drive for a sick man. Then all this secrecy. Why? The police couldn't have stopped him if he'd wanted to take a train and come here. They've got nothing on him yet. All he had to do was to pack a bag and come. Or hire an ambulance! He's coming for the funeral, isn't he?"

I sat down. My knees were shaking. Dick looked at his watch.

"What time does the night watchman come on duty?"

"I haven't an idea."

"Well, he's the boy to see."

I made up my mind then to tell him about Mary and the glass, and I did so. He listened attentively, but when I told him she had actually found the card, and that I was not certain she had thrown anything from the window, he made rather light of it.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Now either we've got another crime or we haven't. In the first place, who would want to kill a man who had only a few months to live anyhow? But grant that. Grant that there was poison in the glass. Something quick, like cyanide. First we have to admit that Howard Somers, drinking a highball, is talking to someone he knows and trusts. He's not scared. He's drinking a highball. But you've got to go further; you've got to figure that Mary Martin knew he was going to be murdered, and how. Yet she warns Judy that he's not to be left alone at night. Only, did she do that?"

"I haven't an idea," I said dismally.

"I suppose there's no chance of a post-mortem?"

"Not unless we told Mrs. Somers; and not then. It's her brother who is involved."

Naturally, we said nothing to Judy of all this, and the day passed quietly enough, people coming and going, more flowers, and Mary keeping her neat entries and moving decorously about. Once I caught her eyes on me, a curious, speculative look in them, and I thought she was depressed all of that day.

Late in the afternoon she asked to be allowed to go home for the night, and I told her to go. She remained to dinner and left at nine o'clock, and at 9:15 Dick called me on the telephone.

"Listen," he said. "I'm at a drug store around the corner. I wanted to tell you; there may be something in what we discussed today."

"Yes?"

"The lady in question—do you get that?"

"Yes. All right."

"She's been interviewing the night watchman. Interesting, isn't it? Just thought I'd tell you, so you can keep an eye on things."

He hung up the receiver, and I was left to make of that what I could.

I remember that Alex Davin was there that night—Howard's attorney. He was settled comfortably in the library with a glass of old port at his elbow, and what with the port and probably an excellent dinner tucked away, he was unusually talkative. A fat man, Alex Davin, with small, sharp, black eyes set in a broad expanse of face.

"I suppose you know," he said, "that there will be a great deal of money. More, I fancy, than anyone realizes. Poor Howard was a secretive man."

"I suppose he left a will?"

"Yes. A very fair one, I think. He's taken care of the servants and certain charities, and there is provision, too, for Mrs. Somers' brother."

"And Wallie?" I asked.

He cleared his throat.

"He has already done a good bit for Wallie. Certain businesses which failed, and last summer certain notes to be paid. But there is a very fair arrangement—a trust fund with a substantial income. Not large. Substantial. Of course this is in confidence. I am one of the executors."

And I saw that this last pleased him; that it was a vote of confidence, as well as providing certain emoluments; that already he saw his name in the press everywhere; the size of the estate, the inheritance-tax royalty calculated. "Mr. Alexander Davin and the Guaranty Trust Company, executors."

"Howard was a money-maker," Mr. Davin said. "A lot of people are going to be surprised."

I was not listening very attentively. I was thinking of Mary and of that conversation with the night watchman, and after Alex Davin had taken his complacent departure, I wandered into Katherine's study and looked about me.

The desk was cleared. There was no sign of those small personal belongings which she was wont to keep by her. Nor were they in the drawers of the desk or any place else.

It came to me with a shock of surprise that Mary Martin had gone, and gone for good.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DRAWN BY P. WEBB

"His Name's Pierre—and They Say He's Very Healthy—From Being Out of Doors So Much, I Suppose"

Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking—Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

Gives Well-groomed Effect

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

A LITTLE while ago a famous physician in the city of Chicago—a man who had devoted more than twenty-five years to the care of babies—thought he saw the way to make the world more surely safe for them. He put the idea to the test in a practical experiment with more than a hundred babies, and proved his theory.

At about the same time another famous physician in the city of St. Louis set out to test a similar idea. With more than fifteen hundred babies in his care, he conducted a great experiment with marvelous results.

And in Philadelphia another physician conducted a similar experiment and accomplished the same results.

They Have Told the Story

Each of these physicians has told the story of his experience in the great medical journals of the country.*

Many more physicians everywhere are now following the lead of these pioneers, with always the same result—better, surer health and sturdier growth for babies.

What Did They Discover?

A very plain and simple fact—all great things are plain and simple after they are discovered. They demonstrated that a form of milk that is available everywhere has always these essentially important qualities:

1. *It is as safe as if there were no germ of disease in the world.*
2. *It is always uniform in its food content.*
3. *It is more easily digested than ordinary milk—so easily digested, indeed, as the experiments show—that the babies fed upon it thrived as well in all respects as babies who had the best of mother's milk.*

Lucky

THESE photographs of milk as it appears under the microscope show the relative sizes of the fat particles in mother's milk, unhomogenized cow's milk, and Pet Milk.

Photomicrographs by A. M. Obrecht, photomicrographer, Washington University Medical School. Dilution 10 cc water to 1 cc milk; Magnification 585 diameters.

Simple Facts, but Tremendously Important

These are plain and simple facts, but they are tremendously important. They give to every baby born into the world the *assurance* of safe health instead of the danger of discomfort and tragic illness. They make the way clear to safe, wholesome, normally nourishing food, where before it has so often been a vexing problem. They give a guaranty for babyhood and for childhood of more rugged health and more sturdy growth than children in other years could be sure of having.

The Discoveries that Make Old Things New

Pet Milk is the milk that is now proved to have these extraordinary virtues. It is not a new form of milk. It has been produced for more than forty years. But the full virtue of it has only recently been proved by scientific test and experiment. Now, by every test that science knows, it is extraordinary milk. The sure safety recommends it more strongly than ever before, since new dangers have been discovered from milk that is not known to be safe. And Home Economics experts have discovered that Pet Milk will help you to put in all your family's food the

Babies

Not *one of them* need die—
None need suffer illness—
None need have less than *perfect health and sturdy growth* through lack of *safe, healthful, wholesome food*

larger amount of milk which the new science of nutrition has discovered is necessary to the maintenance of better and more vigorous health.

A Unique Experience

When the public learned the extraordinary food value of the long-despised calf's liver, the cost of it increased two hundred per cent. But this extraordinary milk *does not* cost more than ordinary milk. On the contrary, it costs less. The tall can of Pet Milk, equal in food content to more than a quart of the milk you ordinarily buy, can be bought generally for ten cents—never more than eleven. That is almost as low as the cost of milk before the World War. You get it from your grocer.

We'll send you recipe books and leaflets that will show you the way to—

Give your family food that looks better—tastes better—*is* better—and costs less.

Soups—richer, creamier than any you've known before—without the use of butter.

Creamed Vegetables—with all the rich substance of vegetable and milk combined in new deliciousness. The double richness of the milk enables you to use the water in which the vegetables have been cooked—or the liquid from canned vegetables—and still have creamy flavored sauce that usually requires a lot of butter.

Meats and Fish—creamed, or prepared in many novel ways. You'll have to see and taste them to know how good they are.

Sauces and Desserts—made with whipped Pet Milk. They are superior in richness and in wholesomeness and are delicious at the same time. They cost less than one third as much as when made with whipping cream.

If there is a baby in your home

Even if you're nursing him, weaning time will come, and then you'll want to know that his bottles are prepared in the best and easiest way for him and for yourself. We will send you information about special equipment that will make the preparation of the bottles simple and easy and safe.

A Book You'll Want to Keep—

The book illustrated below is a *beautiful* book. But you'll more want to keep it because it will have helped you to start him on his journey with the sturdy growth and rugged health that make for life-long happiness. The book will tell you more than this page tells of why Pet Milk means safety and health for baby when he needs to have milk from a bottle.

When baby needs milk from a bottle

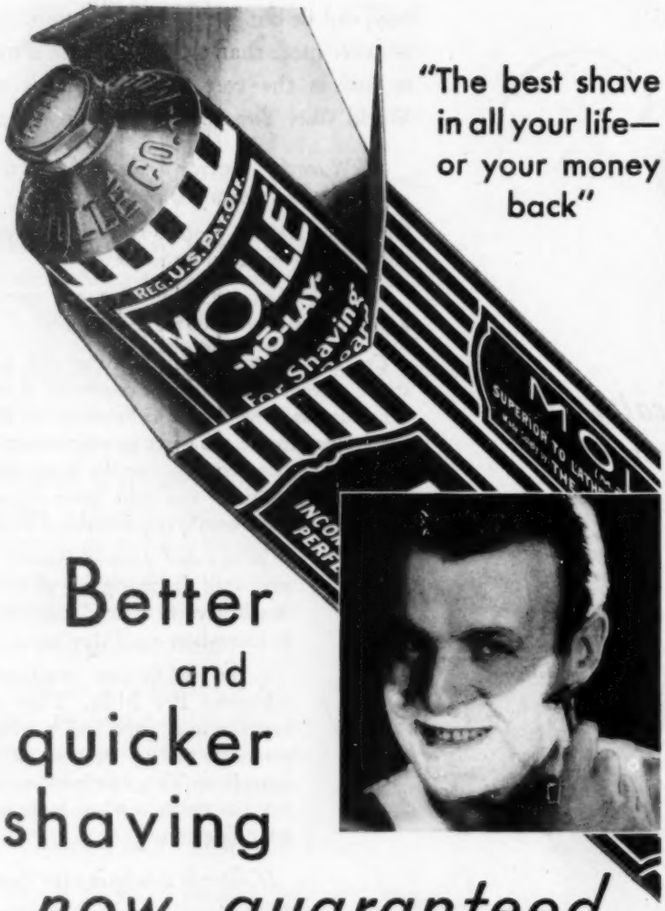
Check the coupon for any one or all of the three things we may do for you.

*Reprints of the articles sent free on request. Your physician will recognize the authors as eminent specialists.

PET MILK CO., 1421-B Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me the free material I have checked
☐ Recipe books and leaflets
☐ Information about special equipment for preparation of baby's bottles
☐ Baby book

Name _____

Address _____



"The best shave in all your life—or your money back"

Better and quicker shaving *now guaranteed*

Time is important. Men want quick shaves. That's now *guaranteed.* Shaving has been reduced from seven operations to *three.*

Easy and close shaving is likewise a modern requirement. This, too, is *guaranteed.*

Most important of all is a bettered condition of the face *after shaving.* This, too, we *guarantee.* And that stands—no matter how tough the beard or how tender the skin.

Our guaranty, though unusual, is utterly simple: Buy a tube of MOLLÉ (MO-LAY) no brush, no lather cream at any drug store. Use it one week. If satisfied, keep it; if not satisfied, return the remainder to us and we will refund your purchase price in full.

Just ask yourself how we could afford to make such an unqualified guaranty to 120 million people if results hadn't proved that we have something new and better.

Nearly 2,000,000 Users

MOLLÉ no brush, no lather cream was originally the private formula of a learned physician—a skin specialist. It has been publicly offered for only a comparatively short time. Yet its popularity is nation-wide. Each month, each week, each day adds new users. The number is already approaching the two million mark.

It is said that MOLLÉ excels old-type lather creams as far as the modern safety razor excels the old straight razor. It is this wide public approval that led the makers of MOLLÉ to put this binding money-back *guaranty* behind the product.

MOLLÉ contains absolutely no caustic. On the contrary, MOLLÉ soothes and heals—leaving the face so refreshed and relaxed that we never have found it necessary to manufacture or to recommend the use of an after-shaving lotion. Neither is steaming the face before or after shaving at all necessary.

Instead of the usual seven operations, there are but three—
1—wash the face thoroughly,
2—apply MOLLÉ with the finger tips,
3—then shave.

It's all over!

Those are strong statements, you say. True. They are. But remember, we definitely *guarantee* results. We pay if we are wrong. Try a tube of MOLLÉ (MO-LAY) no brush, no lather cream today. Try it on our money-back *guaranty.* Or, if you prefer, write us for free sample—enough for one week's shaving.

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, DEPT. 12, CLEVELAND, OHIO

FROM TRAP LINE TO FIFTH AVENUE

(Continued from Page 19)

one can beat the trapper. He may quote a price higher than the market price, and after the trapper has sent the furs, he may say that the market has slumped. The radio, however, can set a trapper right as to prices. Further, the trader may grade too severely, calling a skin Grade 3 which the trapper considers Grade 1. If the trapper demands the return of his merchandise, he may get back skins he never saw before. Another scheme is to pay a high price for the first shipment or two and, when the trapper is convinced of fair dealing, to cut prices. These deceptions are not frequent, now that competition is so keen for the catch of the trapper.

Many experienced trappers prefer to send their furs to some receiving house in a primary fur market. If you visited such houses in St. Louis or Seattle or Winnipeg, you would almost certainly lose sight of the fur as animal; would think of it merely as merchandise. Gone is every hint of the solitary wild, of sunshine, of silence.

But even more at auction sales does the raw skin seem merchandise to be chaffered over rather than fur that only a little while ago was alive and free in the keen air. Small sales go on all the time, except in summer, not only in the primary markets but in other cities, here and abroad. But the great auctions—a very important factor in the raw-fur trade—are held at stated periods in New York, St. Louis, Seattle, Tacoma, Vancouver, Edmonton, Montreal, Winnipeg, London, Leipsic—which handles the Soviet trade—Paris and Copenhagen. The fur auctions probably originated in London with the Hudson's Bay Company. New York, London and Montreal hold three a year—in the autumn, winter and spring. In New York there are four auction companies. In the United States, shippers can get advance money from the sales company up to 65 per cent, interest exacted and the furs held for security. The sales company charges 3 per cent commission. The furs are arranged in lots, numbered, catalogued and placed on view about ten days before the sale. The owner of a lot is at liberty to protect his property by setting a limit below which he will not sell. Prospective buyers examine the lots, or skin bundles, to decide what they will bid. Each bid that is raised means a definite amount for each skin. The rate may vary a bit in different markets, but in general the raise of a bid for a silver fox is from two to five dollars; for a red or white fox, lynx or marten, fifty cents; for mink or badger, twenty-five cents; for muskrats or ermine from two to five cents.

A Rabbit Well Disguised

Once the manufacturer has chosen his skins, he must have them dressed and dyed. Some dealers dress and dye skins on the chance of sale to the manufacturers, but as a rule the manufacturers buy their skins raw. The factor which has chiefly revolutionized the fur business in the United States has to do with dressing and dyeing. Before the war we were inferior to Great Britain and Germany in dressing and dyeing.

We dyed very few furs; no caracul or broadtail, nor fur seal, except in small quantities. Between 1914 and 1919, the dressing and dyeing industry in the United States expanded more than 600 per cent. Our fur dyers handle some 30,000,000 pelts a year, not counting rabbit skins, which must total at least 40,000,000. Further, fur dyers have to a great extent learned to use American-made dyes—another victory for American enterprise.

We are the equal of any country in ordinary dyeing, and in fancy dyeing we excel all others. Our dyeing of fur is on a par with our dyeing of textiles, and that is saying much, for it is far more hazardous. You can scarcely ruin silk in dyeing, because you can always make it black, but in dyeing fur there is always the danger of felting the hair or singeing it or burning the leather. In recent months bleaching has become part of the process. Certain furs will take one dye, others another; some cannot take light shades of dye without being bleached.

These dressers and dyers are just craftsmen and chemists, but they get the results of sorcerers. Coarse badger skin is now dressed so that it is as soft as chamois and its ugly color is changed to any lovely pastel shade. Martens, mink and sables are darkened. Wolves are made to appear like foxes. Red fox is dyed and pointed to look like silver fox. Off-color white foxes have the fur blended so as to look like natural blue foxes. Chinese goats are dyed to look like caracul. Rabbit skins are dyed to resemble leopard skins. Skins of common squirrels are treated to imitate gray squirrel, and gray squirrel is made to imitate sable and marten. Kolinsky, ugly in its natural color, can be made to resemble sable or baum marten. Souslik—the skin of a short-haired rodent—a cheap fur, once of little use, is now dyed to resemble muskrat, mink and even sable. Pahmi, a member of the weasel family from China, can be dyed to imitate beaver, nutria, fitch and similar furs. We even have Belgian hares dyed sky-blue pink or yellow, though beige or some other pastel shade is more popular. The results of the dyeing are magical, while the processes resemble those of the ancient craft guilds in that they are kept secret and mysterious.

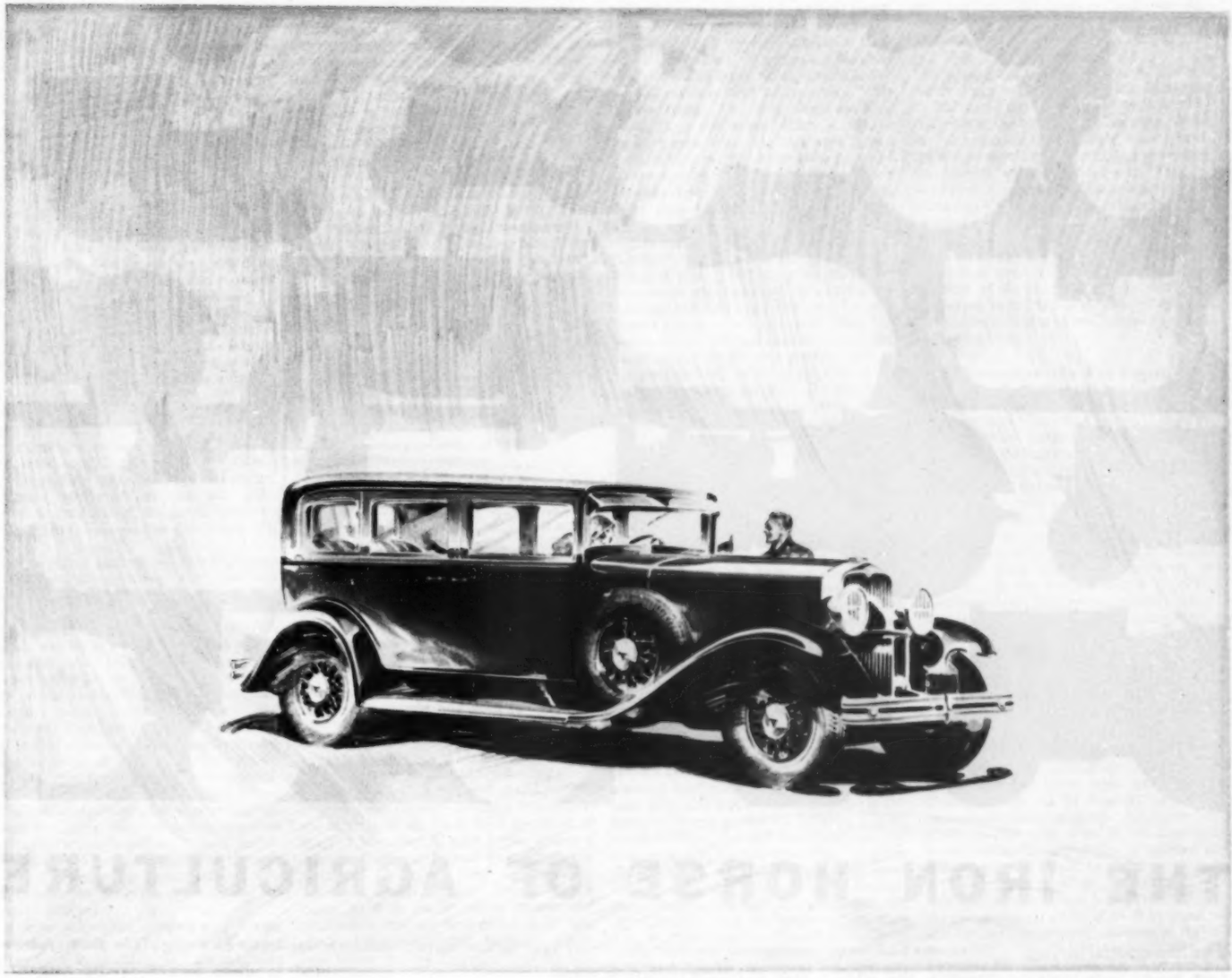
The Start of a Fur Coat

There are a few large concerns in whose establishments both dressing and dyeing are done, but usually the two are kept separate. There are not more than 160 such houses in the country. Because of the nature of the fur business, they must be limited, for an average plant can handle an enormous number of skins. Even so, there is a good deal of competition. It is this and not any cost of operation that troubles these firms. The costs of production in dressing and dyeing have gone up somewhat, but not in proportion to the costs of skins. If you visit a dressing factory, noisy, dusty, darkish, again you will forget that a fur-bearing animal ever lived in a white world breathing winelike sunlit air, or was ever anything but a bit of marketable raw skin. The process, however, is interesting. The skins come to a receiving room, each bearing its owner's seal, because the owner wants to be sure that it is his own skin that comes back, and not something inferior. Occasionally the skin comes back without any seal; the inference being that it has disappeared in the process of dressing or dyeing. The skin, sometimes after being scraped a bit, is put in water overnight. Then it is fleshed. Before long, wide, razor-sharp, upright knives sit expert fleshers, men of skill and strength, trained—perhaps like their fathers before them—for years to learn the manual trick of passing the skin over the knife so as to remove without injury just the right amount of epidermis.

Such men may earn $4000 or $5000 a year. Heavy skins, such as beaver, raccoon or leopard, are fleshed by a machine with a turned edge.

After fleshing, the skins are pickled; some in barrels and some by hand. Certain ones are wrung in wringing machines. They are brushed, hung up to dry, and then greased with special oil. Then, to work in the grease, the skins are put in a special tramping machine called a kicker, with two queer, futurist sort of legs that really do kick. An old man in one of the oldest fur-dressing

(Continued on Page 97)



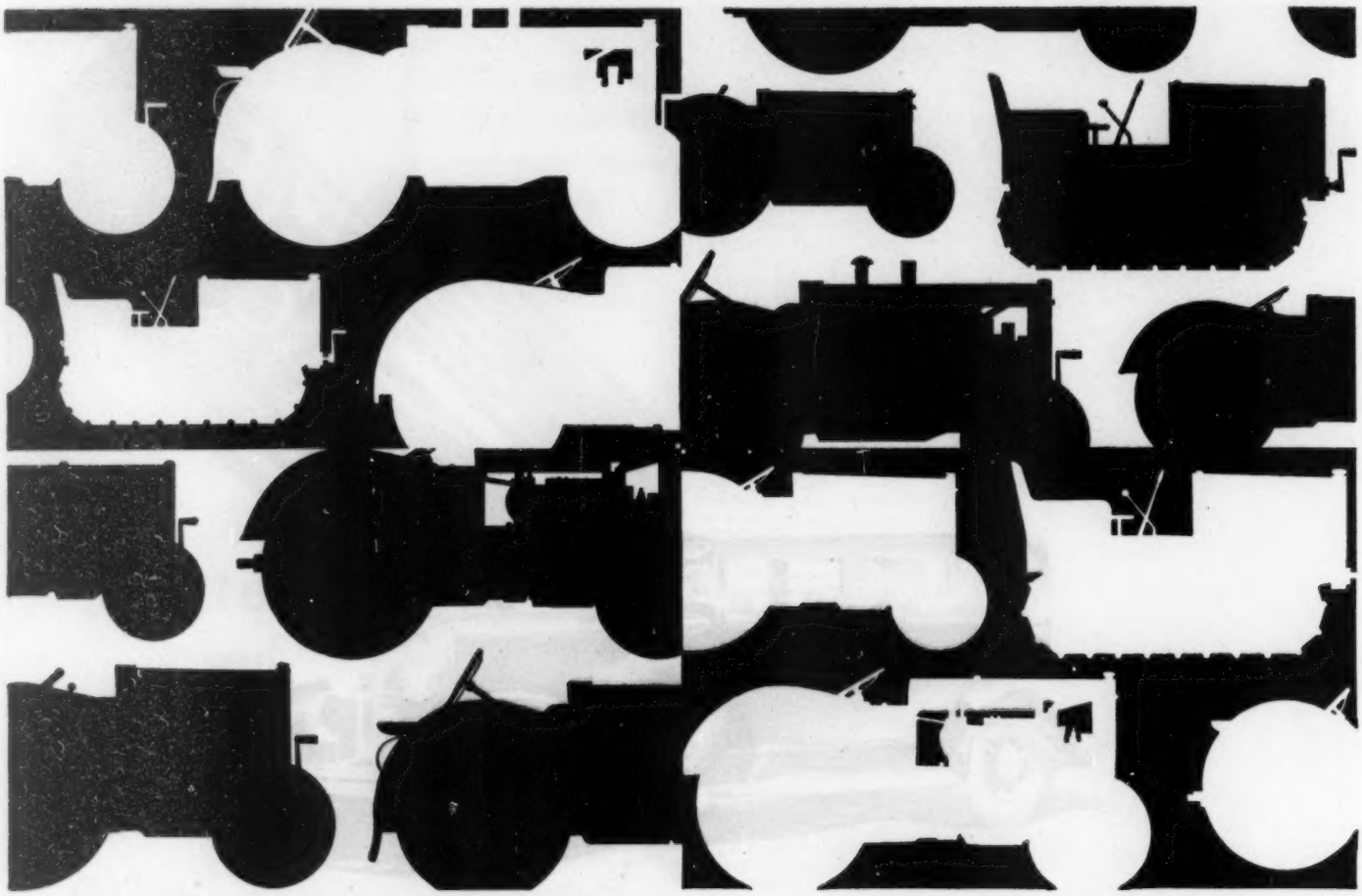
A FINE EIGHT

by a builder of Fine Cars

The application of fine car standards of construction to a low priced car has won a tremendous nationwide approval for Oldsmobile Six and has established it in the minds of motorists everywhere as "the fine car of low price." The same principles and the same ideals—the same progressive engineering and faithful manufacture—applied to an eight-cylinder car in the medium-price field produced the Viking. The Viking Eight is, in every sense, a fine car—embodying the recognized advantages of the 90-degree V-eight engine and incorporating new engineering advancements. It is generous in size. It has ample power to assure those extra performance advantages which lend true pleasure to motoring. It is at once distinguished and distinctive in appearance. It is luxurious in its comfort and its interior appointments. In every respect, the Viking is a fine car—an out-of-the-ordinary eight—an exceptional value. Care in the selection of your next motor car suggests that you investigate the Viking—that you test it with your own requirements in mind—and that you judge its value by your highest standards of what a motor car should be.

VIKING EIGHT

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



THE IRON HORSE OF AGRICULTURE

THE immemorial heritage of the farmer had been long hours, back-breaking drudgery, and small returns. Then, in 1830, McCormick invented the reaper. It opened the machine age in agriculture. Today, machinery plows, plants, cultivates and harvests the crop. In an increasing number of instances, you find this equipment drawn by a never-tiring tractor . . . the iron horse of agriculture!

The modern American farmer is receptive to any machine that will lower his cost of production per acre. He sees farming as a business, to be run on the same sound principles which the successful manufacturer employs. He has prospered accordingly. Every year he has more than 10 billion dollars to spend.

To the national advertiser who is directing part of his sales-effort to this immense and immediately profitable market, *The Farm Journal* offers an unduplicated group of 1,500,000 well-to-do prospects. The circulation of *The Farm Journal* covers the genuine agricultural areas, the farm homes that lie out from towns and cities, beyond the zones of influence of general magazines.

These 1,500,000 families are big potential users of nationally advertised products—particularly now, as they are adjusting their homes to modern standards of living. *The Farm Journal* is accepted in these homes as the magazine which expresses the national viewpoints and accomplishments of their business—agriculture. It is a magazine made for and sold to the prosperous farming class, strictly on the basis of the special interest of its content to those readers.

The Farm Journal understands and interprets the distinctive needs and problems of this tremendous class-market. From cover to cover, it has earned the abiding confidence of its readers. It is a national medium of proved advertising power. Geographically, it belongs on every balanced national list.

NATIONAL

THE Farm Journal

1,500,000 CIRCULATION

Washington Square, Philadelphia

Reaches all the prosperous rural sections of this country

(Continued from Page 94)

houses in Greater New York told me how, in the same firm, forty-odd years ago, he used to tramp skins with his bare feet in a tub, with a cloth round the top to keep in the heat he was generating. Then the skins are put in turning drums filled with maple sawdust, which cuts away the superfluous grease and gives the leather side a chamois finish.

The time a skin remains in a drum varies. A mink skin might take six hours, a squirrel skin an hour. Next they are put in a moving cage, so that the sawdust may drop out. After this, they are stretched, drummed again, beaten, and the matted fur combed with steel combs. No skin requires more than about four days for dressing.

In the dyeing establishment the skins are received, stamped with the owner's number, and taken to a vat with paddle wheels like a Mississippi River boat. After they are washed here, they are put in a dyeing vat for from four to seven days. On some skins, however, the dye is applied with a brush by hand. They are dried in the same sort of machine used in laundries, straightened, brushed with a special salty solution, hung on racks to dry, cleaned with sawdust in drums, stretched and finished. The process is unbeautiful, the smells acrid—a far cry from the pure odors of hemlock and spruce.

The thrilling part of the establishment is the laboratory, where the dyes are weighed and mixed. The men who count most are the chemist and the dyer. The chemist may earn $10,000 or even $20,000 a year, but he is not so important as the head dyer, who judges and watches the process and achieves the colors. There are only one or two such dyers in a firm, and they are usually partners. It is in the laboratory that the dyer and chemist examine the colors that the cloak-and-suit manufacturers are using for their trade. The dyer tries to match and make up samples to send to the manufacturers. Here are planned experiments that often enough result in failure, for furs are so sensitive that unfavorable treatment means defects in quality and appearance. But through failure has come the steady success that continues to broaden the quantity and variety of usable furs.

Rabbit skins take dressing and dyeing well, though they are handled by the bale rather than by the skin, and the processes are different from those employed by other skins, and cheaper. The rabbit is the *nouveau riche* of the industry, and the real furrier, who is at heart an artistocrat, secretly looks down on him. Yet without the plentiful supply of rabbits, comparatively few women could own fur coats and wear cloth coats lavishly fur trimmed.

Rabbit Skins for Baby Bunting

We import 100,000,000 rabbit skins a year, slightly less than half of which go to the fur trade, the balance going to the felt trade. At times when women choose to wear no hats except felt, the felt trade has to compete with the fur trade for rabbits that ordinarily would be avoided because of the high prices. Our imports are mainly wild rabbits from Australia and New Zealand, but a large percentage of hutch-bred rabbits come from France, Belgium and Germany. These are so carefully fed that the pelts are excellent and bring good prices. Not more than 2 per cent of all the rabbit skins used are raised in the United States, and that is because the cost is prohibitive unless meat, entrails and bones are disposed of as well as skins. Pelts of the abundant wild cottontail and of the wild hares commonly called jack rabbits are poor and thin in quality, and of practically no use to the furriers. Some colors bring better prices than others, but the important considerations are the quality and texture of the fur, and the care given to the pelt after it is skinned. In Belgium, Holland, France and Germany, the rabbits are looked on as food, and the pelts merely as a by-product. This country has not been educated to use rabbit meat. Los Angeles is the center of our rabbit-breeding industry, where a dozen different hutch-bred types are reared, as good as anything that is imported. More than 1,000,000 pounds of rabbit meat were sold in California last year. All the Western Coast is being persuaded, the United States Government is trying to encourage the use of rabbit meat, while some of the big canning houses are using it.

Rabbit—called "cony" in the trade—since it readily lends itself to dyeing, is used lavishly to imitate such skins as squirrel, seal, beaver, nutria, chinchilla, muskrat, ermine, leopard and various other furs. You can find sixty different names for it, from Arctic Seal to Visonette. Some of the most attractive are Baltic Tiger, Chinchillette, Coast Seal, Erminette, French Sable, Hudson Bay Seal, Kit Cony, Mendoza Beaver, Northern Seal, Russian Taupe Fox. These names are all right if you know what you are getting. The durability of rabbit depends on the quality of the skins and the care taken of them. This year are shown lovely coats in platinum or gray, called "lapin." Their real name is rabbit.

Seagoing Fur Dealers

Of the people that handle fur from animal to wearer, the woman who buys a fur scarf or coat usually concerns herself only with the retailer. There are critics who say that the high prices of fur are the fault of the dealers, while others blame the retailers; they will tell you that the two who get the most profit from their transaction are the trapper, who sells at once for cash at the market price, and the retailer, who may not sell at once, but who expects to sell for cash, and, if he can, makes his own market price. You should buy your fur coat, or your cloth coat trimmed with fur, or your fur scarf, from a dealer of impeccable reputation who guarantees his stock. It is possible to get the names of reputable houses by applying to the Chamber of Commerce, or your local Better Business Bureau, or the director of the National Association of the Fur Industry. If such a firm makes a mistake, you can depend on repairs or a refund. Coats of the finest workmanship are made in this country. Fur fashion is based on style tendencies in dresses and cloth coats, and our furriers watch changes closely, adapting foreign styles to American needs, so that we really have in style a tradition of our own. Sometimes Americans bringing in fine furs from overseas must hand them to an American furrier for remodeling. Any price advantage of buying in Europe is largely offset by a 40 per cent ad-valorem tariff. It cannot be dodged by wearing the garment overseas or by putting in old linings. Wise travelers buy their furs at home and register them, so that, on returning, there need be no trouble with the customs.

Reputable American retailers are trying to get fur garments and scarfs advertised for just what they are. Some of the approved rules are that, in describing a fur, in every case the correct name of the fur must be the last word of the description; and if any dye or blend is used, simulating another fur, the word "dyed" or "blended" must be inserted between the name, signifying the fur that is simulated and the true name of the fur—as "seal-dyed muskrat" and "mink-dyed marmot." All furs, shaded, blended, tipped, dyed or pointed, must be described as such—as "black-dyed fox" or "pointed fox." Where the name of any country or section is used, it shall be the actual country of the origin of the fur—as "American opossum." Where the name of a country or place is used to designate a color, that fact shall be indicated—as "Sitka-dyed fox." An effort is being made to see that registered trade-marks shall not be misinterpreted. The object in view is to inform the public as to what the fur really is.

If you do not buy from a reputable firm and are looking for a bargain, you must know fur; otherwise you may be taken in by peddlers with persuasive histories for their fur. A peddler may assure you that he is selling you a Persian-lamb coat worth $1500. But a reliable merchant will tell you that it is scarcely worth a quarter of that, because it is made from scraps cut from the head of Persian-lamb skins, and rejected when a first-class coat is being cut. This coat is a "cheap," but may please someone looking for a nice story. Then a peddler wearing a sailor's cap may try to sell you a Crown-sable scarf which has been smuggled into the country from London, that will turn out to be marten at the best, and at the worst, rabbit. Some months ago a couple of enterprising men put on jerseys bearing the name of a steamship line, with caps to match, and set out over this country and Canada with a stock of furs. Their story was that they were sailors who had been on a ship going to Russia and had been intrusted by some Russian nobles with furs to sell. They had a lot of cheap, old-fashioned fur coats, and the prices for which they passed them off depended entirely on the gullibility of the customers. One man paid $11,000 for a stock of furs worth less than $1000. When he displayed them proudly before a furrier friend, and then wilted under the truth, he just managed to gasp: "Don't tell my wife!"

It takes long study to tell one quality or grade of fur from another, because you can form an opinion only by comparison. You have to see a great deal of fur and train your eyes. You can detect dyed skins by looking at the color of the skin; in its natural state the skin is flesh-white, except Alaska seal, which has a golden tint, and Hudson seal, which is dyed muskrat. To determine whether a skin is well dyed, you need only stretch it gently; if it stretches softly and is pliable, it has been well dyed; but if it cracks, it has been hardened in the dyeing process or else it has been fleshed too closely. It is important to remember that dyed fur is less durable than natural fur, and that, in general, the finer and costlier the fur, the less durable it is. Between the wearing qualities of fisher or bear or raccoon skin, and dyed white fox, there is the same difference as there is between a good stout wedding ring and one of delicate filigree work with diamonds set high. If otter, the strongest, is given 100 per cent durability rating, other furs rank thus: Beaver, 90; chinchilla, 15; hare, 5; natural fox, 40; dyed fox, 25; lynx, 25; baum or pine marten, 60; dyed marten, 45; mink, 70; dyed mink, 35; mole, 7; muskrat, 45; dyed muskrat, 35; raccoon, 65; dyed raccoon, 50; sable, 60; dyed sable, 45; skunk, 70; tipped skunk, 50; hair seal, 80; dyed seal, 75; fur seal, 70; squirrel, 25; dyed squirrel, 20; cony, 20.

The Proper Care of a Fur Coat

Wisdom it is to depend on the reputation of the retailer, and then to question the sales person as if you were putting her through an examination, to demand guaranties, and, after buying, to take care of your fur. The causes of the deterioration of furs are friction, dirt, light, heat and moisture. Carrying parcels under the arm, hat-brim rubbing, jewelry rubbing, rubbing that comes from riding in automobiles, sitting on your coat in the theatre—all hurt the fur. Heat and light are unnatural for fur, and tend to singe or discolor it. Moisture is bad. If furs are wet they should be shaken, brushed softly—not combed—and hung, and allowed to dry slowly where there is a good circulation of air. There is a story of a girl who had a $15,000 chinchilla wrap which lasted her one evening. She wore it to the opera, stood in the rain a few moments while waiting for her car, threw it over the radiator and went to bed. When she woke, she had some shriveled leather with a few bunches of fur attached. Furs should be shaken hard now and then to free them from dust, cleaned once a year by a competent furrier and, when not in use, they should be put in cold storage, which not only protects them from moths but prevents change of color and the deterioration that results from the evaporation in high temperature of the oils on the skin and hair. If you store them yourself, get from the United States Department of Agriculture the bulletin called Cloth Moths and Their Control.

If dyeing has been the factor in the immediate past which has revolutionized the fur industry, the factor which will revolutionize it in the future is fur farming. Wild fur is becoming increasingly scarce, and there are pessimists who say that some day the country will be trapped out. That is not likely, since there will always be areas in the Far North where men cannot live, but animals can. Nevertheless, there are those who are reading the writing on the wall. Some of the largest companies buying furs admit that they are investigating the possibilities of fur farming, while outsiders interested in fur say that these companies already have tracts of land where they are experimenting.

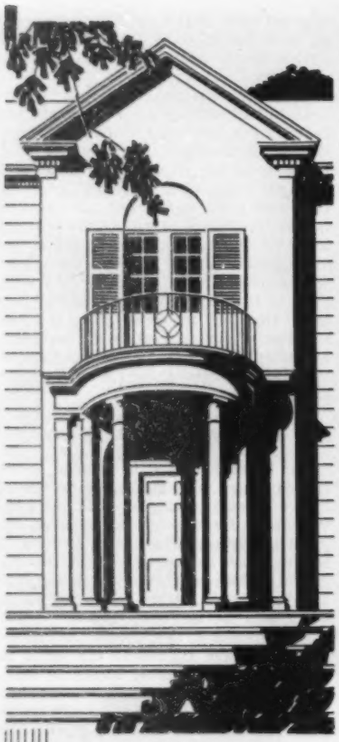
Harvest on the Fur Farms

Fur farming started in Canada about fifty years ago, when Sir Charles Dalton, of Prince Edward Island, began to breed silver foxes. He experimented through the years in housing and feeding, with excellent results. Once he sold a black-fox skin for $1945, while from his farm came the skin that brought the highest price ever paid at a fur sale for one skin—$2900. Other Canadians took up the business. At present there are more than 7000 fur farms in Canada. In the United States, in 1917, there were four; today there are more than 4500, and several of the fur farming enterprises are capitalized at over a million dollars. In Europe, four years ago, there were only one or two farms. Now there are more than 1000 in Norway; 300 in Sweden; 300 or 400 in Germany, where there is also a fur school. The industry is being established in Russia, Japan and China. Letters come to specialists from all over the world, even from Persia, asking for information. Some years ago there were only a few silver-fox pelts on the market, and they commanded amazing prices. Last year the silver-fox-skin crop from North America totaled about 100,000 pelts. It appears as if the market could not be glutted.

Fur farming offers an opportunity for men and women with a liking for animals, the perception to study them individually, and common sense about their food, water and health. Silver foxes especially have to be cared for like babies, for they are as timid and as susceptible to sickness. But whoever is in the business today, may have a chance of cashing in later on. For within fifty years, through control of supply, the control of the fur trade will probably pass into the hands of those who own great farming areas. A little farmer may grow to be one of these, or he may merge with them. At any rate, he will have a future—which is more than can be said for some of the fur merchants who are letting the command of the business slip through their fingers.

Anyone who wants to succeed in fur farming would better get employment on some ranch or farm before entering into business for himself. Too many people rush in ignorantly, deceived by the statements of promoters that the management is easy and the gains enormous. They find themselves with poor foundation stock and without knowledge of how to feed their creatures. No one need remain uninstructed. The Division of Fur Resources, Bureau of Biological Survey, has published a general pamphlet for beginners, and also special leaflets on foxes, martens, fishers, skunks, mink, otters, beavers, muskrats and rabbits.

It may be that in Canada it has been proved profitable to raise many or all of these animals; the facts are not available. But the governmental publications say that fishers and otters are disinclined to breed in captivity; that at the present market prices for skunks, more money must be spent for feed and labor than can be realized from the sale of the pelts; that in the case of mink, the cost of equipment, feed and



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Richmond, where gracious living is a fine art, beautifies and protects its hospitable homes with Berrycraft Finishes. Here the craftsmanship of W. R. Stansbury & Brother, decorators to the first families, has won enviable recognition. "We owe our success to careful workmanship and wise choice of materials," they write. "Our finest commissions invariably call for Berrycraft Finishes." Follow the example of experienced interior decorators and manufacturers when you refinish your home or anything in it. Renew floors and woodwork with Liquid Granite, the million-step-test varnish. For odd jobs, furniture or woodwork—use Berrycraft Quick-Drying Enamel. On cement or porch floors, Lionoil Floor Enamel—at the price of paint—produces a beautiful, lasting finish. Berrycraft House Paint, a revolutionary new finish, gives new life to old wood. Always specify these and other durable Berrycraft Finishes. It pays to insist.

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labor makes it a problem to raise them on a large enough scale to make the fur profitable. It is apparently not profitable to raise opossums for fur. It does not yet appear to be certain that raccoons can be produced economically in captivity. Raising beavers in pens is still in the experimental stage; beavers are not so prolific as other animals and it might be eight years before a small colony would make any return whatever. In other words, any money made from the animals mentioned above has come from selling them for breeding purposes. If they are not going to breed, then, in the end, someone will be holding the bag.

But it has been proved that raising foxes and muskrats is profitable. The ideal place to raise muskrats is not in pens in the back yard but around lakes and in swamps and marshes. It is no small job to find the perfect marsh with the right amount of water and the proper food. It must be fenced, not only to keep the rats from escaping but to be mink-and-weasel proof. Food will have to be planted. There may be danger from drowning or freezing. Dams, canals or spillways may have to be constructed. Constant care must be exercised. The same is true with the pen system or dry-land ranching, which can be handled on a plot of ground twelve feet square and partly shaded. Sanitation, penning, water, feeding, must be constantly looked after. The new investor should beware of buying muskrats under the unit plan of three at from $100 to $200 a unit, when trappers sell the same for three dollars apiece. He must find out what licenses and taxes are. In Illinois, for example, a fur breeder must pay a tax of ten cents on every pelt. This would not matter on a fox pelt, but it means something on a rat pelt which may sell for not more than a dollar. Muskrats, however, are prolific. They breed from three to five times a year, with a litter of from three to ten, and the young can begin to breed at the age of three months.

One reason for the great interest in fox farming is due to the great profits both from the sale of breeding stock and of pelts. Perhaps no other livestock undertaking pays larger returns, especially silver-fox production. Hardly 10 per cent of the specimens can be called really fine skins, but these may bring, in the raw state, from $800 to $1000, solely because they are precious and sought out by connoisseurs to whom price is no object. Specialists have told me that a fox farmer with an ideal location, expert knowledge of his business, and infinite patience may realize from 15 to 30 per cent on his capital. But again, figures are kittle cattle.

The ideal fox climate appears to be one which is certain of moisture, relatively cool in summer and moderately cold in winter. The United States Department of Agriculture has an experiment station at Saratoga. Wisconsin and Michigan are regions where the work has succeeded.

Well, it's a great American subject, this fur business, with all its variety of phase, its honesty and skullduggery and speculation. But for us especially who wear the fur, the secret of it all is beauty. We can forget the traders and dealers and the auction rooms. We can shut our eyes and see a white wide land under strong-scented hemlocks, and a lithe, dark body, speeding, close to the snow.

AWAY FROM IT ALL

(Continued from Page 9)

myself, "Here is a young man who is going to be a menace to the Silver Screen's Greatest Lover," and I can't say I blamed him much. After all, that was certainly a fine load of Grade A tripe this baby shoveled at him.

The next morning we got it. At ten o'clock the phone rang, and Hilary, all steamed up, said come to his room at once. He was walking up and down with a newspaper in his hand.

"Look here," Hilary asked me without even saying good morning, "is this friend of yours—this newspaper fellow—is he crazy?"

"Well," I admitted, "the jury is still out on that."

"Just look at this," he said, shoving the La Bella Spy at me, "and tell me if he's crazy or not!"

It made me nervous to take that paper, because all my life I've been seeing reporters come out of interviews with phonies absolutely weeping because they didn't own a paper to run the story the way it ought to be run—and here was Fuzzy, a very poisonous boy, all set with one of the world's juiciest interviews and his own personal sheet!

And was I right! The lead story was bad enough, with a two-column feature head in the middle of the front page, and that head will give you a rough idea of what went under it:

TO HELL WITH MOVIES, SAYS GREAT LOVER MAXWELL; LONGS FOR LIGHTHOUSE HERMIT'S LIFE

But what was worse, what really thrust the old dagger in clean up to the hilt and twisted, was a two-column box over the story that, believe me or not, was this:

THE SPY'S HILARY MAXWELL LIGHTHOUSE FUND

Completely in sympathy with Mr. Hilary Maxwell's longing to retire to a lighthouse, "away from it all," as stated exclusively to The Spy in an interview today, The Spy inaugurates a campaign to raise a fund for the distinguished cinema star. Contributions are invited from those who believe that the artist's impressive accomplishments entitle him to a well-earned rest and a welcome obscurity, with naught but gulls for company.

The Spy	$5.00
From the staff of The Spy	.85
Anonymous	.60
In memory of Edwin Booth	.42
"Five Jolly Pals"	.05
"Ten Jolly Pals"	.05
Total	$6.97

WILL YOU GIVE?

I handed the paper back to him and sat down. Was this a spot? I could have kicked that big chump standing there reading the story again. I could have kicked him right square in the seat of the pants, and loved it.

"This fellow," he said, "he's got me wrong. I don't want any lighthouse. What would I do with a lighthouse? If I said anything at all about a lighthouse, which I doubt, I just said it in a kind of way of speaking, the way people always do in interviews."

"Listen, old man," I said, "you said you wanted a lighthouse, because I heard you. Don't pull that old gag of calling the reporter a liar because you said something you shouldn't." I was sore. "You said you wanted a lighthouse, but you ain't going to get one. What I mean, this is a rib, you understand? This guy's ribbing you up, see?"

"Well," he said cheerfully, "that's better, if he isn't going to force a lighthouse on me. But if he doesn't intend getting me a lighthouse, why does he publish a thing like that?"

"That's what I'm telling you. It's a rib, a gag. He's giving you the bird. Don't you understand?"

His eyes opened wide and stared like I'd shot off a firecracker.

"You mean it's a joke? You mean he is trying to make a joke out of what I said?"

"That's it," I said.

I don't think he believed it for a minute. He just kept staring at me, and then his face got red.

"Well," he said, "there's nobody can say I haven't got a sense of humor, and nobody enjoys a joke more than I do, even when it's on myself. But this strikes me as being in very bad taste—very bad taste indeed. This man will have to be fired at once. I want you to go to the publisher and tell him that I demand he discharge the man immediately. Tell him Hilary Maxwell demands it."

There wasn't any percentage in arguing with him then, so I called The Spy and got Fuzzy on the wire.

"Look," I said; "that's a great stunt you've pulled. You are certainly a fine pal and playmate. Here I bring a great movie star to this ratty little town of yours and what do you do ——"

"Why, Augustus!" he interrupted. "I can't understand you! I thought I was doing you a favor. That great big nasturtium of yours told me very clearly that it was a lighthouse he wanted, and when I start getting him one, what are my thanks?"

"Listen, Fuzzy," I said; "you're a great kidder and all that. You pulled a fast one this morning, but ——"

"I can't, I really can't understand you, Augustus," he went on in a kind of silly falsetto. "I have always admired Mr. Crackwell, or whatever his name is. He has always been my dream prince. Many, many times during my journalistic career I have heard great geniuses of the stage and screen say they wanted to get away from it all, and I have always regretted my inability to assist them ——"

"Let me talk to him," Hilary muttered into my ear. "I'll tell him!"

"Just a minute!"

"And just think," the idiot went on squeaking, "when finally the opportunity comes, like a miracle, it should be for that dear Mr. Crackwell, or whatever his name is. And now he does not appreciate my humble efforts—boo-hoo!"

"Take it," I said, slapping the receiver into Hilary's hand. "Take it and get a load of this!"

"Gimme!" He pushed me out of the chair at the telephone table. "Hello, hello! You know who this is talking? . . . No, no, not Crackwell. It's Maxwell—Hilary Maxwell. Understand? . . . What? . . . M-a-x-w-e-double l—Maxwell—Hilary Maxwell. . . . Listen; haven't you ever heard of Hilary Maxwell, the actor? . . . Yes, actor. . . . No, not Turpin; Maxwell. . . . Yes, that's it—Hilary Maxwell. . . . Listen to me, Moran, that was —— Hello, hello!" He rattled the hook. "Hello, operator! That party—oh, yeh?" He put the receiver back on the hook slowly.

"Well?" I said.

"He hung up," he said, puzzled; "and just as I'd got him to understand who it was talking!"

"Look, kid," I said as calmly as I could, "if you'd try calling this guy by his right name once ——"

"I called him by his right name! He said his name was Moran ——"

"His name," I said, "is Horan—but let it go."

I won't try to kid you about it, I was upset. You know how a story like that gets eaten up everywhere. The A. P. got it, of course, and the U. P. and the I. N. S. These babies on the desk, you know the way they generally feel about one of these great lover heroes; that day it was just like Santa Claus had come. I knew how it would be, all over the country—and it was.

I went back to my room and put in an afternoon of deep thought. Around noon this guy Gainesborough called up and wanted to know what was all this, and I told him it was just publicity. He said it looked like the wrong kind of publicity, because it seemed to give a very definite impression that their star was a little half-witted, and I said that yes it did, but that I had an ace up my sleeve, and he said, well then play it, and I said I would. Around four o'clock I got what I thought might be an out on the thing, and I ran up to Hilary's room to set him. He had on his coat and hat when I went in.

(Continued on Page 101)

With TALONS

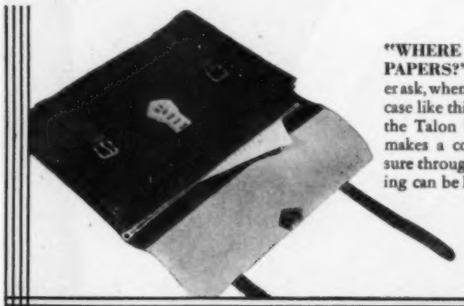
It's fun to fasten play suits and a world of other things, too!

NO more fumbling with buttons, snaps or buckles! One pull of the tab and a Talon Slide Fastener swishes open and closed—smoothly and securely.

Clothes slip on and off more quickly. Hand luggage is made lighter—more secure. Hundreds of other articles take on a smart, trim, well-tailored appearance.

Talon Slide Fasteners are flexible as a cord. They leave no gaping edges. They won't pull apart. They're rust-proof. And laundering actually *improves* them.

Most slide fasteners you see on merchandise today are genuine Talons. Of course, any leader has to suffer from imitations. But TALON, HOOKLESS on the pull-tab is your assurance it's *a trouble-free* Slide Fastener...one that actually *improves* with use!



"WHERE ARE THOSE PAPERS?" You will never ask, when you've a briefcase like this! One pull of the Talon Slide Fastener makes a continuous closure through which nothing can be lost.

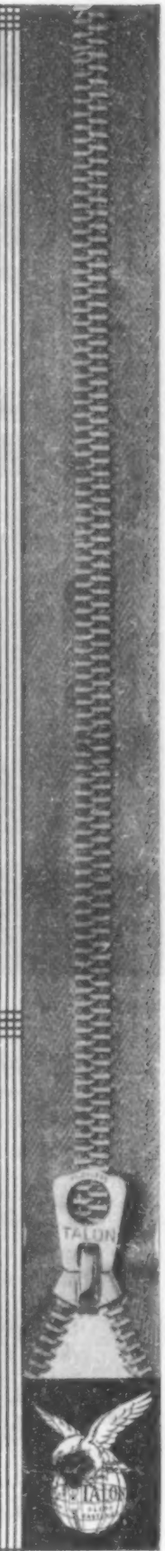
FASTENED IN SNUG for cold weather play! Just the thing for active youngsters, in and out of the house—a dozen times a day! (What a blessing for mothers too!) Gone is all the irksome struggle with buttoning and unbuttoning. Talon Slide Fasteners are rust-proof, jam-proof, and laundry-proof.

TAILORED TO A "T." See how trim they look—how close they hug the ankle-line. They never rust—never jam if TALON is on the tab.

BLOW, BLOW, WINTER WIND. You'll be warmer in this lumberjack and just a little more dapper: Talons always lend a smart, well-groomed effect.

YOU CAN REALLY "CLEAN" cushions when you can remove the cover. One swish of the Talon tab and this cover is ready for cleaning or airing.

ADMIRED IN ANY PULLMAN. This traveling kit is trim, it's convenient, it's light, and it's simply, snugly fastened by a Talon Slide Fastener.



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

If you live in the United States, we will send you for 25c, a 32-page catalog, profusely illustrating hundreds of Talon-fastened articles, and a 9-inch length Talon Slide Fastener on white tape.

TO MANUFACTURERS: Talon Slide Fasteners can restyle your merchandise, increase your sales and profits. Write for samples and complete details.

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Enclosed is 25c for your 32-page fully illustrated Talon catalog and a 9-inch Talon Slide Fastener on white tape.

Name _____

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City _____ *State* _____

(This offer can apply only to residents of the United States)

Old Briar TOBACCO

now 15¢ in the new convenient size

No man ever smoked a *better* tobacco

See Paragraph 4

IF you have never smoked **Old Briar**, we ask you to suspend judgment until you have actually smoked your *first* pouch of this remarkable blend in your own pipe.

We know that **Old Briar** is a *new* kind of blend —a different kind of pipe smoke. *We* know that no man has ever smoked a better tobacco—at any price.

But the man who has never smoked **Old Briar** *doesn't* know it.

[4] We ask you to try **Old Briar** at our risk—Smoke it right down to the end—Then—if you don't believe that **Old Briar** is about the finest pipe tobacco you have ever smoked, send us the empty pouch and we'll return your money.

The *New* Convenient Pocket Pouch of **Old Briar** costs only 15 cents—at your tobacco dealer's. The price is one of the amazing things about **Old Briar**. Wait until you've "had a go" at it.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Old Briar is not an adaptation of any brand or blend. It's the result of thousands of tests made by tobacco manufacturing experts during the past five years. It is basically and radically original and individual.

OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS, PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

(Continued from Page 98)

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I can't wait a minute. I've got an important date. I've got to ——"

I burned up. "Is this date," I said, "with Miss Shanley?"

"What is it to you?"

"Listen, kid," I said; "she told me—and she's a sweet little girl who believes it—that you and her are engaged to be married. Ordinarily that's pretty important, even for an actor. At the moment it don't mean a thing unless you're on the level. So make up your mind. Can this date and pay some attention to this little spot you're in, or keep it and have this engagement announced tomorrow morning in the papers."

Boy, it didn't work at all. He didn't stop to listen to me; he never asked me anything; he just walked out, leaving me to call my own bluff on that engagement announcement and see where it got me—and all of a sudden I felt sorrier than ever for the poor kid, listening to a big heel like Hilary.

If you'd seen Janet Shanley you'd know what I mean. She wasn't anything but a kid, and had gone nuts over a movie ham. In what seemed to me like a lot of troubles I had of my own, I began to think about hers. I went to sleep thinking about them.

It was the next morning, though, that my troubles really started, and if you'd been in this country at the time, you'd have known it. I was in a right sizable story, for the next morning Fuzzy, the scum, had a follow-up, and I began to get an idea of what we were up against. What I mean, it was a beaut, that story was; like one of these neediest-couple Christmas-fund stories, only it was that solemn, dead-pan stuff about a lighthouse, and the pay-off was another box, like this:

THE SPY'S HILARY MAXWELL LIGHTHOUSE FUND

The Spy's campaign to raise funds for the purchase of a lighthouse for Hilary Maxwell, the cinema star, for a refuge from the hustle-bustle of the world, with naught but gulls for company, has met with signal success, with new contributions as follow:

Previously acknowledged	$6.97
Well-wisher	.12
Just a Mother	5.00
Just a Father	.08
Just a Nephew	.19
Just a Pal	.10
Paper-Hangers' Union	.20
Total	$12.66

WILL YOU GIVE?

I read it lying in bed, and I shut my eyes and I could just see that nice little modest story creeping onto the front page of every sheet in the country: Actor's Dramatic Yearning for Lighthouse Solitude Finds Droll Response From Waggish Editor. I could see it so real that I shuddered.

Then the phone began ringing and it seemed nearly everybody in Hollywood wanted to bawl me out, as though I was responsible for the mumblings of their unbalanced thespian! Directors and supervisors and general managers, and finally Gainesborough again.

"Listen," I said; "why don't you call this big bologny and tell him all this yourself? The way it is, he's limp over a girl here and that's just about all he's conscious of."

"We been trying to get him all morning," Moe shouted. "Your operator says he's give word for all calls to him to be put on your wire. He won't answer phone calls and he won't answer telegrams."

"All right," I gave in, "but lay off me a while. I ain't any magician, or yet a warden of a lunatic asylum, although it's beginning to look like that's what you hired me for."

As soon as my strength returned to me, I dressed and went down to exchange remarks with my burden. He'd got the paper, too, and was reading it with a puzzled look on his pan.

"Look here, Fish," he said, "that fellow's printing that thing about a lighthouse again."

"What was that?" I said. I wasn't sure I heard right. "What was that you called me?"

"Called you?" He looked at me like he didn't understand. "I called you Fish. Isn't your name Fish? Didn't you tell me your name was Fish?"

At that moment a tiny little beam of light began to filter through my dome. I got the beginnings of a faint but distinct notion that I wasn't going to like this guy much longer. Our friendship, if I may call it such, started to curdle then and there.

"No," I said gently, "not Fish—Roe—Gus Roe. Just plain old honest Gus Roe, and no Fish about it."

"That's right!" he said. "Now look here. This fellow printing this stuff again about me going to a lighthouse, that kind of thing is going to make me look bad, don't you think?"

"Yes," I said, "it is. It's beginning to make you look bad even to me."

"It's liable to make me look ridiculous," he said. "We'll have to make him stop it at once. Call him right up and tell him I say stop it—stop it at once."

"Let's not go into that again," I said. "What you got to understand is that this fellow's carrying the ball and we ain't anywhere near him. He's got a clear field and we're sunk—you and me. There's only one thing for us to do, and that is just pick up our marbles, ease back to Hollywood, and check the whole matter up to overhead. Without us here, the joke won't be so much fun to Mr. Horan; it'll begin to fold up as soon as we lam. So pack up and let's blow."

"What?" he said. "And pass up this dame?"

"Are you referring to your fiancée?"

"Don't be a chump," he said. "This baby's nuts about me. Two more days and I'll have her feeding out of my hand. If you think I'm going to pass that up and be run out of town by a fifty-dollar-a-week newspaper tramp, you're crazy, that's all."

"Very well," I said, "I've told you ——"

The phone rang.

"I'll answer it," I said. "I told the girl to switch my calls here."

It was Fuzzy.

"Oh, Mr. Roe!" he said in that lizzy voice he was putting on for my benefit. "And how is that dear Mr. Crackwell, or whatever his name is, this morning? He is such a dear, dear man, Mr. Crackwell is ——"

"Stop trying to be comic," I said. "I'm not laughing. What I want to know, when are you going to haul down the curtain——"

"Oh, Mr. Roe!" he squeaked. "You do use the most quaint language, you great big nasturtium you! I just wanted to tell you and that dear Mr. Crackwell, or whatever his name is, that one of my district men, a very charming young fellow, and most valuable to the paper, has actually located a lighthouse that our little fund can get for five hundred smackers ——"

"Listen, Fuzzy," I said; "is this on the level?"

"A dear, dear little lighthouse! It was abandoned by the Government five years ago. Just the place for that darling Mr. Crackwell to think things out! And do tell him, Mr. Roe, you lovely jonquil, that we have investigated and there are naught but gulls for company there."

"Fuzzy," I said, "play straight for just a minute, will you? Are you actually going to print that?"

"Tomorrow morning," he replied briefly, in his own voice. "Tomorrow morning in the La Bella Spy exclusively, on sale at all news stands. Good morning, my boy."

He hung up.

"What did he say?" Hilary asked.

"Oh, he just sent you his love," I answered.

"His love!" That old puzzlement came back on him. "What a strange fellow!"

Well, I made one more honest effort to clear up the mess. I got on the phone and called all the Shanleys in La Bella until I turned up the girl. Then I made a date with her. I explained it was all business and very important about Hilary, and so we met for tea.

"For what?" I interrupted.

"For tea," Roe said belligerently.

"Yeh?"

"Yeh! And what of it?"

"Oh, nothing. Pray continue, Augustus!"

I took her—he went on after a minute—to one of these lady barrooms where they specialize in big tubs of mayonnaise and nut salads, and she was such a nice little girl I bought her a bag of candy and a tall glass of chocolate malted mush, and under the influence of these unnerving viands she loosened up and talked. In fact, if you don't mind my using the word, she prattled.

"No," she said, "Hilary doesn't think it best to announce our engagement just yet, for business reasons. Just as soon as some deals are settled, he's going to have it printed in big letters in all the papers in the country."

"What are these deals?" I said. "He started to tell me about them once, but I didn't have time to listen."

"Well, you knew he was leaving Imperial, of course, and start his own company. Hilary says Imperial is just using him for a cat's-paw, and they are only paying him ten thousand dollars a week ——"

"What?"

"That's all. Besides, Hilary says the bungalow Imperial built for him on the lot isn't as big as he is entitled to and that is virtually a slap in the face; and another thing, he is not getting the right kind of stories. He says just as soon as things clear up he is going to make Imperial make me his leading lady and star me equal with him. He says he thinks we will make the greatest lead team in the world and people will forget Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. Hilary says he thinks Doug and Mary are overrated."

"Yeh? And how does he feel about Niagara Falls?"

"He never said. He says when we get our own company we will make Hamlet, because Hamlet has never been made right, Hilary says, and I am going to be Juliet in it."

"You mean Ophelia?"

"No, I mean Juliet. Hilary says he doesn't see any reason why Juliet could not be got into Hamlet, because it's all about the same period, same costumes anyway, and a smart fellow could fix it up so it would be something entirely new in the way of Shakspere."

"Listen, girlie," I said, "what would you say if I told you Hilary was a big sap and a phony?"

"I'd say you were a mighty poor uncle," she said.

"Uncle?"

"Aren't you his uncle? You said so."

"Listen," I said; "that was a joke. And not a very good one, I guess. I'm his press agent, Gus Roe, and I'd like to ask you to do something for Hilary that's very important."

Then I gave her the works. I told her the whole case, without sparing Hilary. I showed her the spot he was in, and told her what was keeping him there. I didn't let that kid go for two hours, and during that time I talked like a Dutch uncle, and my only point was that she should give him the chill, send him back to Hollywood until this little unpleasantness blew over, and then, if she wasn't cured by then, make up with him if she wanted to.

I honestly don't know how far I got with her. She wasn't a dumb kid, just a little dizzy at the moment, and with the case I put up, you could have got indictments against the entire United States Senate. But she took it all like a soldier and only let one little doubt drop.

"You do make him look a little—a little silly," she admitted.

"Then will you give him the air?"

"No," she said thoughtfully, "I won't do that. He'll have to do it himself. I'm sorry, I can't do it."

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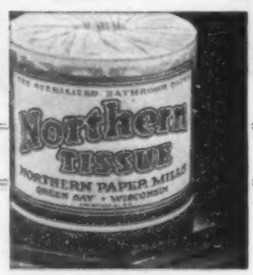

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247

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"Very well," I said, "that settles that. All I ask now is, just keep an eye on this lad of yours, for your own good. You're a nice kid and I want to maybe save you from something. Just keep an eye on him and draw your own conclusions. That's all."

Fuzzy printed his discovery of the lighthouse, as promised, and the way he described it you'd thought he was writing about a little cozy corner somewhere—so comfy, so far away from everything, so full of gulls—but Hilary, when I dropped in to feel his pulse, seemed to be getting for the first time what he was headed for.

"Look here," he said, very much exercised, "this thing is beginning to look serious. I mean to say, this man says he's actually got a lighthouse. He seems determined to force it on me, and I don't—I actually don't want a lighthouse."

"You still set on staying here?" I asked him.

"Yes, but ——" he started to hedge.

"Very well," I snapped, giving him no chance for argument. "Then you've got to put yourself entirely in my hands."

"All right," he said, "but no lighthouses."

"I'll handle this Horan bird," I said. "I'll handle him by the jiujitsu method. You ever hear of jiujitsu?"

"You mean one of those Jewish restaurants where you get kosher food?"

"Never mind," I said. "I see that I'm only confusing you. What I want you to do, I want you to get Horan on the phone, talk to him very nicely, and tell him you appreciate his efforts and that you look forward to the day when the lighthouse is truly yours and you can retire to it—and be very sweet about it."

"Why, I wouldn't dream ——"

"Don't argue," I said. "Go ahead. I've got a great idea and somebody's going to get tumbled over completely before we're through. Just trust me, kid."

He looked at me doubtfully for a minute and then took up the phone. He got Fuzzy on the wire, and that eminent comedian went immediately into his act, but it didn't faze Hilary for a second. He edged right into it with as smooth a line of tall talk as you'd ever care to hear, about how he was closing out his affairs in anticipation of his lighthouse retirement, and how he'd always be under obligations to Fuzzy for this opportunity to get away from everything; and when finally he hung up and turned to me there was a look of awe on his face.

"Knocked him right over!" he said. "At the end he was fairly jittering!"

"You see?" I said.

I did have to laugh when I thought of poor old Fuzzy down there trying to figure that one out.

"And now," Hilary said briskly, "I got to get along and see my little hotsy-tot. Wish me luck, old boy! Because," he sang cheerfully, "I've a feeling she's falling!"

Then he breezed out. He breezed out, and he didn't know how lucky he was to get out without having a belt hung on his jaw. Somehow I just didn't seem to be able to muster up any admiration for that young man.

Oh, well!

The end came the next day, and I hope I never see another day like that one. And I'll bet that goes for Hilary too. What I mean, it opened with something that nearly put me on the ropes. Something I never looked for at all.

The Spy that morning carried not only the story that one of its bright young men had dug up, of all things, a lighthouse, but also the happy word that the fund of five hundred dollars necessary for the tower had been subscribed *in toto*, the deficiency of four hundred and sixty-nine dollars and eighteen cents left after all the clowns of the town had dropped in their pennies having been received by the paper in the shape of a check from a law firm claiming to act upon instructions of a client who wished to remain anonymous.

Frankly, I didn't believe it. A few cents contributed here and there for the improvement of a gag is all very well, but four hundred and sixty-nine dollars and eighteen cents is important money in any language. People don't pay that much for a laugh, especially when looking at the human race is free and just as effective. But I didn't get any time to brood over this problem because the phone rang early, and who should be on the wire but our local journalistic zany!

"Oh, Mr. Roe," he squealed, "our dear, dear campaign has been successful, and now that darling Mr. Crackwell has his cutesy-wutesy lighthouse! Have you seen this morning's public prints, Mr. Roe, you old peachy you!"

"I've seen that lousy rag of yours, Horan," I said with dignity, "and if you'll ditch that burlesque-house humor for a minute I'll be glad to inform you that Mr. Maxwell has also seen it, that he is unreservedly happy at the outcome of your tireless efforts, and that he would be pleased to take possession at the earliest opportunity, preferably so he could spend tonight in it. I trust that this meets with your wishes in the matter, you rat!"

For a full minute there was silence on that phone. I could just see that egg reeling groggily around the office trying to straighten out of this tail spin.

"Yes?" he said then, rather faintly.

"You heard me," I said. "So what?"

"Yes," he said, "I heard you."

"And where did you steal that money?" I asked. "From an orphans' home?"

"Listen, Roe," he said, and I saw he'd steadied himself, "there's a half a dozen men here from out-of-town papers—Los Angeles and Frisco. I've notified them that at 2:30 this afternoon comes the fireworks, in this office. Your Mr. Crackwell is hereby formally invited to appear at this office at that hour and be presented with a deed to the lighthouse, after which we all plan to drive him out to his new home for a housewarming party; and if I'm any judge of lighthouses, there is nothing he'll want for this lighthouse more than a little warmth."

"Mr. Maxwell will be there promptly," I replied. "Mr. Maxwell appreciates your efforts in his behalf and nothing on earth could persuade him to forgo the pleasure of thanking you personally."

"Yeh?"

"You heard me," I said.

A long silence again; then: "All right, Gus. I guess that's all."

"Good day, Mr. Horan," I said.

I waited long enough to get La Shanley on the phone and give her a fairly complete résumé of the situation, with an invitation to be present at The Spy office at 2:30 as my guest, and then I dashed gayly down to fortify my charge for the day's events.

Unreservedly happy would seem to have been a bit of an exaggeration in describing our Mr. Maxwell's state of mind; as a matter of fact, he was in what has been referred to at times as a high sweat. He'd been deciphering young Horan's excuse for a newspaper, and was apparently completely at a loss to see how he'd ever be able to emerge from the situation without his shirt tail being pulled out.

"Look, Fish," he said.

"Roe," I said.

"Look, Roe," he corrected himself; "what are we going to do now? This thing is beginning to make me look ridiculous to people. And you're responsible."

"For the moment," I said, "we'll allow that faux pas to pass. Do you want to blow?" I asked. "You want to beat it?"

He looked at me thoughtfully. "I wonder if I could get her to go back to Hollywood with me," he said. "If I could do that ——"

"All right," I said, "you've had your chance. Whatever turns up, remember that—that you had your chance. And from now on, if you want to turn the tables on this guy, you do what I say—understand?"

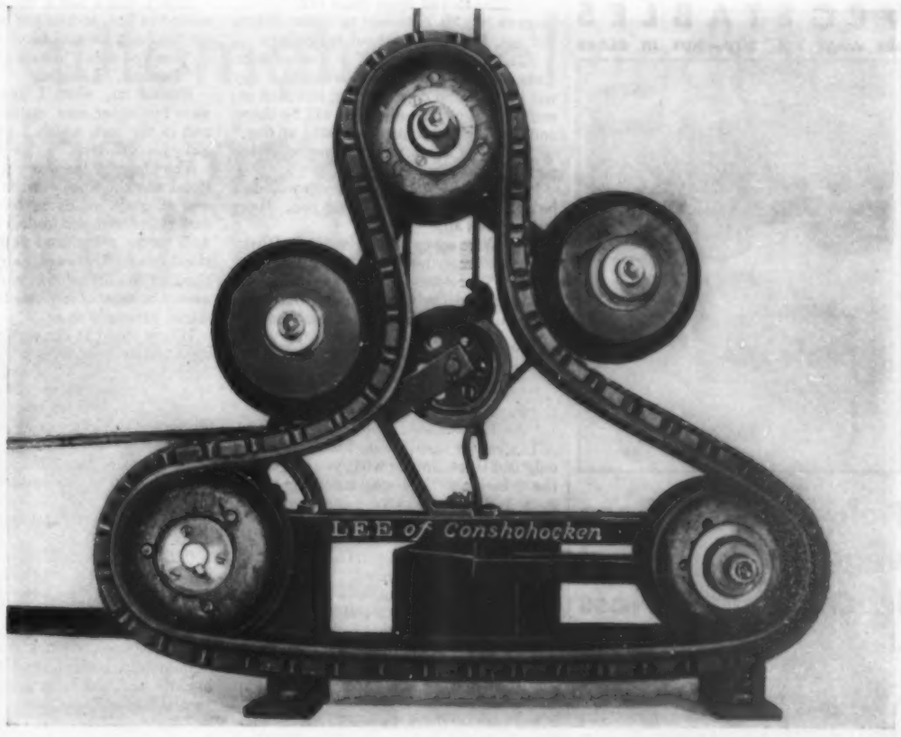
"Will you get me out?"

"Time," I said, "will tell."

Then I gave him the program. At first he kicked like a steer; he'd die, he said, before he'd go down to The Spy office. But oil and salve, the gentle touch, the soothing voice, soon brought him to see reason, and

(Continued on Page 104)

EVERY KNOWN PROCESS WHICH IS NECESSARY TO PRODUCE TIRES OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY IS IN USE IN THE LEE of Conshohocken PLANT



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(Continued from Page 102)

he gave in. He promised to follow orders, but not, I confess, without misgivings.

"There will be times," I warned him, "when all will look dark, when the way will be hard and discouraging, but plod on, and on and on, because Gus will be there, and Gus is going to fix everything up fine."

"But why can't you tell me what the plan is?"

"No," I said; "I'm afraid you wouldn't be able to act natural if I told you. Have faith, that's all."

At 2:15 we set out from the hotel. Hilary had on, at my suggestion, his most formal wear. I'd preferred a topper with his cutaway, but a derby was the best he had with him. Under this impressive garb he was probably one of the most nervous young men who ever stepped out of the La Bella Hotel.

"Are you sure?" he asked three times on the way.

"Positive," I assured him.

The way it turned out, I was about the only one there, among what you might call the principals, that was traveling on an even keel. There were some guys there from L. A. papers that I knew, who were managing to keep straight faces, but for a gag party, the rest of them looked like they were burying their parents.

Hilary was perspiring like a fire sprinkler, but Fuzzy was worse, if possible. His face was redder than his hair. As long as Fuzzy can work from the back room he's all right; it was when he had to come to the plate to take an actual cut at the ball that he began to look bad.

For another thing, I knew he couldn't understand Hilary's being there at all. He'd thought he was going to crawl, and that would have been just down his alley. He was suspecting something.

And still, for another thing, he was worried about what time it was, and kept looking at his watch.

"All right, Editor Horan," I said when we'd got into his office and a lot of saps crowding at the door, "recite your piece, because Mr. Maxwell wishes to see his lighthouse."

"Well," Fuzzy said, while Hilary looked at him mournfully and switched his derby from hand to hand, "we had this campaign and we got the money, because Mr. Maxwell wants to get away from everything." His hands were trembling. "What I mean, we needed some money and somebody sent a check in." He held up what looked to me like an extremely phony check, but Hilary was in no position to judge. "We got this check, and we got the lighthouse." He smiled ghoulishly at Hilary. "Mr. Maxwell," he explained, "said he wanted a lighthouse." He looked at his watch. "We also got a letter from the donor of the check." He tried another cheery grin, and that fizzled too.

"I'll read the letter," he said, the paper crackling in his hands. "Dear sir," it said. "I have seen Mr. Hilary Maxwell act, and on behalf of the American people I am contributing enough money to send him to a lighthouse."

On paper that might have been funny. At the moment it was one of the saddest things I ever heard. It just came out and died. Fuzzy looked up for the laugh, and looked down again, very unhappy. He'd written it, I knew, and the soul of the old artist was curling up in mortification. It was, as you might say, a flop.

That was the way the whole ceremony was. It didn't last long, because Fuzzy obviously was anxious to be on our way. He was suffering, and so, I should say, was Hilary, who kept throwing entreating glances in my direction, but every time I gave him the office to take it—and did he take it!

Then we were in cars, outward bound from La Bella. Ahead I could see Fuzzy in the front seat with the chauffeur, sitting very stiff and upright; frightened to death, I could see. In the back seat were a couple of guys from Los Angeles with a bottle, and very carefree they were, to be sure.

Hilary and I had a car of our own, the second in line, and on the half hour's drive up the coast he spoke but once.

"Are you sure?" he said.

"Positive," I said.

Behind me, when I looked back once, were two other cars, containing reporters, and in the last, which I could just see, a girl—La Shanley.

The place on the shore where we at last stood was the final word in dreariness. It was all gray, all flying cold spume. The surf thundered and rolled up at our feet. And across a hundred yards of high tide stood this moldy tower, bare and gaunt and ghastly. We shivered in our topcoats while a score or more of natives stood around and stared curiously at us.

Hilary stood at the water's edge staring disconsolately, his eyes popping out, at the lighthouse; then he turned, with the look of a dying dog, to me, and I turned him down. I looked at the wondering little girl on the rim of the crowd and turned him down.

"All right, fellows," Fuzzy said nervously, gathering the boys around him and Hilary. "What I mean, Mr. Maxwell, all my life I been hearing actors that wanted to get away from it all ——"

"Hi! Hi! Horan!"

We all turned. A car had stopped on the road where our cars were and an old man with a walking stick was hobbling down to the beach, waving his free hand and shouting. Fuzzy took one look at him and started mumbling to himself. But without answering, he grabbed Hilary by the arm and turned him around.

"Maxwell," he said, "you want to part friends?"

"Yes," Hilary said without being conscious at all.

"All right then," Fuzzy said. "Do you know who I am?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Moran."

Plop!

I knew it was going to happen. Somehow I just knew it. I'd have told Hilary, but what was the use! Now he was sitting on the sand, a startled look on his face, which I may say was something of a relief from its mournfulness, and Fuzzy, rubbing his knuckles, was facing the old gentleman, who was shouting and waving his hands and stick, and trying at the same time to apologize to the recumbent Mr. Maxwell. Nobody had to tell me; it was the old guy that owned The Spy.

"You don't have to fire me, Mr. Payson," Fuzzy said quickly. "I've quit. I quit before I left the office. I drew my last pay and left the rest of the money."

"Listen here, you scoundrel," the old boy started.

"I'm sorry if I embarrassed you," Fuzzy hurried on. "I've got you twice as much circulation, however. Thank you, and again I'm sorry." He shook the old man's hand before the old man knew it, and then he turned to me.

"Good-by, Gus," he said.

"You through?" I said.

"I'm through," he said. "I'm gone. I got me a job in Bellingham."

"Bellingham what?"

"Bellingham, Washington."

"Isn't that a kind of peculiar place for you?" I said.

"For some people, yes," he said. "For me, no."

Then he was gone, running up the beach toward the road, where a chauffeur was climbing back into the driver's seat. I watched him—good old Fuzzy, a louse if ever there was one, hitting the road again. I waved him a kiss. Fuzzy's a swell guy.

I turned back. Hilary still sat there, like a sap, on the sand, rubbing his jaw. He looked up at me and then at Janet, who'd edged up close and was studying him curiously.

"You cheap newspaperman," he said; "you were the one who said he"—he jerked his thumb after Fuzzy—"was going to get tumbled over completely! You're the one that said that!"

"No," I reminded him gently. "I didn't say him—I said somebody." I grinned at him; I couldn't help it. I was tired of pretending. "And tell me, you crumb," I said, "wasn't somebody?"

Assisted by Mr. Payson, who was still mumbling his gums helplessly, he got to his feet. He got his derby and shook off the old gent's apologies curtly. Then he stared at me.

"I don't know what you got against me," he said slowly. "I'm a straight guy, always have been." His eyes moved over to Janet. "Come on, kid," he said; "come to papa. Remember what papa promised?"

She didn't reply. She just looked at him. I didn't know what to do or what to say. So I just looked at her. Then she turned to me. She smiled.

"You were probably right," she said.

Roe stopped. He was grinning at me, or over my shoulder.

I started to say something, and then somebody else spoke:

"You dirty, low-down, crummy, crawling, double-crossing, two-timing skunk!"

I turned, for these were hard words, and sitting behind me, for how long I don't know, was Fuzzy Horan, the same as ever, with his crumpled hat, his shock of red hair, his overcoat collar turned up at the back. He was grinning at Roe, and Roe was grinning back.

"Hello, Fuzzy," Gus said. "Get fired in Bellingham?"

"There was a little jam," he admitted. "I told them all where to head in, and came on east. Those people out there," he said, "they're all crazy. They don't know newspaper work."

Roe kept grinning at him.

"You low mug!" Fuzzy murmured. "And I never got a tumble that whole day! I couldn't figure it out, why everything was going so smoothly. I never had the faintest idea," he said, "until I run across that little paragraph about your marriage."

"Yeh," Gus said, "she's a very happy woman, Janet is."

"But what a crook you are!" Fuzzy went on admiringly. "What were you going to do? Nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Would you have let him go out to that sea-going silo?"

"Sure. I thought he'd look very funny squatting out there with those sea gulls." He made a snoot. "That guy," he said, "was a menace to American womanhood, and besides," he added, "he got to calling me Fish. I can't stand people who call me out of my name."

"Yeh, I know," Fuzzy said. "I'm like that too."

Then I came to life. Fun was fun, and all that, but here was a matter of thirty-five dollars to be settled.

"All right, Horan," I said. "When you and this Judas get through admiring each other, I'd like to call your attention very delicately to a little debt that you contracted shortly after the World War. What I mean, thirty-five dollars. It seems to me it's about time you kicked in, and *in toto* too. None of these driblets; I want the whole wad."

"You're right, kid," he agreed heartily. "You're perfectly right and I'll let you have two dollars on account."

"Good!" I said. "Let's see it."

He threw a couple of ragged bills on the table.

"And now," he said, "if you gents will excuse me, I see my old city editor in there at the bar. Maybe he needs a good reporter."

He walked away.

"You see," Roe said, "how sensitive he is?"

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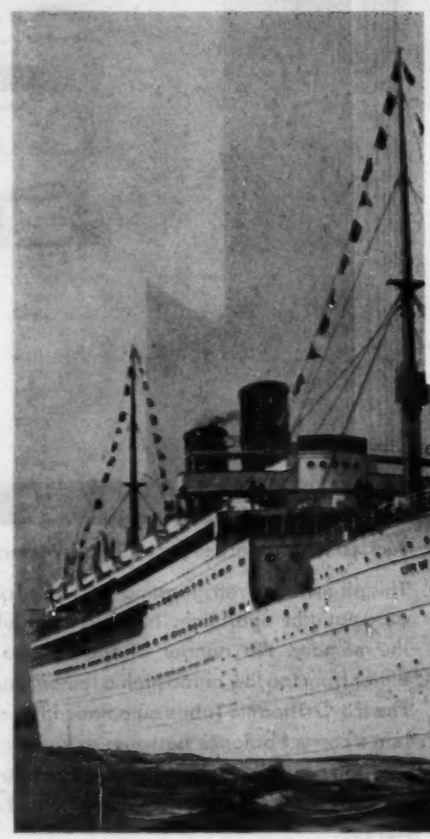

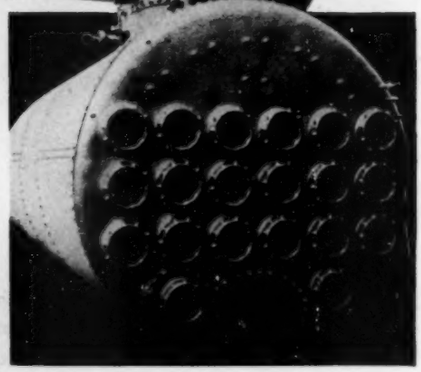

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Send for Bulletin No. 38.

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BYERS GENUINE WROUGHT IRON PIPE

AN INVESTMENT—NOT AN OUTLAY

THE POLISHED ENGINE

(Continued from Page 7)

"He's got them all bluffed," Paul decided. "He's not so hot! If I can't outsell him, I'll find out why. That girl's just trying to get a line on me for her father. She's smooth. That's what she is—smooth!"

He was a little troubled, however, over the matter of her having given him a tip. It wasn't authentic, somehow. He got out the sedan which he intended to use for a demonstrator. He asked where Folsom lived and received careful instructions from Walnut. He drove slowly and carefully through town, conscious of curious eyes taking in the new car.

He was a little amused to find that he was there almost at once. From one end of the town to the other was a matter of five minutes in a car, even driving slow. He stopped before a big, old, gabled house on the hill, got out and wiped a fleck of dust from the windshield with his handkerchief, polished the door handle a little brighter, and went up the steps and rang the bell. A little old lady with fuzzy white hair opened the door for him.

She beamed at him, and before he could say a word, she started:

"Now, you're the new automobile dealer, aren't you? Peter—isn't that your name?"

"No, ma'am. It's Paul—Paul Edwards. I sell Grover cars. I brought ——"

"Of course," she said. "You see, I'm getting old. I can't remember names. . . . What a pretty car that is! You want to sell it to my husband, don't you? . . . Joan said she'd tell you about us. . . . Well, just a moment till I get my things, and I'll go riding with you."

"It's too easy," thought Paul. She came out with her wraps on, and he put her in the car with courtesy. As soon as he sat down beside her and closed the door, she began to admire everything as extravagantly as possible.

"What a pretty dashboard!" she cried. Paul restrained himself from telling her it was an instrument panel. "And what lovely upholstery. I declare I don't believe I ever saw a car with such pretty insides! And how smooth it goes. . . . Is the engine running? Ours roars like Niagara Falls. . . . My, this feels so soft and springy. . . . You know, our car is upholstered in broadcloth, and it wears forever, but is getting kind of thin at last. . . . You mustn't let Mr. Folsom make you allow him too much. He wouldn't want to take advantage of you, but he really thinks the old car is still worth what he paid for it."

"The Jewels were good," said Paul. "Now, this car has ——"

"You know, papa and Cap'n had a quarrel about a livery-stable bill years and years ago. Cap'n made papa pay the bill too. But papa never forgave him for it. He's stubborn that way, the old fool! . . . Do you think I could drive this car? Joan said she would teach me to drive. It wouldn't do for you to teach me. Papa thinks I'm too old to learn. But he wouldn't be mad at Joan, no matter what she did. No one ever is vexed at her. . . . Now you must take me back, young man. I'm making salt-rising bread. You can go around back and see the old car. The garage is open. You can take a better look at it while you're alone, before papa gets to work on you."

He hadn't said a dozen words to her. His sales talk was salty on his tongue.

The Jewel filled the garage. It was as long as an ambulance. It was a seven-passenger sedan, and the top was still good. The upholstery was in fair shape. The trimmings showed brass under the nickel plate. Getting down carefully, with a handkerchief under the crease of his trousers, Paul found that the pan was of solid aluminum. He lifted the hood and gave a little whistle.

Not only was the car as clean as a new pin outside but the engine was polished. There was no accumulation of old grease and dust, no thick dark grime of years about its shining head. It was as clean and bright as the inside of a good watch. The engine was about three times the size of the engine under the hood of his best and biggest car. There were six enormous cylinders in a row.

Paul left the hood up and got in and turned the switch and stepped on the starter. The engine responded at once, with a thundery roar. Paul listened. He could not hear a false note. The engine was apparently as tight as it was clean. He pushed the accelerator slowly down and let it up again, and then left it at idling speed. He got out and watched, and listened to the motor.

Something in his boy's heart went out to it. He found himself seized with an inexplicable desire for possession. They didn't make cars like that any more, not even Grovers, and they were as good as any made. The smooth, sweet sound of her, the length and heft of her, the brass and metal, all were the finest; the body was custom-made, to last forever. No next year's trade-in here, but a car for a lifetime. He walked around and examined the wheels and the huge, high-pressure tires. They were well worn, but there were no stone bruises or cuts or blisters evident. The car had been wonderfully built and wonderfully cared for. It bore witness to it in every detail.

He would have liked to take the car out, but was not sure how the owner would feel about it. A shadow fell across the door, and Paul looked up to find an elderly gentleman, with the long thin legs and feet of the acquisitive man, and the precise expression of an ex-bank president. He was all gray—hair, eyes and face. Even his lips seemed gray. But his expression was amiable and alert.

"How do you find it?" he asked.

Paul tried to still his own enthusiasm a little. This wouldn't do. "It's in nice condition, Mr. Folsom."

"That car cost me eight thousand dollars, and it's just as good as it was ten years ago, or practically as good. She's been driven a hundred and twelve thousand miles, but what's that for a Jewel?"

"But of course ——" said Paul. But Mr. Folsom didn't pause:

"Did you see the engine? Ever see anything sweeter than that?" He pointed at the pulsing motor. "Look at this. See this, and this! They don't build engines like that any more. Do they, mister?"

"Of course the new engines are not so big. But they develop greater horse power and perform better. Our little high-compression engine ——"

"You think the Grover is a good car?" demanded Mr. Folsom.

"The best thing that's being manufactured today," said Paul firmly.

"Now, you've said something. The best being manufactured today. Because they don't make Jewels any more. That's why. They made them so good that they couldn't make enough money, even at eight thousand. They ruined themselves, building such good cars. I think the world of this car, Mr. Edwards."

"Of course you do! But Mrs. Folsom said you might be interested ——"

"There's a woman for you," Mr. Folsom answered sadly. "No loyalty! But I want to please her. She's been after me now for two years. However, I'll not buy a new car until I can get what I think is at least a fair allowance on this. Why, this car ——"

Paul, listening, thought of Alice in Wonderland. How the creatures talked! "Now I'm a sensible man," Mr. Folsom concluded; "I know that the car has depreciated in value somewhat, because it is no longer being manufactured. I know that the new cars are better, sprung and have better brakes and some new gadgets on them. I wouldn't consider trading, even so, if it weren't for Mrs. Folsom."

There was a significant pause. Paul fished in his pocket for the little printed price book, showing average trade-in values. Before he could find the place, Mr. Folsom began again:

"Now, Mr. Edwards, before you look in that book, think of one thing. The price of Jewels listed there doesn't apply to this car. What has happened to most Jewels in ten years? They've had a succession of owners—three or four, most likely—have been used as owners' cars, then as taxis or busses, then as trucks, with made-over bodies, likely, or as tow cars. You know how it is. Those figures are based on fixed depreciation. And you know, too, that they are always low. You have to trade above them. Now, this car, though it is ten years old, has had only one owner; and, if I do say so, I've given it wonderful care, young man. You admit that makes a difference, don't you?"

"Of course it does. But ——"

"Now, you're an experienced salesman. You understand these things."

"When I was on the floor for the state distributor," Paul explained, "we had an appraiser who fixed the prices we could allow on trade-ins, after he had seen them. We had to stick to his figures, even if we lost the sale."

"All the same, you know how much difference the care a car has makes in its value."

"Care does make a difference."

"Now, Mr. Edwards, how much will you allow me? I'll tell you what I'll do. The sedan that my wife is so sold on retails for about twelve hundred dollars, doesn't it? Well, I'll be fair with you. You're a young fellow, just getting started. Six hundred dollars and my car, for yours. How's that?"

He beamed benignly. In silence Paul opened his little book. He scanned the pages hurriedly. He came to the Jewels—discontinued.

1919 7-pass. sedan, $15.00–$25.00—Salvage.

Paul felt a slight chill of anxiety. He would like to make this sale. He knew the Folsoms were much respected in town. He would like to put one of his cars here for an ad. But six hundred dollars was too much risk. It was out of the question. But these figures would probably offend Mr. Folsom.

"If you are interested in one of our big cars ——" he said, but Mr. Folsom shook his head.

"One reason for trading is to get a smaller car. I want the light six."

"It's not enough money, Mr. Folsom," said Paul, his voice very deep. "I can't get six hundred out of it. All that you say is true, and I appreciate what a fine car you have, but I have to sell it again to someone who won't appreciate that. When a prospect can buy a new flivver for five or six hundred dollars, he won't buy a car like this, however fine."

"How much, then?" said Mr. Folsom in a disappointed tone, as though Paul had let him down. "What would make it possible for you to make a profit on the deal?"

"I wasn't thinking of the profit so much. I'd like you to have one of our cars. I was just thinking of my costs. You see, I have to pay cash—certified check—for my new cars, and I'm scanty on capital, anyhow, and I have to get my money out quickly. Suppose we say two hundred dollars for the old car?"

It was too much, he thought, in panic.

"One thousand dollars' difference? Now, Mr. Edwards, be reasonable!"

They were set and locked in struggle, bitter, strong. Paul remembered something he had heard his father read aloud from the Bible—Jacob wrestling with an angel all night long. The young man stood in the fine stone garage, behind the car that had been built ten years before, and driven a hundred and twelve thousand miles, and contended. But he was up against superior strength. He had, he reflected, met some tough birds in the city, but never anyone as

(Continued on Page 109)

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Their friends, listening, would smack their lips and ask, "Isn't there some way we can get this ginger ale in this country? Can't it be bought here?" But the answer was always "No."

Time passed; the stories grew; the demand became insistent. Finally this wonderful beverage was brought to this country. That was in 1922. That was the beginning of the success of this fine old ginger ale in the United States.

Immediate success awaited this beverage in the United States

Today, 1930, "Canada Dry" is known the wide world over. It has the approving nod of connoisseurs from New York to Paris, to Cairo and Calcutta. Its fame encircles the world.

"Canada Dry" has basic excellence. Its very foundation is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us, and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root.

In quality, in purity, and in the witchery of its matchless flavor, this marvelous beverage is indeed the Champagne of Ginger Ales.

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

© 1930

(Continued from Page 107)

definite as this. No city man cared for his money or his old car as this man cared. Incredulously, he heard himself granting twenty-five dollars, then fifty, then a hundred. He began to slip faster. He thought of flight. He thought of his beautiful, shining new car as of a woman he was bartering away. But Mr. Folsom was between him and the garage door. And at last, as dusk came down, Paul, not a little dazed and bruised, and not quite sure how it had happened, drove the Jewel to the garage and left the new sedan behind—for six hundred dollars' difference.

He struggled against panic as he unscrewed Mr. Folsom's license plates from the big car and made out the application for title for the new car he had left behind. He hadn't made a bad deal, he reassured himself. It was a grand old car. If appreciation failed elsewhere, he could always find the local colored plutocrat. Nothing suited a colored man better than a huge old hearse of a car. He could get five hundred out of it any time. He knew how to sell it.

He took Mr. Folsom's license plates up and put them on the new car and retrieved his dealer plates. He gave Mr. Folsom the partly filled-out application, got the title for the Jewel, and his check for six hundred dollars. Mr. Folsom seemed morose.

"I've just given my old car away," he said sadly. "If we have any trouble with the Grover, I'll call you."

"Say," Paul told him, "you won't have any trouble with that car. It's perfect. You'll think you never had a car before ——"

He made his sales talk at last, and Mr. Folsom listened eagerly, anxious to be convinced. Paul saw that the old man was going to regard the Grover as a fine car, because he was going to figure that it cost him the eight thousand dollars he paid for the Jewel, ten years ago, and six hundred to boot. He would give it the same care he had given the Jewel. He would become unreasonably attached to it. He was a nice old boy. Paul liked him. He saw that he was sincere in his belief that his old car was a wonderful car. But all the same, Paul began to have definite misgivings that the old man had done him in the eye.

"When he reached the showroom again, he found Walnut and Joan and Lew, the Spate mechanic, all gathered around the old sedan. Joan turned a smiling face toward him.

"How much did you give him for it?" she said, and added: "I'm glad you made a sale your first day! That's good luck for you, Blondy. But I hope you didn't give him more than a hundred dollars. He's one of those people—that what's his is valuable; what's yours, not so good. The old boat has a reputation all over the country for being gas-and-oil greedy. But then, we warned you."

Yes, they had. And so had Mrs. Folsom.

"I gave him a little more than a hundred," said Paul uneasily.

Joan laughed. She was always laughing, with apparently genuine pleasure. She stood about a few moments, talking about the way they built the old cars, and left them when someone across the street honked for gas. Paul had never before seen a girl around a garage or automobile salesroom like Joan was. But he knew instinctively that neither Walnut nor Lew nor any other man would think of saying anything even remotely improper before this cheerful girl, any more than he would. And not because she was protected by her father or by any haughty dignity of her own. The girl herself, without even knowing it, compelled gentle treatment automatically. But he wished—he really wished—that she would stay over at the Spate place and not be so helpful.

It commenced to look, as the days passed, as though he had bought something! No colored plutocrat could be found. No wild young sport wanted a heavy car. Not a speck of interest could Paul invite. And the transaction took on a more alarming aspect, which convinced Paul, against his judgment, of what Walnut had told him of the town's interest in his affairs. Mr. Folsom told someone, mourningly, of the trade he had made, and at once men began to appear with varying old wrecks, in hope of some such offer from Paul. But Paul wouldn't trade that way again. And the result was that he didn't trade at all. Why, if he could allow six hundred dollars for that old Jewel, one prospect claimed, his old 1926 roadster was worth seven hundred, anyhow. Paul was distressed to find that everyone knew about the deal in dollars and cents, and that he was established in the local mind as an easy mark. Joan came over to commiserate with him, when she heard it. Paul said indignantly: "But look at that engine." The hood was up. They looked at it. Joan shook her head.

"Blondy," she said gently, "whenever you see a polished engine, run! Just light right out. I knew the old man thought a lot of his car, but I didn't know the engine was polished, or I'd never have told you to go there."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Blondy, whenever a man thinks enough of his car to keep the engine polished ten years, that's not a car to him. It's his baby. That's his pride and joy, his one and only. It's the heart in his breast, the girl friend. He loves it, see? He hasn't any judgment about it, any more than a mother has about her son. He thinks it's wonderful, and really thinks so. You can't trade with a man that polishes the engine of his car. I'm surprised he didn't ask you to give him the Grover and boot. You made a good deal; now that I see the engine."

"You think I've lost money on this deal, don't you?"

"Why don't you make a wrecker out of it?" she asked, passing his question by. "You could. Our wrecker won't pull them over the Quarry Hill when there's ice on it. That old engine would pull a tree out by the roots. Walnut hasn't enough to do anyhow. You shouldn't have hired him until you had cars out that would need service. It bothers me. Why don't you put in gas pumps and make a wrecker out of this, and get into the general-garage business as well as car sales? Give Walnut a chance to make some money for you, instead of being dead weight."

She was beyond Paul's comprehension. They had a wrecker, a general garage and pumps at Cap'n Fox's.

"This car's too good for a wrecker," he said, "and I don't want to go into the general-garage business. I've got an automobile sales agency. That's enough for me. It's what I know."

Joan nodded, and went, presently, back across the street.

Walnut, who had been standing by, said, "That's a good idea, Blondy." Paul didn't answer. Walnut went on after a minute: "If you don't want to put a crane on her, I've got an idea where you might sell her. Mom told me at noon that old Mis' Parish says her brother-in-law is going to get a car. They've never had one. Wouldn't be any trade-in. You might get a hundred or a hundred and fifty out of him for the Jewel. Better try it, and take your loss, if you don't want her for a wrecker."

"Where's the place?"

"Out on the Texas Pike. His name is Job Loomis. He owns one of those poor farms out toward the forest preserve. He'll buy a trade-in from Cap'n Fox, unless you can sell him this. They'll probably get a line on him, if the word is out."

Paul got lost on the country roads and went beyond Loomis' farm. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when he got to the gate, and just as he did, a small coupé drove up from the direction of town and stopped. Paul recognized it instantly. It was a trade-in they had exhibited in the Spate Garage for some weeks with a large sign—$99.00—hanging on it.

Joan waved to him and jumped out of the coupé.

"You beat me to it, Blondy," she called generously. "You go on up and see if you can sell him. I'll leave my car out here. I'll come with you and open the gate."

She stood on his running board. Paul said "Ladies first." But Joan wouldn't have it, and he drove on in. A bumpy road led up to the house; a forlorn place sitting on a knoll. Job Loomis joined them in the yard. He was a cadaverous old man, with a clean-shaven face and hostile eyes.

Joan said at once: "Job, this is Blondy—Paul Edwards, the new Grover dealer. He's got a bit of luck for you. He sold Mr. Folsom a new Grover, and he's brought his old Jewel out for you to look at it."

Paul was furious. He wanted to do his own trading. He got out and said to the farmer, with considerable dignity:

"I'd like to have you give the car a try-out, Mr. Loomis."

Mr. Loomis said nothing. He looked at the car. He looked at Joan, and then at Paul.

The young man said in his best voice, "There's not a better buy anywhere. A man doesn't have a chance to pick up a car like this often."

"How much do you want?

"Two hundred dollars. And I'm losing money on it at that."

"Sure, I know how you fellows lose money," said the farmer unbelievingly. "Now, I'm not saying I'll trade or I won't trade. But I've got a cow. See her there in the lot—the light one. She's a pure-bred Jersey. I want eighty-five dollars for her. I'll not buy a car unless I get eighty-five for that cow. If you'll allow me eighty-five for the cow, I'll give you a hundred more, cash. That's a hundred and eighty-five dollars. I won't give a cent more. No, I don't need to try the car. I've ridden in it many times. I rented Mr. Folsom's farm for four years. I know the car."

Paul looked up in the lot beyond the fence. There were several cows. The light one meant nothing to him. What would he do with a cow? He knew nothing of its value; nothing of its salability. He didn't want a cow. He couldn't realize it. He wanted money.

"I couldn't do that, Mr. Loomis. I don't want a cow."

"All right then," snapped the farmer. "We won't trade. No cow, no car. I've made up my mind to that."

They talked a little while, but neither would yield. Finally Paul got back into the Jewel.

Joan said, "Wait a minute, Blondy. Aren't you going to trade with him?"

Paul shook his head. He could not do it. He had a feeling that he would never come this near to selling the Jewel again, but he couldn't do it. Of all the dizzy trading! Cows! Little did he reck, as the movie-dramas have it, that the time would come when he would take in cows as a matter of course, with a regular routine of reselling them; would take mules and horses, geese and goats, wedding-present silver and options on real estate. But the day of this kind of trading had not yet dawned on him. He was a stubborn young man. He considered himself a car salesman, not a livestock trader. He felt a little like Dorothy in the Land of Oz. He was in a queer country.

"No," he said firmly, "I'm not going to trade with him."

"Care if I try?"

"Not at all. Go ahead." Why was she so meticulous about him? She had come out here to trade. He should have refused to go first. She said: "Wait then, please, Blondy. If I can sell him, I'll leave the flivver and go back to town with you." To Mr. Loomis she spoke with the voice of a dove:

"I brought Mal Stearns' flivver out here with me, Job, but Blondy here beat me to your gate. But while I'm here I might as well tell you about it. See it down by the gate? You know it—tol'ble good tires and a good starter. The batteries have just been recharged. The top is tight, and none of the glass is broken. Upholstery is fair, paint is fair. But there's a lot of miles in the car, and that's what you want. Cap'n wants two hundred dollars for it. Told me

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if I took less he'd fire me. But I think I'll take a chance on it anyhow. You make me the same proposition you made Blondy, and I'll take you up on it. A hundred dollars and the cow. I'll leave the flivver here for you, and you can bring the cow in town Saturday and get your title from dad."

"You've made a deal," he answered.

"Now, Job, I hope you're not taking advantage of me. I know cars and you know cows. This car is worth two hundred dollars to you. If your cow is worth eighty-five to us, we've traded fair enough."

"Your pa'll stick to it?" he asked cautiously.

"Cap'n never yet went back on a deal I made."

"All right," said the old man; "leave it."

"The key's in the car." She got in beside Blondy, waved farewell, and they backed down the hill. Mr. Loomis came down to close the gate and look at his new purchase. Paul drove by the car that had been marked for weeks at ninety-nine dollars. She had got her price, and a cow besides. Paul drove in silence. Joan leaned back against the old Jewel cushions.

"What are you going to do with a cow?" he asked her.

"Sell it," she answered, and went on: "Whenever they offer you cattle, don't try to get them to lower the price, just tack it onto the price of your own job and take them up. Easiest thing in the world to do."

"I've never sold used stuff." Paul was silent after this feeble excuse. He had given his price first, instead of inviting an offer from his prospect. She knew what he would pay before she started trading.

"You think he would have given me two hundred dollars and the cow?"

"Of course he would have, Blondy. He would rather have the Jewel than the flivver. The cow is probably worth twenty-five or thirty dollars. He's not the farmer to part with a good milk cow. But what's the difference when it's velvet anyhow? Cap'n'll give me what the cow brings for a bonus. And Job thinks he's stuck me. He thinks I'm just a dumb girl. That's a grand feeling, Blondy. You want to make them feel that way whenever possible. Just let them dream you've been taken in, and they'll always feel affectionately toward you."

"I see," he answered.

"It works even further than that," she said seriously. "If they've got the best of a deal—in their own minds—they'll never kick. Always go about bragging what a good little car they got from you, at a sharp trade. Good idea, with used stuff, to keep them bragging."

They turned into the road that led to town. The sky was very blue. The spring day was fresh and sweet about them. Paul's heart was sore. He still had his white elephant on his hands. He had lost money on his first deal. A terrible idea was struggling within him, but he downed it fiercely. It was followed by an unexpected wish that the girl beside him was as she seemed—wise and kind and generous and helpful, and his friend. He had a dizzy moment of realizing how wonderful that would be. But he couldn't quite accept it. It was too wonderful.

He must remember that she was his competitor. She had just bested him in a deal. He told himself he could have sold Loomis if he'd been alone.

He let her out at her own gas pumps, with a word of farewell, and drove the Jewel into the garage. He was temporarily fed up with it.

Walnut was sitting on a keg, reading a lurid magazine.

"Hey," said Walnut. "Think I'm going to quit, Blondy."

Paul looked at him. "What for?"

Walnut yawned. "Bored," he said. "Nothin' to do."

"You're getting paid, aren't you?"

"I'm not much good at loafing."

"Well, hang on for a day or two. I've got to think this business of the gas pumps and the wrecker over. I think I'll take the demonstrator and drive to Stone City and see about it. I might find out how much it would cost to put a crane on the Jewel. Though I'm not sure yet that I want to."

Walnut arranged himself on the running board of the Jewel, with a square oil can under his head.

"Wake me up when you get back," he said.

Paul looked at him with considerable irritation, but it was true that there was nothing for Walnut to do. The shop was glittering with unused tools. The power washer was the only thing they had used. The idea that had come to him on the Texas Road came again, but Paul refused it hospitality. He drove to Stone City and went to see the wholesale oil dealer there. They talked a while, but Paul made no decision. He went to a garage and got an estimate for the cutting off of the back end of the Jewel's body, leaving the front seat and top, and putting a crane on it. But that, too, he left undecided. He felt that he knew nothing about the garage business. He didn't like pumps stuck up in front of his showroom. There wasn't any money in gas. Any filling-station man would tell you that! Although, come to think of it, Paul didn't know anyone that confessed to making money, however flourishing he seemed.

He drove home in the late afternoon. A big touring car passed him at a high rate of speed, but Paul resisted the impulse and held his new car down. It wasn't broken in yet. Half an hour later, just outside of Hilltown, he came upon the touring car, wrecked and in the ditch. There was another car or two, already stopped. The driver of the wreck was out in the road, dabbing at a cut cheek with a grimy handkerchief and cursing profusely. Paul stopped and got out.

"Can I do anything?" he asked. "Get you a wrecker? Give you a lift?"

The rusty old codger who had been driving the wrecked car looked at Paul and looked at the new Grover.

"You a Grover dealer?" he said. "I see you've got dealer plates. I passed you back a-ways."

"Yes. I've gone into business in Hilltown. My name is Edwards."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Edwards. My name is Rape." They shook hands. The others were talking about the wreck. Mr. Rape fixed Paul with a glittering eye.

"How much will you give me for that right there in the ditch," he said, "on a new big Grover standard coupé with the big back deck?"

"A big Grover?"

"Yes, the big six."

Paul looked at him. He was an unprepossessing individual, with a truculent manner, a rusty mustache, and workman's clothes. His hands were gnarled and worn. Paul looked at the wreck. The top had been torn right off where it had scraped against the bank, and lay behind it in the road. The fenders on the far side were ripped off. The car sat drunkenly in the ditch. Broken glass from the windshield spattered the road. The car the man said he wanted to buy would cost eighteen hundred dollars. In the back of the wreck were tools thrown carelessly on the floor. Paul was skeptical.

"Before I could put a price on it, I'd have to have it towed in town and appraised."

"Make a pass at me—make a pass at me!" said the other irritably. "Take a chance. I'm through with it. I want never to see it again. I'll buy a Grover. Make me an offer."

"No," said Paul, discounting the other's ability to buy. "I can't do that without first appraising the extent of the damage."

"Take me in town then," said the other. "I'll leave it where it is for the present."

"Let me have it sized up. Let me see what harm's been done and what it will cost to fix it up."

"No, leave it. I'll ride in town with you."

"Don't you want the wrecker?"

"All I want, mister, is a lift."

Paul took him in. He dropped him on the square with a pleasant word. Paul put his coupé away. He found Walnut asleep, and woke him and told him what he had done in Stone City. They talked a little, and then Paul spoke of the wreck. Walnut was at once alert.

"That would be Fred Rape. He's an electrician," he said.

"He wanted our big coupé. Imagine him wanting me to make him an offer on a wreck where she lay."

Walnut was looking at Paul. Walnut said, "Why didn't you do it?"

"He didn't look to me like a man that could buy a big six. Anyhow, how did I know what the wreck was worth?"

"He could buy ten Grovers, if he wanted them, this afternoon," said Walnut softly. "He's got a shop in Stone City. He only works to be doing. He's got plenty of money, Blondy. And his credit is the best. You should have made a bid. Let's go find him."

Blondy was completely disconcerted. "He's a rich man?"

"Yes, one of the richest in this part of the state. And he's a sudden man. He would have taken you up if your figure was at all reasonable. It would have been a good gamble. You get plenty of leeway on that big six. Come on. If he's in town, let's find him."

They went to the door. Too late. Mr. Rape, the electrician, was backing a new Spate coupé out of the Spate garage. Lew, driving the wrecker, followed them down the street. Cap'n Fox sat down in his tight chair. Joan was in the office, at the desk. Walnut dodged across the street. He came back and reported.

"Cap'n gave him list—two hundred dollars. Lew thinks, from what Rape told them, that it'll only need a new top and windshield, new fenders and new paint. Chassis and wheels and body are O. K. It'll cost him about seventy-five dollars to fix it, and he can get two-fifty for it easily. . . . Well, I'll go along home now for my supper, and come right back."

Paul was alone. He sat down at his desk. He could no longer suppress the strange and disquieting idea that had been coming to him all afternoon. It rose now and confronted him. He was not without courage. He grew quite pale, but he faced it.

"So that's it!" he said aloud. "I'm not so hot, am I? The old boy over there in his suspenders is twice as quick as I am. He makes a pass. He takes a sporting chance and allows list for a wreck he hasn't even seen, and sells his best car! The girl's a better salesman than I am—quicker in thinking, and smoother, more amiable in talking. Mr. Folsom is a better trader than myself. I'm just generally the weak one. I'm slow and dumb and stubborn and crazy. I'm the town's new easy mark. They're taking me for a ride. Instead of teaching them how to do business, it's myself that needs to learn!"

He looked out of the window. His heart was sore. Joan had come out and stood talking to her father. The setting sun illumined the street, made a shining aura about her bright, uncovered head.

"She's a square girl," thought Paul. "She's the decentest, nicest, most generous girl I ever knew in my life, and I've been sour to her. My, Paul Edwards, how I do admire you."

His gaze upon the girl was still somewhat somber. She had witnessed all his humiliations. It was hard to give the palm to another, hard for a young man to give it to a girl as attractive as she was. But Paul compelled himself. She rated better than he. He must admit it.

"We'll get the pumps and make over the Jewel into a wrecker, and put signs out advertising our wrecking service, and we'll walk softly, Paul," he promised himself. He opened the shining, clean ledger and made an entry under the heading of expense:

To experience—One polished engine—$500.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Margaret Weymouth Jackson. The second will appear March 1st.

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WOODROW WILSON, PRINCETON SCHOOLMASTER

(Continued from Page 13)

So it was that Professor Wilson opened the doors of an ampler life to us. As for what he actually taught, it was the inspiration of his personality rather than what he actually taught that caused our hearts to burn within us while he talked with us by the way. His was precisely the type of scholarship which would have won me to the man. Forty years ago this country was swept by a craze for the German type of dry-as-dust scholarship. It was about the time that kiln-dried historical students were toppling Macaulay from his pedestal and enthroning the dreary and meticulous Stubbs in his stead. Let us be thankful that, according to the precepts of the day, Professor Wilson did not undertake an analysis of the functions of the Carlovingian Mayors of the Palace or delve into the genealogies of the Hittite kings.

A Man of Humane Letters

An anatomist seeking to know the secrets of the human body dissects a cadaver with the breath barely out of its body; he is not asking to work with fossil bones unearthed in the Gobi Desert. *Non omnia possumus, omnes.* We can't all be Leonardo da Vincis. Plodding scholars we must have, just as there must be cart horses as well as race horses. The most scholarly student I knew in Princeton was a man of the plodding type who led our class consistently for four years. His studies in English literature led him back to the old texts of Bede and Cædmon, and these in turn to the parent Germanic languages, and these again into the far hinterlands of Sanskrit and whatever might lie beyond. A revered scholar who could parse in Icelandic and pun in Coptic, for all I know. He came as near as any living man to settling the vexed question, raised in the Vedas, as to whether the implements used in braying shoots of the haoma in the pre-Indian ethnic period were press stones such as mortar and pestle or a press of the type described by Apastamba, representing a crude form of revolving millstones.

He settled Hoti's business—let it be!—
Properly based Oun.
Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic De,
Dead from the waist down.

The subject of his doctor's thesis was The Gruhasangraha—Parisishta of Gobilaputra. Such scholarship does great honor to a man, but it is not for the multitude.

The powerful mind of Professor Wilson transmuted baser elements into golden inspirations, making his culture accessible to the multitude above whom he towered. There is nothing ignoble in knowledge, even though it be useless. Art is long and time is fleeting, with most of us under the necessity of sweating for our daily bread and butter. Culture is a long job.

Professor Wilson was not born to be a Gradgrind scholar; he was essentially a man of humane letters, and that was the self that he consciously set before himself to be realized. He spoke to be heard; he wrote to be read. He schooled himself in the arts of persuasion. His scholarly passion was not horizontal, pushing to the far periphery of the known in seeking to lift the veil which divides it from the infinite spaces of the unknown. His passion was vertical; he would tread the dominating heights. This passion for dominion goaded him to the end—hastened the end.

"You may write a chronicle," he tells us, "but you will not serve yourself thereby. You will only serve some fellow who will come after you, possessing what you did not have—an ear for the words you could not hit upon; an eye for the colors you could not see; a hand for the strokes you missed."

Let the pedant retailers of dullness attend to the coral-insect business, each man furnishing his mite to the great reef of human knowledge. Dull boys who know everything about literature except how to write it or how to enjoy it. Professor Wilson taught himself the artistry of writing. The cultivation of the language one speaks is the most important factor, I take it, in a liberal education.

Professor Wilson's genius for the spoken and written word was a genius that consisted in infinite capacity for taking pains. He labored for a distinguished literary style as a man labors to become an opera singer. That he might become a lord of language, he served, he slaved, he obeyed. Becoming an artist in the use of words, the more artistry he put into his craft, the more individual his style. His writings and public addresses are full of character. They grew more Wilsonian with the years. The more imitative and conventional the mental processes are, the more a man is of the sheep type. See one sheep and you see them all; know one savage and you know all savages. A Rembrandt or a Botticelli doesn't have to sign his pictures. The artist has his own mode. He is *sui generis*. In setting out to cultivate the graces of literary style, Professor Wilson chose the language of the quaint prose writers of the seventeenth century—the language of John Bunyan and the King James version of the Scriptures. Speaking of Charles Lamb's literary style, Professor Wilson depicts his own. He has Lamb "taking care to perfume every sentence, if possible, with the fine savor of an old phrase." He was sparing with polysyllables and did not employ a word of Greek or Latin lineage if he could lay hold of a pure English synonym for it. His literary training is English, just as his training in jurisprudence is English. He rarely made a direct quotation, labeling it as such, but he continually used the language and pet ideas of admired authors. Like Burke, whom he intensely admired, he took his materials wherever he found them, transmuting grosser into finer elements. Professor Wilson's gift of expression in the formative period of his educational work was of the art that conceals art. He came to possess words; later, words came to possess him. Having mastered ideas, ideas came to master him.

At Pains to Perfume Every Sentence

Mimi says of Rodolphe, "I came to love him because he taught me how to feel." We came to admire Professor Wilson because he taught us how to feel the beauty and power of words. He had a knack of selecting plain, simple English words and tricking them out with an unwonted significance. His addiction to the word "quick" arrests the attention, because he employs "quick" not in its colloquial connotation of "swift" but in the old Biblical sense of the "quick" as opposed to the "dead." He describes a speech as "quick" with eloquence. Or an honor bestowed as "quick" with responsibility. Similarly he wrests "handsome"—another pet word—from its accepted significance and thus employs it: "When peace is as handsome as war, there will be no more war." But is war ever handsome? one may ask. "Process" is another proprietary word he used as if he had a patent on the peculiar significance or multiform significances which he attaches to this blessed vocable. He speaks of giving his whole mind and energy "to every process of difficult counsel." He contrasts "the hard processes of law with the more helpful processes of counsel." "Common counsel," he tells us, "is not jumbled counsel; nor is common counsel aggregate counsel." What then, one asks, is common counsel? Other honorific words were "polity," "fountain," "heart," "vision."

All good words and true, but all twisted and turned until their accepted, clean-cut meaning becomes blurred and nebulous. "Now the heart of the world is awake, and the heart of the world must be satisfied." "America took its origins in visions of the human spirit." And so, according to the Lamb formula, taking care to perfume every sentence, if possible, with the fine savor of an old phrase, he went through life "at pains to do" something, or "fain to believe" something, or in need "to be quit" of something; or "wotting what has been writ" of something, or he sets somebody down at just "turned of twenty," or "giving leave" to a thought of which nothing else "is of the kin."

Billiard players understand the meaning of putting a reverse English on English. Similarly, Professor Wilson rode certain concepts, and these concepts rode him. Take such a concept as virtue or Nature. The stoic Brutus cries, "Alas, virtue, I have found thee only an empty name!" We personify such a concept as Nature, speaking of "Nature's largess," "Nature's injustice," "Nature's designs." The mind of Professor Wilson, infatuated with certain concepts, clothed them with talismanic virtues. Let one illustration suffice.

A Democrat Abstractly

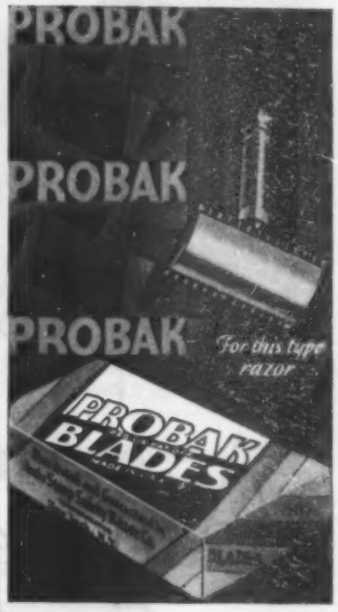
He talked endlessly of democracy, as one would talk of honesty or virtue in the abstract. Now democracy in the abstract, provided it has no partisan significance, is always a safe and popular principle to uphold. "All God's chillun got wings," and under the divine scepter all are commoners and all are equal. The practical vote getter proceeds on the theory that the common people greatly outnumber the uncommon people, and he will no more go wrong defending the common people than he will go wrong defending the under dog or the Ten Commandments. From the social angle, Mr. Wilson was never a democrat at all. By birth, training, environment, personal preference, he was an aristocrat. He was of Scotch-covenanter lineage, and was prone, in his fighting moods, to proclaim that he was of fighting stock. The whole strength of the position of warriors in human history finds its correlative in the timidity and credulousness of subservient masses. Some of us came to know that the price of Professor Wilson's friendship was subservience. To mix with underbred, sweaty, garlic-smelling inferiors was always unpleasant to him. The laborers about the university grounds instinctively disliked him. They resented, if they had been able to put their resentment in words, his superior bearing. But of democracy in the abstract Professor Wilson could not have enough.

Professor Wilson employs "democracy" as a word to conjure with. As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so the standard of democracy was lifted up in every crisis as a talismanic symbol of salvation.

Yes, democracy was something to be cried up in every campaign. He waged his fight on the social clubs at Princeton in the name of democracy. It was a losing fight. Much could be said against the club system—the waste of time, the cliques, the expense. Making democracy the issue, his fight was foredoomed to failure. Except in a prison house, men cannot be put on exact equality by fiat. You can't make a man fraternize with another man against his liking any more than you can make water run uphill. The tiniest village has its social cliques. Then, too, there was no great call in Princeton for a return to democracy. You can't repossess yourself of something you already have.

Later Professor Wilson raised the sacred standard of democracy in his fight on Professor West's project of a graduate school physically detached from the old Princeton campus. Graduate students are supposed to be scholars. The best scholarly work is

ONCE OVER IS ENOUGH



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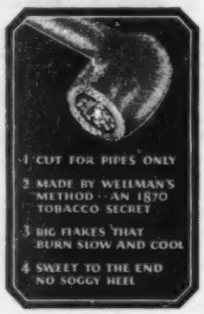
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done in quiet places. Graduate students are supposed to get down to the serious business of life, having satisfied their herd instincts in cheering and singing, frittering and dilettanting for four years as undergraduates. Pascal tells us that most of the troubles of life are caused by man's inability to sit still in a room, and certainly the great scientific achievements of the age have been the work of men who have been content to sit still in a laboratory and there challenge the secrets of the universe.

Something of a Logician

I quote from an address of Professor Wilson's to the Pittsburgh alumni during the fight over the location of the graduate school:

> Will America tolerate the seclusion of graduate students? Will America tolerate the idea of having graduate students set apart? America will tolerate nothing except unpatronized endeavor. Seclude a man, separate him from the rough and tumble of college life, from all the contacts of every sort and condition of men, and you have done a thing which America will brand with its contemptuous disapproval.

But the graduate school lifts its imposing Cleveland Tower something like a mile from the heart of the university campus, and America has yet to brand the considered judgment which placed it there with contemptuous disapproval.

Any one of twenty criticisms might have been made against Professor West's graduate-school program. Professor Wilson chose to fight the project on the democratic issue. There is no magic in the idea of democracy any more than there is magic in the idea of a big family.

In the campaign to make the world safe for democracy men died feeling they were giving their lives in defense of a sacred principle, but is the principle sacred? Some peoples are fit for democracy, some are not, just as some peoples are fit for printing presses and others are not.

Professor Wilson possessed a positive genius for covering an entire plexus of ideas with some suavely elegant moral doctrine. He believed in democracy very much in the way the Russian leaders of today subscribe to the doctrines of communism. We render lip service to some beautiful doctrine of nonresistance, but it's something to declaim by and not something to live by. Men with a gift of eloquence, speaking down to the masses from a platform, are under a constant temptation to tell the audience what the orator thinks it would like to hear rather than attempt to lift the audience to the level of his own sincerities. It is hard not to take short cuts to appreciation, such as palpable hits, unqualified generalizations, crudifications rather than clarifications of the issue. When all else fails to stir a popular audience, let the band strike up Dixie.

Students are not the best judges or the most lenient critics of the young professor during the trying years he is organizing his material. After taking three courses under Professor Wilson, my interest began to wane. Even professors themselves tire of their own repetitions, and their task would become intolerable if they were not inspired by the eager interest of new classes, to whom the old story is a fresh revelation. And so it was that, after four years of Professor Wilson's lectures, I became satiated with definitions, repetitions, unrealities. On the personal side, his character seemed to shrink, and one began to question his infallibility—particularly his judicial instinct. His temper was easily irritated by dissent, and what had first appeared as firmness later stood out as obstinacy. Nor could he brook any rival in his field. Prof. William M. Sloane, head of the history department, lectured to crowded classrooms. A latent antagonism developed between the two men, with bad feeling openly displayed on both sides in later years.

I had taken all of Professor Sloane's courses and had been awarded, on his recommendation, fellowships for two succeeding years. In the winter of 1893, Professor Sloane was granted leave of absence and sailed for Europe. He commissioned me to examine the papers submitted in competition for two history prizes to be awarded the following commencement. In making the awards, I found difficulties in choice as between two papers of somewhat equal merit. I applied to Professor Wilson for help. He graciously received me in his home on Library Place, one May afternoon, and made no difficulty about complying with my request. Warmly suffused with pleasure over my charming reception, I made my adieus and had reached the front door when Professor Wilson called me sharply back; his voice was cold and incisive:

"I see these papers are submitted in competition for the Class of 1876 history prize. Why did you not tell me you were asking me to do Sloane's work for him?"

"I was asking a favor for myself and not for Professor Sloane, who knows nothing about it," I replied.

With his square jaw set high, he brushed aside the explanation:

"Professor Sloane is enjoying himself in Europe; I am swamped with work here. I am something of a logician—either Professor Sloane should remain at home and attend to his own business or else leave someone in his stead capable of doing so."

I started to speak and, indeed, did form sentences, but my words were as ineffectual as the gasp of a landed fish above the roar of Niagara. Without another word, he handed me the two offending papers and dismissed me by turning to his typing machine.

Try as I might, I could never get back into his good graces. I had done an unpardonable thing. Attempts to soften his heart had about the same effect as a lighted parlor match on the polar ice cap.

As Cibber is reported to have remarked of the great Doctor Johnson: "There is no use arguing with him, for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it."

In the case of Professor Wilson, the man who disagreed with him was often not worth taking a pistol to; instead, he consigned you to an oubliette.

A Slighting Omission

When Doctor Patton unexpectedly resigned the presidency of Princeton, he suggested Professor Wilson to the trustees as his successor. In his brilliant inaugural address, the new president had much to say about Princeton, past, present, and future, but not a word about his predecessor, Doctor Patton.

Later, when Doctor Patton was made president of Princeton Theological Seminary, President Wilson was asked to deliver an address. It was a finished effort in every respect except that it made no reference directly or indirectly to Doctor Patton. It was clear that Professor Wilson did not admire Doctor Patton.

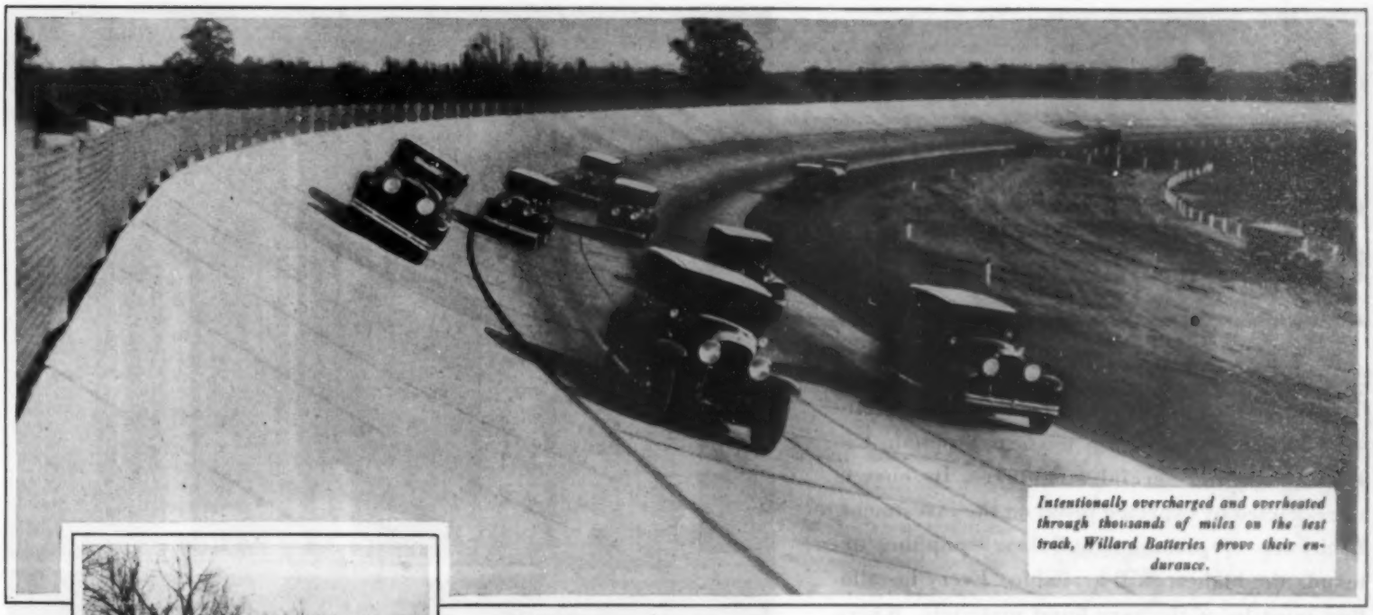
My classmate, James Cowden Meyers, had done splendid work in Professor Wilson's courses and was perhaps on more intimate terms with him than any undergraduate in our senior year. Meyers later made an enviable reputation for himself as a lawyer in the hard, competitive arena of New York City.

He had a natural taste for politics and was elected alderman from one of the city's Republican wards. When Bill McCombs and Colonel Harvey were nursing the nascent Wilson boom for the presidency, the faithful Meyers, although a Republican, journeyed to Trenton, put himself and all his political lore at the service of Governor Wilson. His unstinted help was thankfully accepted.

After Governor Wilson's nomination and but a few weeks before the general election, Meyers attended the Princeton-Dartmouth football game in Princeton. Governor Wilson, spying Meyers in the crowd, asked him to sit beside him in the grand stand.

The talk was animated and had to do with the great nation-wide political fight

(Continued on Page 117)



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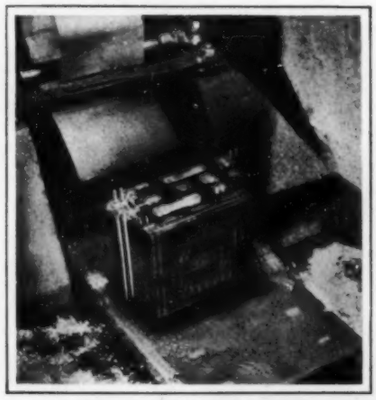

Vibration test. All the jolting and hammering of rough usage concentrated in one wracking trial. Willard stands the test.

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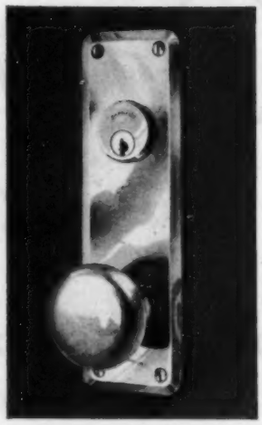
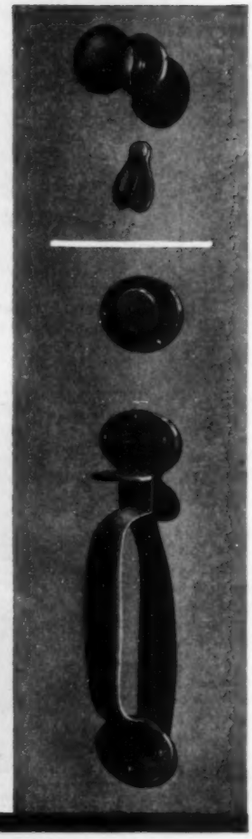


The Passavant Hospital, Chicago. Holabird & Root, Architects. Equipped throughout with Sargent Hardware—an installation that assures perfect and permanent operation of every moving part. The general design in chromium plate may be judged from the one item illustrated at left.



Sargent Hardware as shown at right gives added beauty and durable satisfaction to this residence in Wilmington, Delaware. Edward Canby May, architect. The simplicity and ruggedness of this design is perfectly in keeping with this English cottage type of architecture.

SARGENT

LOCKS AND HARDWARE

(Continued from Page 114)

rather than the athletic struggle they were witnessing. Governor Wilson was powerfully confident. He told this story:

"Two Republicans were talking the other day, and one said, 'I can't stand Roosevelt and I can't vote the Democratic ticket.'

"'Why not vote for Taft?' it was suggested.

"'Why a forlorn hope? Taft is probably not even going to vote for himself.'"

Governor Wilson then turned to Meyers, his face hard and cold: "Meyers, Roosevelt is a charlatan and a demagogue, and the country knows it."

"Governor," Meyers replied, "no man who has been followed for so many years by so many loyal and intelligent Americans can be a charlatan and a demagogue."

Governor Wilson stiffened, turned to a friend on the other side, and refused any further converse with the unhappy Meyers.

Meyers was naturally miserable over this unfortunate break, and in the following spring went to Washington to call on the President in the hope of restoring good relations.

The first day Meyers called at the Executive Offices the President was said to be too occupied to see him. Calling the next day, at the time appointed by Mr. Tumulty, Meyers had to be bluntly told that the President declined to see him—nor did the unhappy Meyers ever again lay eyes upon his former idol.

Wilson and Roosevelt

The good relations between Meyers and Mr. Roosevelt continued to the end. In speaking to Meyers of President Wilson, Mr. Roosevelt remarked:

"The President has a marvelous mind, but there is a sinister strain in it."

The two men did not admire each other; but Mr. Roosevelt's criticism was in the form of a balanced statement, while Mr. Wilson's was not.

Early disciples, such as Meyers and myself, followed Professor Wilson's rise to fame with pride and exultation, but of necessity we followed him afar off. What seemed at first but a frail and impalpable barrier—his displeasure over some small matter—really proved to be a wall of adamant against which one might beat out his life in vain.

We that had loved him so, followed him,
honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!

On all the duties, rights, proprieties and obligations of life, Professor Wilson had his unalterable code. He interpreted nonconformity as a species of treason. The essence of treason is giving aid and comfort to the enemy. His brain rather than his heart governed him in estimates of human conduct.

Deficient in sympathy himself, he was hurt and worn down in the end by the inevitable misunderstandings, frustrations and unfairness of minds that possessed the same unyielding, noncoöperative qualities as his own.

If he had possessed the heart of a Lincoln, history, with clear and luminous eyes, might have seen in him another Lincoln; but his speech proceeded from the head rather than the heart.

The modern painter cannot produce on canvas the ethereal and angelic faces that smile from the canvases of Andrea del Sarto or Fra Angelico. Their work cannot be duplicated, because the childlike adoring faith of the devotional artist cannot be duplicated.

Will the suave and measured cadences of any speech of Mr. Wilson's live with Lincoln's Gettysburg speech? Will any polished letter of Mr. Wilson's survive Lincoln's note to Mrs. Bixby?

"All great thoughts," remarks Vauvenargues, "come from the heart."

After leaving Princeton, a great interval of time and space lay between the writer and President Wilson. Years later, he burst dazzlingly upon us in Italy as the apparition of a superman. I was serving in the American Embassy in Rome as commercial attaché.

President Wilson's welcome surpassed in fervor and magnitude anything that might be imagined. Imperial Cæsar returning in triumph from the wars never received a more delirious acclaim by Roman citizens. To the Italians, he was more than a personality—he was a symbol of deliverance.

Poverty-stricken and oppressed human beings viewed him through the haze of faith, yearning, ignorance. The old Italian charters of emancipation were palimpsests scrawled over with defeated hopes and unfulfilled desires. President Wilson, the savior, was a blank scroll upon which every man inscribed his dreams and his aspirations.

George Creel, able advertiser, had distributed poster pictures of the American President by the million. Candles burned in humble huts before the paper likeness of the American President, and simple-minded peasants knelt before these simulacra of the Great Deliverer, half in admiration, half in interrogation.

Then came the swift reverse! The hopes of the Italians were dashed in pieces; the nation was frustrated and confounded by a single will. President Wilson awarded the Adriatic port of Fiume, claimed by the Italians, to the Jugo-Slavs. Orlando returned from Paris as a protest against the Wilson verdict.

The tide of anger and bitterness rose to such a point that it became necessary for the American Embassy in Rome to be protected from mob violence by a platoon of Italian soldiers.

The Last Chapter?

During the customary recriminations with an Italian hack driver over the amount of his tip, Italian words were spoken which can bear no repetition here. But the crowning imprecation and ultimate insult lay in the phrase:

"*Sei figlio di Veelson!*" (Thou art a son of Wilson!)

Yes, I was a son of Wilson, and proud of it. Wilson had helped to form me back in those university days in Princeton. In that narrow life of a small world, he had been an inspiring influence. Now, in the great life of the huge world, he had become a mighty influence. He who had taught the principles of political sovereignty in the fetid atmosphere of a Dickinson Hall classroom had now become sovereign lawgiver in his own right for the world.

Some years later, for the last time, I was brought within physical nearness to my old Princeton professor. Mr. Hoover had called me back to Washington to serve him, and I was living within a few blocks of Mr. Wilson's home on S Street. For days he lay dying, with weeping men and women on their knees, silently praying, in the hushed street.

"Alas, alas," cried the dying pagan warrior, "what is this thing stronger than the strength of kings that pulls down the mightiest of warriors!"

Is there a further chapter in the amazing career of the man? What lies behind the mysterious veil that shrouds the state of the dead from that of the living? What of permanency in this shadowy world stretching out into thousands of years will survive his transient earthly endeavors? What will ultimately be salvaged from the wreck that is the doom of all human deeds? One wonders.

"There are no fields of amaranth on this side the grave; there are no voices, O Rhodope, that are not soon mute, however tuneful; there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last. . . ."

PHOTO. BY ORRIN E. STANLEY

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The attractive blue lacquered enclosure of the unit shown below contains pump, electric motor, tank and automatic control—ready without further cost to deliver running water—and can be obtained for a sum far less than most families spend for less necessary comforts.

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Cash f. o. b. factory for 210 gal. per hour size. Complete with motor for 60 cycle or direct current. Also available in 420 gal. per hour size at $107.50.

$20 Down The F-M Finance Plan brings this water system to your home for as little as $20 down. Balance in easy monthly payments.

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Send your FREE Home Water Service Book and Special Circular giving full details about the New F-M Home Electric Water System.

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My source of water supply is:
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Have you electricity? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Good enough you say!

what about this?

THE old rig *might* get you to work—eventually. A hand-and-knee scrubber *might* get a floor passably clean—with enough elbow grease. But you use a motor car; and on your floors you should use a motor driven scrubber-polisher.

Perhaps you hesitate, comparing the price of a FINNELL with what seems to be the cheapness of the old way. Actually, the FINNELL pays for itself in time and labor saved. And it cleans and polishes far better than hand methods.

A Household Model, too. Refinishes, waxes, polishes and scrubs home floors.

Write for Booklet, stating whether interested in models for business or home use. Address FINNELL SYSTEM, Inc., 102 East Street, Elkhart, Ind., or 130 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Canada. Branches in London and Stockholm.

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IT POLISHES

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VOTES

(Continued from Page 30)

sentiments and my action will have opportunity to contribute of your wealth and your prestige for the benefit of my campaign. I leave the matter with you."

If there was eloquence in this brief but comprehensive address, it came from the simple, forceful and sincere manner in which Trago had laid the case before his friends. Once again the group rose and applauded him.

A rotund little man seated not far from Old Tim remained standing when the others had seated themselves. Obviously it was an effort for him to address those present, and this fact made the more convincing that which he said.

"I have absolute faith in you, Norman," he explained. "I have known you for thirty years. Yours are the gifts and the talents which will achieve the sort of things about which you have spoken. For my part, I value our friendship even more after this night. In the last analysis, successful business depends upon successful government, and I am sure that every man at this table feels with me that it will be a pleasure to give generously and work unstintedly to bring about a real change for the better." He sat down and there was more applause.

During this time Old Tim had been like a whippet on a leash. His eyes glittered and darted about, and his shaggy brows bunched on the bridge of his nose as the wrinkles played about his forehead. Two or three times he tried to smoke a cigar, but there was no satisfaction in the business. His hands fluttered over his plate. He had a thousand answers to make to Trago's statements; a thousand things he wanted to say to these men who were rich and, in their own sphere, powerful.

Another man rose and complimented Trago upon his sentiments. Then he waved toward Old Tim. "I must add," he said, "that the selection of Norman Trago indicates beyond question the honesty of purpose of Mr. Callahan."

It was a friendly statement, somewhat pompously made, and there was nothing in the slightly exaggerated dignity of the speaker which should have offended anyone. But Old Tim could restrain himself no longer. He rose suddenly to his feet, his eyes blazing, his lips trembling and the skinny forefinger of his withered hand shaking violently in the direction of the well-intentioned speaker.

"You don't know what you're talking about!" he shouted.

He paused a moment from the sheer force of his emotions, and an absolute silence fell upon the room. At last he caught the thread of his theme and deftly, his cracked voice shrilling with power, he unraveled it before astonished eyes and ears.

"I'm a political boss," he snapped. "I organized the party you call corrupt. I established it and directed its first faltering steps. Since that time this city has grown a million in population. It ranks third in the quality of its public schools. Its streets are kept free of questionable women. Its citizens have a system of transportation as good as that of any city in the world, and as cheap. Its streets are always clean. Its public buildings are modern and a source of pride. Its assessed valuation has increased by the million, and its taxes have increased nowhere near in proportion. Its fire department is the best I ever saw or heard about. There is no better park system in all the world!" These statements he hurled at them like an artillery barrage.

"I ask any of you men at this table what you had to do with these things. You look upon me, perhaps, with scorn because I'm Old Tim Callahan and I got rich being a politician. Without stopping to find out, you accuse me of graft. Once a year you get together and over a thirty-dollar dinner decide what ought to be done politically. You're fools!"

The very force of the man prevented an interruption. He swept on. "Politics is a business," he shouted, "and I've made a business of it! You," he snapped, his shaking finger indicating the bank president—"you made a business of banking, didn't you? You worked at it day and night, and out of it built your success." Without giving the man opportunity to answer, he continued: "I did exactly the same with politics. Somebody had to. You won't interest yourself in government. The only conception you have of a political party is mysterious corruption, and your only contact with your government is taxes. Don't tell me; I know.

Walter Fennister

"Hell's bells and gingerbread! As a bank president you talk to me about politicians causing crime. I say they couldn't cause it if you were a good citizen. What do you do when you insure pay rolls and money shipments for their full value? What do you care if you get robbed? And when you are robbed, do you go to court and identify robbers and help convict them? You do not. You're afraid of the gangster. He scares you right out of court. You don't dare testify against him and you don't have to, so long as you can boost the cost of doing business to include surety and indemnity premiums.

"And how many times have you gone to a politician for special consideration and influence in the matter of a franchise? Why, because you're president of a bank, you've learned to expect preference over others. And after you get it you kick because politics is politics. How about the appraisals on your real-estate holdings? What's the difference in going to a public official and bribing him for lower taxes, and going to him and bribing him to keep you out of jail? It's all bribery, ain't it?"

He laughed his high, cackling laugh and shifted his attentions from the discomfited bank president to the traction magnate. "And you," he shrilled, his finger shaking again, "what a laugh I get out of your high-sounding ideals! Hell's bells and gingerbread! You sit around this board to laud and praise an honorable man who promises to take the pol out of politics. You whimper of corruption and yowl for reform with one lip, and with the other you bring a thousand pressures to bear on the board of aldermen to keep needed bus lines off our streets. When the health commissioner, with intentions just as honorable and purposes just as high as Norman Trago spieled off here tonight, tried to protect the millions of passengers that ride your common carrier, you fought him tooth and nail; and you continued to fight him when an influenza epidemic was killing off men like rats. It would have cost you a few dollars to fight this malady, so you let folks die. So much for your ethics."

The traction magnate leaped to his feet, some hot return ready to his tongue. Old Tim clenched his fist and shook it at the man.

"Sit down," he shrilled querulously. "I listened to all your bombast, didn't I? We're supposed to be here in the interests of truth, ain't we? It'll do you fellows good to learn a trick or two about practical politics."

Trago had never seen Old Tim so worked up. The confusion his vitriolic discourse had aroused assumed secondary importance in the man's mind. Old Tim's face was screwed into a grimace of rage, his body trembled and his face was white with an appalling pallor.

With extreme unction the traction man bowed toward Trago. "I am your guest," he said tensely, and resumed his seat.

"What do you think I am?" Old Tim shouted. "A waiter? I'm his guest, too, and what I lack in the little conventions you college men observe, I can make up with the education of a school you know nothing about. I tell you this here and now: I want you to work for Norman Trago's election. But whether you work for him or not, I'll elect him. He boasts tonight of the fact that I'll have no strings on him as chief magistrate. Let me say to you now that he's got more to fear from you and your kind than he'll ever have from me. It's you fellows with your ready capital who are always grabbing political preference.

"Every law violation we know traces directly back to the so-called respectable citizen. You pay for special privilege; you pay to avoid taxation; you pay for the corruption of our courts, whether they be Federal, state or local. You even buy financial legislation which keeps you within the law. Yet you rave to me about political corruption!"

He laughed again, his voice high and shrill and cracked.

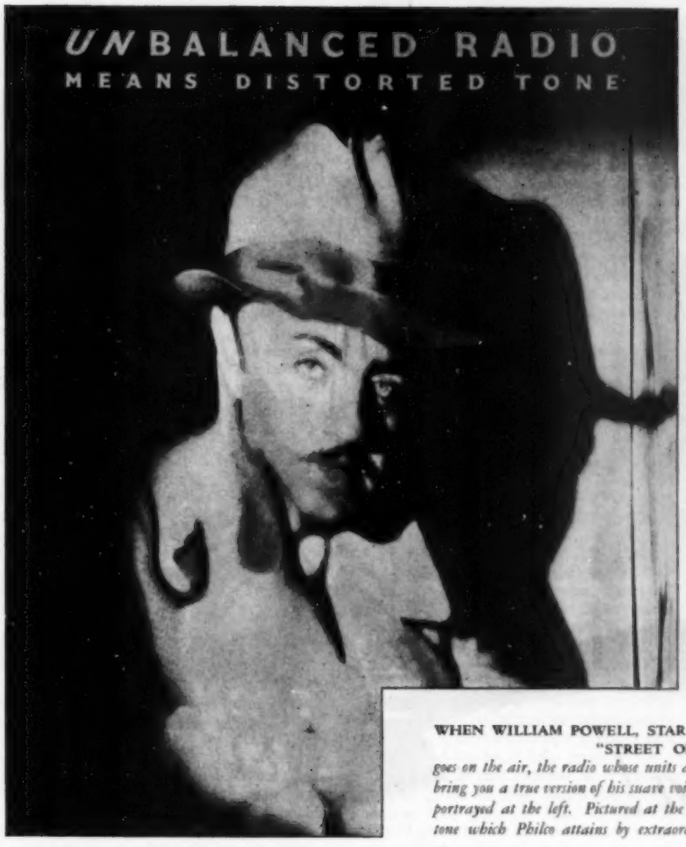
Trago half rose from his chair, as though intent upon stopping Old Tim for the man's own good. Age lay heavy upon the boss, now that excitement had forced it to the surface. He looked like a man facing imminent collapse.

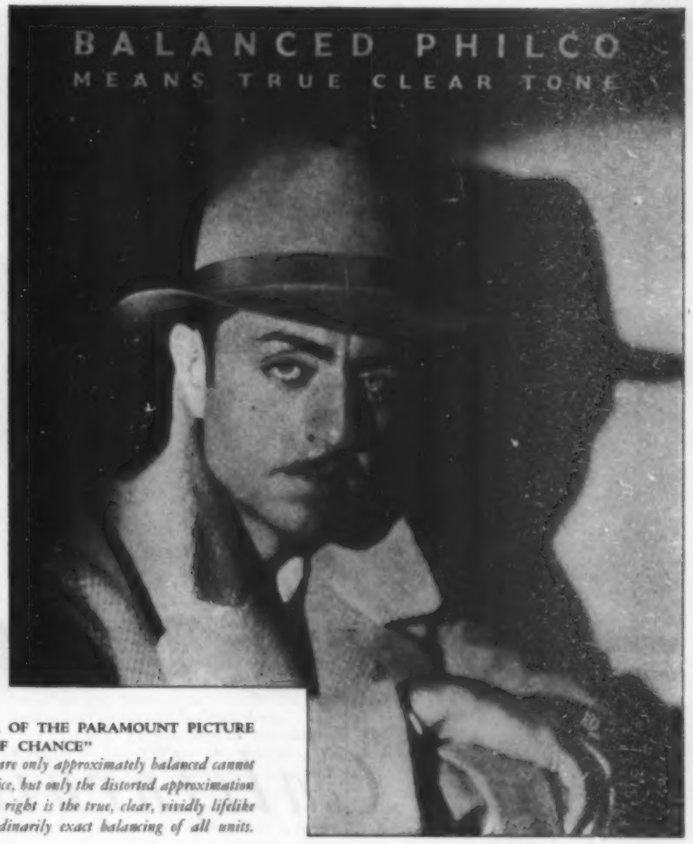
But this very fact enhanced the force and the power of his dominance. In his sarcasm there was a note of impending tragedy. In his hot-flung charges there was the cannonading of unalterable defiance.

"Sit down, Norman," he barked at Trago. "We'll have done with this thing once and for all. We'll fly under no false colors. Whether we part enemies or friends means not so much as an old newspaper to me. . . . I resent your attitude toward politicians. I tell you your feeling in the matter of prohibition is sheer idiocy. Hell's bells and gingerbread! You don't know anything about it. For fifty-five years I've been in the politics of this city. Fifty years ago I saw a specially appointed commission investigate the liquor traffic. Do you know what they found?"

He paused again and his finger trembled violently before his face.

(Continued on Page 121)





WHEN WILLIAM POWELL, STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE "STREET OF CHANCE"
goes on the air, the radio whose units are only approximately balanced cannot bring you a true version of his suave voice, but only the distorted approximation portrayed at the left. Pictured at the right is the true, clear, vividly lifelike tone which Philco attains by extraordinarily exact balancing of all units.

Only Balanced-Unit Radio can bring you such clear, rich tone or so many stations

IT'S easier to write "true, rich tone" into an advertisement than to build it into a radio.

We have no monopoly upon claims of superb performance.

But upon the *actual* performance which you'll enjoy from the wonderful new 1930 Screen Grid Philcos, we believe that we *have* a monopoly—the result of Philco Balanced-Unit construction, applied to these wonderful new Screen Grid tubes.

In the next few paragraphs you'll find some pretty big statements—we should be glad to have you check them by actual demonstration—we believe you'll find that there is one radio which more than lives up to its promises.

• • •

Philco Screen Grid is a new seven tube, four condenser set with sharper selectivity, longer distance range and clearer, richer tone than ever before achieved, so far as we know, in any radio except Philco Screen Grid Plus. Special design makes possible the use of a screen grid tube as the detector. This almost doubles amplification and enables you to bring in distant stations, even in the daytime.

Philco Screen Grid Plus is a nine tube super-set with built-in aerial. Has the same true, clear, balanced-unit tone, together with even greater power and selectivity and a remarkable Automatic Volume Control which counteracts fading and prevents blasting. Philco Screen Grid Plus is built for people who want super-performance. Not only will it bring, even into crowded city districts, broadcasting from stations thousands of miles away, but its Automatic Volume Control prevents the usual fading of distant stations and thus enables you to *hold* and *enjoy* these programs after you get them.

PHILCO

With fading eliminated, distant station reception is no longer just a stunt. You can now sit down and listen to many distant stations just as enjoyably as nearby locals. Philco Automatic Volume Control opens up a new list of colorful programs which you can enjoy in no other way.

No matter how much you spend you cannot buy more radio performance than these new Philcos give you, at amazingly low prices. Any Philco dealer will gladly arrange a free demonstration—easy terms if you decide to buy.

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BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

To California!

Across horizons where rose the seven cities of Cibola

Was it only a prank of the western sun . . . the fleeting silhouette men thought they saw of cities of turquoise, pearl and gold? Was it only a prank *or was it prophecy* . . . that flashed to gold the cold steel helmets of Coronado's soldiers of Spain when they searched for the fabulous cities of Cibola . . .

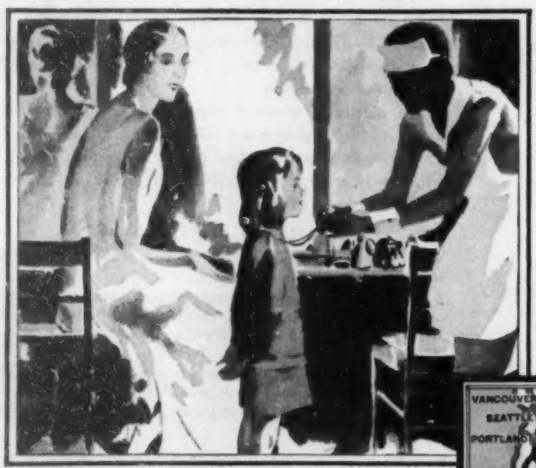
Today in this same western sun a new steel flashes in many a league of Coronado's path. Steel rails of Southern Pacific's SUNSET ROUTE.

And the cities that edge its glittering miles out-fable the cities the Spaniards sought. New Orleans, the SUNSET's source. Houston. San Antonio. El Paso. Tucson. Phoenix. San Diego. Los Angeles. San Francisco. These shine today in the bold reality of sky-thrust stone and steel and reclaimed desert that is become acre upon acre of agricultural wealth.

As your train speeds into the golden evening you can forget, if you like, the world that is new and the one that is gone . . . you need only a mind to good living. "Sunset Limited" is a kingly train . . . and yours to enjoy as you will—a diner the hospitable South has sponsored—club and observation cars with skilled attendants waiting for your wish.

Sunset Route is not Southern Pacific's only way to California nor is it the only one that lifts horizons. Overland Route, Golden State Route and Shasta Route have stories of their own to tell . . . and blue-blood trains for you to travel on.

To go West one route and return another is Southern Pacific's way of making the whole Pacific Coast and half the United States a part of one regular roundtrip ticket. A ticket that finds and interprets the West. For Southern Pacific rails follow natural pioneer pathways . . . It is close to the spirit of the West you are to see. Its vast network of lines explore the whole Pacific Coast. Southern Pacific is the only railroad offering choice of four routes. Go one way, return another. Stopover anywhere.



Ladies' lounge and maid—every refinement in travel service distinguishes the famous "Sunset Limited."

Southern Pacific

Four Great Routes

Write to O. P. Bartlett, 310 South Michigan Blvd., Chicago, or H. H. Gray, 531 Fifth Ave., New York City, for copy of illustrated book: *"How Best to See the Pacific Coast."*

(Continued from Page 118)

"They found," he went on at last, "exactly the same conditions that we've got today! Saloons ran in violation of liquor laws just as speak-easies do now. Instead of selling protection, the police sold licenses. Instead of protecting the liquor merchant twenty-four hours of each day, they protected him only when his saloon was supposed to be closed. In all the history of this country there never has been a liquor law honestly enforced or obeyed!

"In only one thing that Trago said about prohibition was he right, and the rightness of that single statement is so simple a matter of arithmetic that even an uneducated man like myself can prove it. If we've got more corruption today—and we have—it isn't because politics are any more crooked than they've ever been; it's simply because a pretty good glass of whisky used to sell for a dime and now it sells for a dollar, even when it isn't pretty good. The difference is ninety cents. Every time you or I take a drink of whisky we multiply by ten the graft that existed before prohibition. For every drink sold today, bribery funds increase just ten to one. There are just three times as many speak-easies in this city as there ever were licensed saloons." He laughed again, shrilly. "Take out your pencils and figure that one out. It's simple enough.

"On the business of law enforcement generally, Trago said another smart thing. I've run the police department and the politics of this town long enough to know that right now, as we sit at this table, there aren't so many as ten speak-easies operating in this city unknown to the police. I say to you men that with all your brains, all your money and all your business training, there ain't one of you in the room smart enough to pick any spot you want in this city and operate a speak-easy there for forty-eight hours without having it known to the policeman on the beat. That answers itself. When the police want to close speak-easies, speak-easies will be closed.

"I'm no philosopher and probably my intelligence is just as limited as my education, so I won't sound off with any high-brow theories about crime, reform and the psychology of prohibition. But I'll say this to you, and I can prove it: All the evils of this law find their growth again with you so-called respectable citizens. Here again is a matter of simple arithmetic. If the licensed saloons of old supplied enough liquor for this town, how's it now possible to maintain three times as many speak-easies? And you can take it from me, it ain't the bootleggers that are drinking. It's the same old respectable citizen, and he's drinking more of it because he's an American and not accustomed to being told what he can or can't put into his stomach. But the damnable part of the whole business is that he's turned hypocrite and hasn't the time or the energy to change this accursed law.

"Trago points out that the worst result of the rich crook can be found in the politics of our large cities. I admit it. I know perfectly well that bootleggers are bribing enforcement officers, judges and even juries. But I know, too, that this would be impossible if the average man didn't laugh at the liquor laws. An honest vote on the wet or dry question would go 90 per cent wet in the cities and 90 per cent dry in the rural sections. I'm not fooled any about that either.

"There was plenty of drinking in this world before men had any idea of big cities. Geography in this country don't control a man's appetite for liquor. You can check up on any rural section of the United States and you'll find the fellow who votes dry does so because he thinks he's voting the bootlegger, the gunman and the saloon out of business. But the hell of it is, I haven't yet been able to find a barn or a farmhouse cellar anywhere without a good supply of hard cider or applejack, and I've made it my business to look around a bit.

"You men can stand up and shout about patriotism and law enforcement, but I charge that prohibition became a law during a war period when people were in the mood to make any sacrifice."

Suddenly he leaned across the table, rested both palms beside his plate.

"You men hate me," he charged. "You look at me as though I had leprosy. I'm Old Tim Callahan, the political boss. I lack culture, but I control governments. I have no education, but I make mayors and governors. I'm a cynical, mean-minded, crooked old hellion, but I write the laws by which you are governed.

"All this you think, and I know you think it. You look upon my children as the offspring of evil and a threat against the future of posterity. But let me tell you this." His voice dropped until it was necessary for the men at the far end of the table to lean forward that they might catch his words. He spoke slowly now, and tensely: "Let me tell you this," he repeated. "I'll take the bootleggers, the crooked politicians and the outright criminals of this city and control your elections, just as you buy franchises, bribe your way into special privileges and corrupt taxation. Exactly as you pay dividends to your stockholders, I'll pay them to my voters.

"I'll elect Norman Trago chief magistrate of this city and I tell you now he's the most honorable man I ever knew. But I tell you in the same breath that if he works twenty-four hours a day he won't change the corruption and the graft and the crime of this community by so much as a hair! That's the notice I serve on you, and I've waited fifty years for this perfect chance to do it. Go right on hating me, understand? Hate me with all the hate you've got in you because, God knows, I hate you!"

For a single instant he glared at them and his eyes glittered like black diamonds. Then, as they watched him, aghast, his twisted face suddenly relaxed, his shriveled body weaved and the light of battle faded from his eyes. He lurched against the table and Trago called out, "Help him. Catch him! He'll fall!"

So great was the effect of Old Tim's tirade upon those present that none could respond in time. The political boss laughed throatily and a look of combined pain and wonderment crossed his face. Then he toppled forward onto the table.

And when, at last, nervous hands laid him back into his chair his eyes were closed. But he was mumbling in his throat as though the spirit of him still carried on after the flesh had failed.

XII

THE five days of the campaign following Trago's dinner were directed from Old Tim's bedside. This matter had been handled with the utmost patience and skill. In spite of the near-tragic end of the Trago affair, Old Tim's collapse had been kept a secret. Even as the old man was carried to his bed, morning editions of the newspapers were being run off to carry to the public the news of his gladiatorial return to the political arena.

Some of the interviewers spoke of the dynamic power of the man and his relentless devotion to achieving his end. They drew anecdotes about him from the past and made it clear that the tradition of his combats made him a favorite to win over any man in local politics.

During the five days that Old Tim was bedridden, Trago's name and that of Hector Sparr dominated the public prints; and John Cato, along with Harrison Boden, fell to their allotted tasks with ardor. This period proved a trying one for Fennister. Under Old Tim's more or less disjointed direction, the secretary supervised the opening of independent headquarters in every voting district in the city. These places served the double purpose of publicity and a point of concentration for local forces.

Hector Sparr, Boden and Cato acted as a steering committee in deciding upon candidates in each of these districts. When their selection was made the name was submitted to Old Tim. Now and then he made them look farther, but within the five-day period every candidate was selected, and Cato chucklingly reported that bondsmen, court trial lawyers, ambulance chasers, blue-sky operators and bail commissioners formed virtually a solid Callahan phalanx.

"Booley's licked," he avowed, his thick lips spread in a smile and his dead cigar bobbing with the words. "The whole line-up downtown is for Callahan. When I handed in my resignation to Gilhooley, even the other assistants told me I'd be coming back in a couple of months. And they added that I'd come back covered with bells."

So the money rolled in; thousands and thousands of dollars offered by plunderers to the cause of plunder. Fennister saw that this did not stop with Cato.

In a perfect maelstrom of money, Fennister had literature prepared and printed, campaign pictures and banners manufactured and distributed. He interviewed newspapermen, met with racketeers, gamblers, soft-spoken police officials and blatant politicians. He sat in with Sparr and Boden as they perfected policies to submit for Old Tim's approval. And to all these, with the exception of Sparr and Boden, he maintained that only Old Tim's tremendous business occupation prevented his meeting with them personally.

This period of illness, too, had the effect of bringing more closely together father and daughter. Never before had Old Tim known what incapacitation meant. Never had he been under strict medical orders and supervision. For the first time, the cup of weakness was lifted to his vitriolic lips and he was perforce made to drink deep.

In this hour Patricia was his one solace. Along with Morton, the girl remained almost constantly at his bedside. She read to him as often and as long as the old man would listen, but this proceeding was a difficult one, because her father insisted upon hearing what the newspapers said of his own activities, and the physicians were insistent that these matters be kept from him.

Old Tim made a most difficult patient and ground sore upon the nerves of those about him. Morton, accustomed by long experience to lethargic acceptance of whatever mood the old man presented, managed his usual composure. The maledictions of the boss he shed without a scar. Fennister, too, erected a philosophical barricade against the old man's unreasonable verbal attacks. But the burden upon Patricia was onerous.

Several times Fennister found the girl on the verge of tears. So he discovered that it was possible for him to comfort her. Once, in fact, he met Pat in the quiet of the upper hall. This was following a particularly trying hour in the sick room, and Patricia was in tears. Fennister slipped his arm about the girl and drew her close to him. He spoke gently and encouragingly to her, and by and by she laid her head against his chest. They stood thus for some time, Fennister's arm encircling her and one hand stroking gently her bobbed hair. In this there seemed nothing unusual to the two. It came upon them naturally, and though many things happened before either of them mentioned the incident, it made an ineradicable impression upon each.

Old Tim left his bed on the sixth day. In permitting this move the doctors admitted that it was hazardous. The age of the man and the stress of the campaign had combined, they said, to weaken his heart. What he needed most was rest and composure. They permitted him to get up simply because they felt that he would be under greater nervous strain in bed than he would be taking some small active part in the matters which filled his mind.

"You must understand," the physician told Patricia, "that your father is a very sick man. The stress of this political warfare has placed a heavy tax upon him. Right now he belongs in a sanatorium. With him out of bed, I cannot be responsible for the future—even the immediate future."

The library of the Callahan home quickly transformed itself into a hybrid office. Three

George Jessel is one of the new stage recruits to the talking screen. His marvelous portrayal in "Lucky Boy" won him spectacular success . . .

by

Please *don't* make TALKIES into COUGHIES"

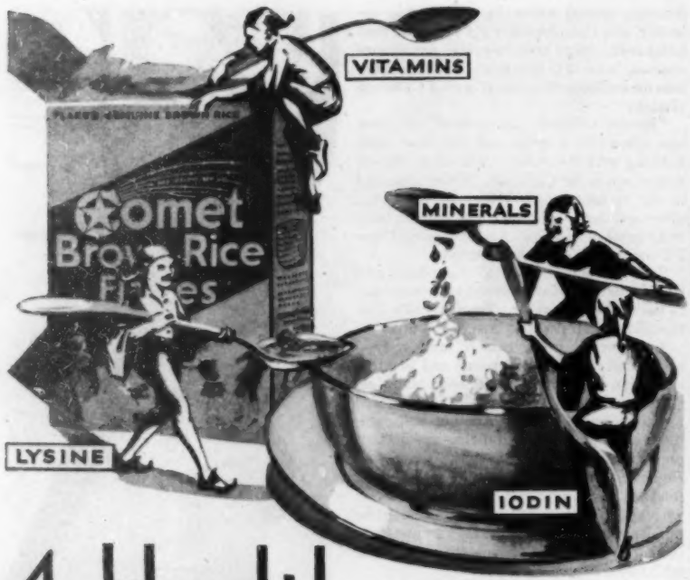
GEORGE JESSEL

"GIVE the 'youngest art' its chance! Let the talkies talk . . . let your neighbors enjoy them . . . *don't cough!*

"This winter I've been to several talkie performances where half the speeches were drowned out by the inveterate whoopers in the audience. Must that be? *No, sir!* I know it's a cinch to get rid of a cough. One or two of the little Smith Brothers' Cough Drops always do the trick for me. . . ."

Smith Brothers' Cough Drops have helped young and old—for 83 years! Quickly they soothe throat irritation. Quickly they clear away hoarseness. And quickly they *stop coughs.* Children love the flavor.

5¢ *Two kinds: S. B. (Black) or the new Menthol*



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in your breakfast favorite

THE 4 health-men of the Breakfast Table, known to science as Vitamins, Minerals, Lysine and Iodin....All present in Comet *Brown* Rice Flakes, made from the natural brown rice with the all-important bran. Dieticians are stressing these invaluable health-elements as vital foods to young folks and older folks alike. And no one could find a more delightful source of well-being than Comet *Brown* Rice Flakes.

Watch the youngsters tackle a bowl of crisp, crunchy flakes in fresh milk, with fruit or plain. It's one of the high spots of the day for them. No complaints, no stop-and-go system when Comet Rice Flakes are served; instead smiles of glee and cries for more.

There's a different flavor in these deep, golden flakes, treated by the exclusive Comet Hot-Pan-Process to preserve their original freshness and fine flavor. They have the sweetness of sugar-cane, the candy joy of fresh popcorn, a crisp tempting savoriness that makes breakfast a better, brighter meal.

The entire family, from Dad to little Dan, revels in the taste of Comet *Brown* Rice Flakes. Serve them often, because *this food* contains Taste plus Nutrition.

Cook Rice Dishes More Often

Do you know how many ways there are of preparing white rice or brown rice in new and interesting dishes for lunch or dinner? Our Rice Recipe Book, which is yours for the asking, will tell you. Write today. The Comet Rice Co., 189 Franklin Street, New York City.

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Comet Rice

WHAT MAKES BROWN RICE BROWN?

Brown Rice is natural rice, with its coat of brown bran. And like whole wheat, contains all its original minerals, vitamins, iodin and lysine. Comet *Brown* Rice Flakes are the *only* flakes made from the genuine Comet *Brown* Rice with all the bran.

additional clerks were added, and though only the major records were brought to Old Tim, these clerks were needed, with more to come. Contributions and expenditures were carefully recorded; first by election districts, then by individuals.

Newspapermen were interviewed. Candidates called in for inspiration and guidance. Paid ballyhoo artists were dispatched from this place to various mass meetings. A campaign of speaking by Hector Sparr and Harrison Boden was there perfected. On Old Tim's insistence, Cato's public speaking confined itself entirely to the radio. If the boss showed something of a predisposition toward antiquated methods, his torchlight parades, fireworks and ballyhoo generally, nevertheless, went over well.

One week after he resumed active command of his forces, even his opponents were in accord with the statement that his achievements were little short of phenomenal. With unerring skill and foresight Old Tim had placed in the key positions on his ticket an assortment of names which could scarcely be attacked. Men of the Kronen type were numerous. These were honest, faithful and industrious. With these qualities they answered the voters. They were also inexperienced, trusting and politically gullible; on these scores they answered the purposes of Old Tim Callahan.

So perfectly evident had this become that one of the first of Booley's cohorts to recognize impending defeat was John Glench. This man, politician to the core, was not misled by the Booley ballyhoo. Wherever he went in his own ward he found that the Callahan influence outweighed his own. Accordingly he appraised his chances and came to the Callahan home to make terms.

Old Tim unhesitatingly met the man. He took him into the privacy of the great drawing-room. "Well," he snapped, "what's on your mind, Glench?" He cackled his high laugh and finished, "I expected you before this."

"You win, Callahan," Glench agreed affably. "I never have found out just what it is you've got against me, but only a fool don't know when he's licked."

"You admit you're licked, eh?" Old Tim piped.

"I admit I'm licked at this time," Glench answered.

Old Tim's glittering eyes surveyed the bristling pompadour, and resentment in him blew hot at the crisp, concise words of the man.

"Of course," Glench went on, "I can still give you a good fight down there. And unless you give me some sort of a break, I will."

"What's on your mind?" Old Tim snapped.

"There's no need wasting words," Glench returned. "So far as the public is concerned, I'm the one man of the old bunch who remains loyal to Booley. This makes my ward pivotal in the primaries. If I fight you down there, even though I'm licked, it will maintain Booley's strength in other districts during the campaign." He paused and smiled sardonically. "But," he continued suggestively, "if, three or four days before the primary, I should concede the election to Kronen and announce my support of the Callahan ticket, the whole Booley campaign might readily collapse."

"Go ahead," Old Tim rapped querulously. "What about it?"

"I'd be willing to withdraw, provided I have your pledge of a good appointment after election."

"What appointment?" Old Tim bartered. "I won't make you police commissioner."

Glench shrugged and tossed his red head. "There's still commissioner of public works, dock commissioner, fire commissioner. Any one of those or half a dozen others, I'd know how to handle."

Old Tim caught his hands behind his back and slowly paced the floor. His head was lowered in deep thought and the posture seemed to make of him a figure even more aged and shriveled. At last he said, "I'll think it over. There's no hurry."

"But there is a hurry," Glench cut in frankly. "If I can't make this deal with you, I'm going along with my fight down there just as though there wasn't a chance of my losing. I won't let up a minute, Callahan, until I have your promise."

Old Tim chuckled. "I get your point," he answered. "All right, Glench. You have my promise. You continue this campaign down there until I say the word, then you withdraw with a statement to the effect that Kronen represents a new element in the party which has already won deserved triumph. Just as soon as the election is over I'll see that Sparr appoints you."

Glench smiled in satisfaction and extended his hand. "You'll shake on that, Callahan? It's a promise, man to man?"

Old Tim laughed cynically, but accepted Glench's hand. "I shake," he answered. "But remember, Glench, I don't want you to let up a second on that fight until I say the word."

"Watch my smoke," Glench promised, his manner indicating intense satisfaction with the arrangement he had consummated. "There's one thing more, Callahan," he continued briskly: "I'd like to know what it is you've got against me."

Old Tim suddenly bristled, tossed both hands in an upward gesture. "Clear out of here," he cried querulously. "Hell's bells and gingerbread! I'm a busy man. I can't spend my days having love feasts with ward heelers. Be satisfied with what you got. Now get out."

In amazement, Glench backed away from the man. Old Tim bore down upon him. His hands waved as though he sought to sweep him from the room. So they passed into the hall. Morton opened the door for Glench, and when the man was on the steps Old Tim called after him:

"Remember now, if you lay back by so much as a hair down there, I'll ——"

"Don't worry," Glench countered quickly. "Watch my smoke. And thanks to you, Callahan. You'll not regret it."

Before he had finished, Old Tim was turned away and striding toward the library.

Under the doctor's orders the old man was required to lie down in his room two hours each morning and two each afternoon. This routine had been conceived with the idea of complete relaxation and rest. But such a program instantly proved itself too rigorous for the patient. He managed forty minutes of the first period and twenty-five of the second. Then he effected a compromise that enabled Fennister to spend these two-hour periods with him, offering statistics and general campaign developments.

He liked also to have Pat with him on these occasions. The result was a closer allying of the interests of the three. Often when Old Tim dozed the young people remained there quiet in his chamber. This enforced silence between them led to mysterious and often amusing and intimate methods of communication. They grew with amazing speed to understand each other.

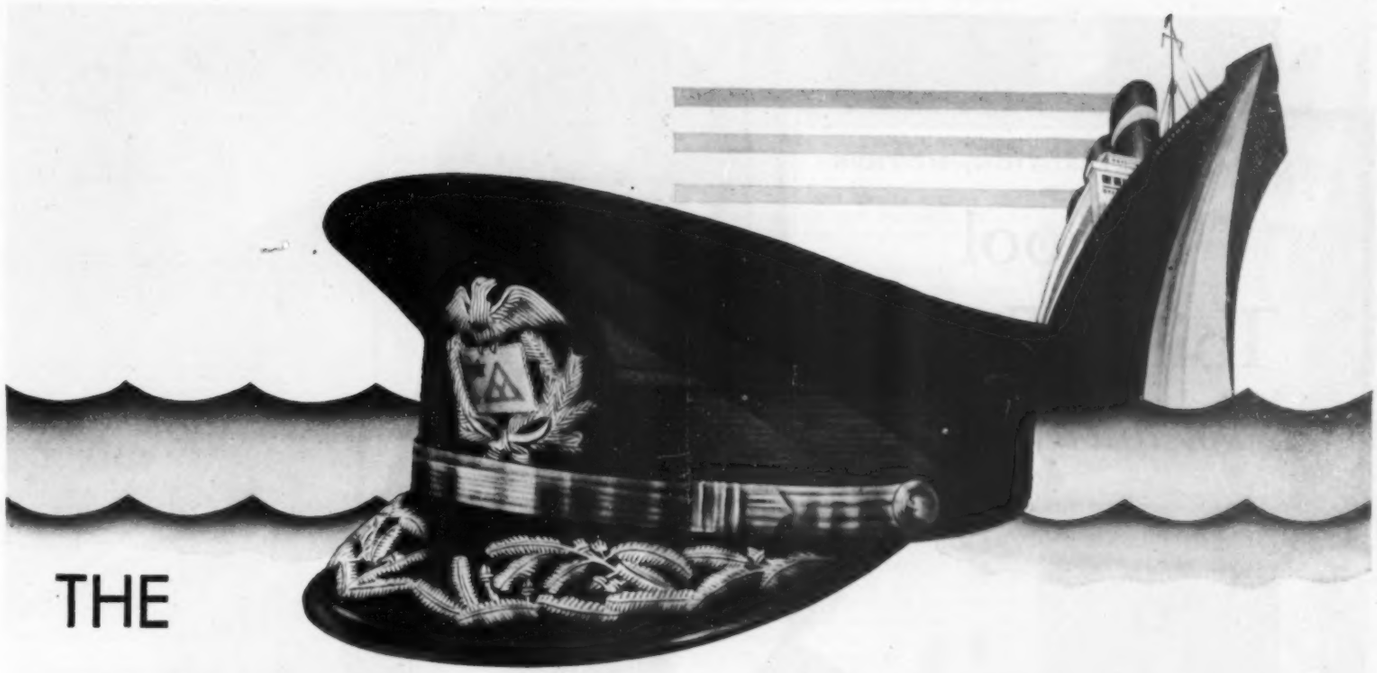
Once Old Tim waked suddenly to find Patricia seated at the foot of his bed, her face alight with a smile and her hands making vigorous but inexplicable signs to Fennister, who was sitting close by Old Tim's hand.

"Speak up," the old man snapped. "I wasn't asleep. I was only resting my eyes."

This he said, but both the others knew that he had been asleep; had rested for several minutes. Then, as sleep cleared from his mind, he regarded the girl gently and with affection.

"You've been mighty good, Pat," he said. "Since I've been sick you're never away from the house. That's nice of you." Before the girl could answer he rolled his head toward Fennister. "Well," he demanded querulously, "why don't you go ahead?"

(Continued on Page 125)



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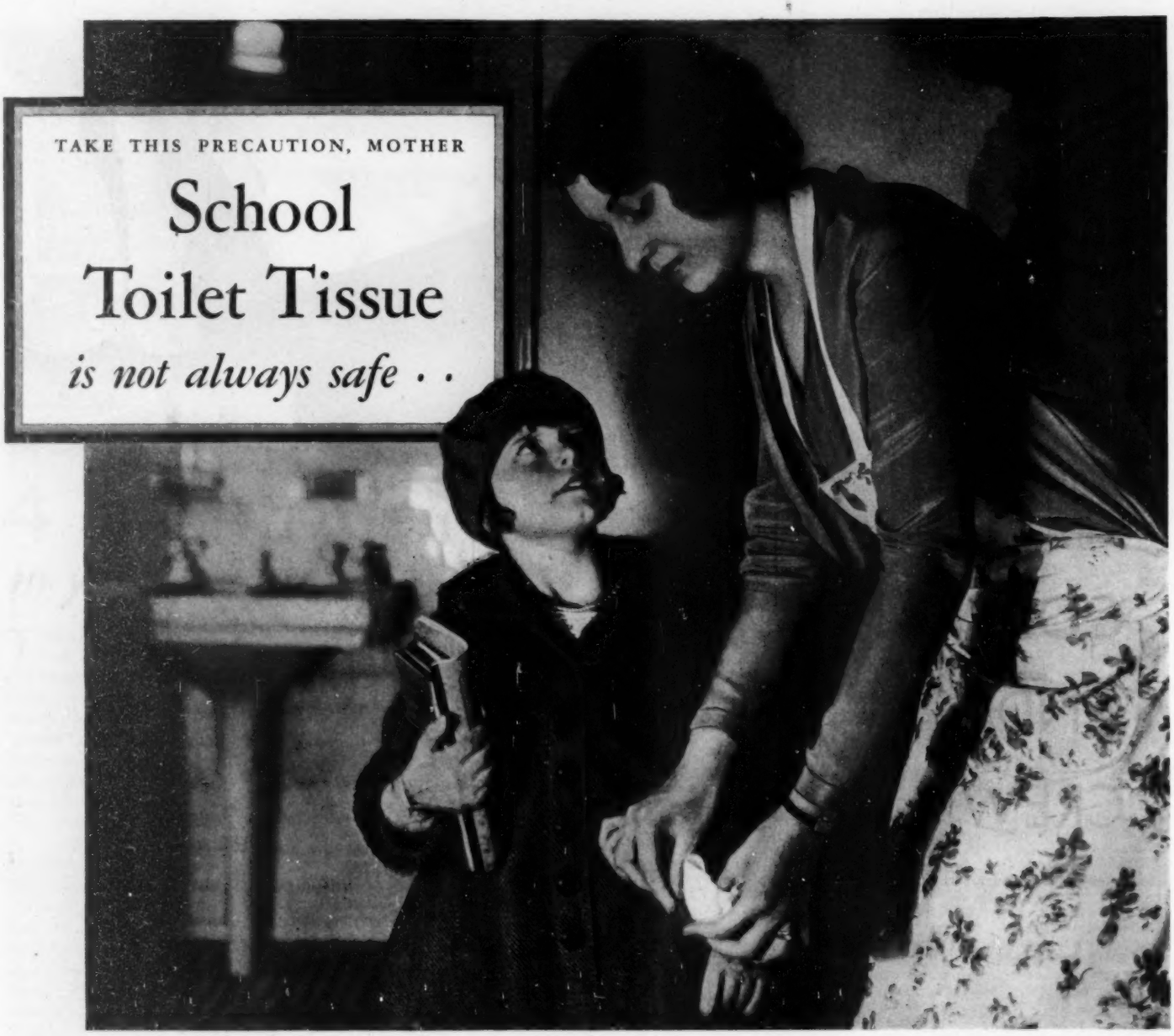

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is not always safe . .

CHILDREN are especially susceptible, doctors and hospitals say, to serious ailments caused by harsh, chemically impure toilet tissue.

Millions of careful mothers are heeding this medical warning by equipping their bathrooms with health-protecting Scott Tissues.

And many go still farther in safeguarding their children.

They see that each child, starting off to school, carries a few sheets of these softer, more absorbent tissues.

ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf are made from specially processed fibres—"thirsty fibres." Crumpled in the hand, they feel actually cloth-like in texture. Each sheet is extremely absorbent—yet tough and strong. Without this absorbent quality, thorough cleansing is impossible.

Scott Tissues are chemically pure—neither acid nor alkaline in reaction.

They are made from the finest materials—and are always clean, sanitary, safe.

Not only your children but the grown people in your family need protection from the more serious maladies that come from inferior toilet tissue.

Be sure of safety! Always ask for either ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue or Waldorf. They cost no more than the ordinary tissues. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

TO BE SAFE, toilet tissue must be soft, absorbent, chemically pure. Scott Tissues are specially processed to meet these health requirements.

3 *for* 20¢
Prices for U. S. only

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All three Scott Tissues are closely wrapped to fit the modern built-in fixtures.

Scott Tissues

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NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world . . . Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty fibre* qualities.

(Continued from Page 122)

Fennister turned his attention to the papers in his lap. "I read last the contributions from the eleventh ward."

"I know what you were reading!" Old Tim shrilled. "Do you think I'm deaf? Just go ahead and read! The last one was eleven hundred dollars from Red Mitchell."

Fennister never had been able to accustom himself to the amazing memory of Old Tim, and he fumbled now, one finger running down the list until it came to Mitchell's name.

"I don't see why you can't pay attention to your work," Old Tim complained. And Pat, by way of aiding Fennister, stepped to her father's side and occupied the necessary moments in rearranging his pillows.

Fennister went on with the reading of the list, but Old Tim's glittering eyes remained upon his daughter, who sat now on the edge of the bed, down near its foot. His interest in the list seemed to wane, and ultimately he turned to Fennister and ordered him to stop.

"Leave me alone with Pat," he said. "If I want you I'll send for you."

The secretary nodded, gathered up his papers and left the room. Pat moved close to her father's side and smiled down upon him.

"I've just realized," Old Tim muttered, "how big you are, Pat. You're a woman now—a beautiful woman, and a fine one. All this time you have stayed right close to me, when you must have had plenty else to do."

Pat laughed softly, and she ran her palm across Old Tim's forehead and let her soft fingers twine through his sparse hair.

"Where's Timmy?" the boss demanded abstractedly.

"Timmy?" Pat queried. "He's—he's around, daddy."

The hard light filled Old Tim's eyes once more. "Around, is he?" he sneered. Then he added quickly, "I want you to help me, Pat. I want you to see to it that Timmy goes to Europe. Don't let him know that it's my idea; just see that he gets away quickly and don't come back until after election."

Pat bit her lip and seemed on the point of making some defensive argument in behalf of her brother. Of this, Old Tim would have none.

"Don't argue with me," he insisted. "Either tell me you'll arrange it, or you won't." He turned his face away from the girl, and the gesture hurt her.

"Of course I'll arrange it, daddy," she said instantly. "That is, I'll do my best to arrange it." And she couldn't resist adding, "Sometimes I think you're just a little hard on Timmy."

"You arrange it," Old Tim grunted listlessly. "Arrange it quickly. The day after he sails I'll buy you a new car, or a bracelet, or something else you want."

A hurt look crossed Pat's face again, but her soft hands still toyed with Old Tim's hair and she did not speak. They remained thus several moments. Then the boss looked again at his child, and a vanishing smile flickered about his lips.

"Pretty soon I won't have you all to myself," he said. "You'll be getting married." He laughed speculatively. "It hardly seems possible," he mused. "I've always figured you a baby." Pat smiled, but Old Tim noticed the light that filled her eyes. "Yes," he went on, "and you'll have sense enough to marry a fine, smart man."

"I hope so, daddy." Pat laughed uncomfortably.

"Hector Sparr was here the other night," the boss recalled. "Three different times I caught him looking at you. There was that in his face which spoke for itself." Pat blushed and shrugged an inaudible reply. "Well," Old Tim continued, "God knows you deserve the best. I wouldn't object to Hector. He's a big man and a fine one. He's rich enough, so your money wouldn't interest him, and he's got the social position you deserve."

Once again Pat was on the point of speaking, but the glitter in her father's eyes stopped her. He laughed and raised his hand to catch and squeeze her fingers.

When, later, he returned to the library Hector Sparr was there, and he rose to greet Old Tim.

"Glad to see you looking so well, Mr. Callahan," he said. "I know how tired a fellow can get in one of these campaigns." He laughed agreeably, but Old Tim noticed that his voice was hoarse from his speeches; his face showed traces of weariness. "Sometimes," he added thoughtfully, "I wonder at your willingness to go through it all again."

Old Tim glanced about the room before replying. Fennister was nowhere to be seen. Miss Toland was busy over her typewriter. None of the clerks was within earshot.

"I go through it all again," Old Tim said, *sotto voce*, "for one reason, and one only. That is my little girl—Pat."

A look of confusion overspread Sparr's face. "A lovely woman," he said. "Perfectly charming. Pretty as a picture."

Old Tim was regarding the man intently. "She's all I've got to work for," he said quite frankly. "My son's a loafer. I'll leave every dollar I've got to Patricia. Knowing her as I do, that's the wisest thing I could do for Timmy. Money won't hurt her; it would ruin him. She'll always see him through. . . . She hasn't been out of the house since I took sick."

Sparr repeated something about the charm of the girl and her obvious virtues. Any sincerity that was lacking in his voice seemed offset by the graciousness of his manner.

"That's the one thing I want, Hector," Old Tim continued slowly. "The biggest thing in my life." He paused a moment and leaned closer to the candidate. "I just had a talk with her," he said. "I put it in her mind that you were falling in love with her; said I'd seen you looking at her and could understand the meaning of the look." A far-away note crept into his voice: "I told her she'd be marrying soon, and made it clear I'd not object to you."

"I hope," Sparr returned, "that the idea was not too obnoxious for her."

"Oh, no," Old Tim assured him, "not at all. She blushed a little and her eyes lit up. She wouldn't say anything. But young girls are bound to be that way."

Sparr wet his lips thoughtfully. "I'll be very proud," he said, "on the day Miss Pat becomes my wife."

"You'll have reason to be proud," Old Tim returned instantly. "And as for me, I don't mind saying, once that matter's arranged, I'll figure my life complete. No," he added significantly, "I'm not whipping Jim Booley just for the fun of fighting. For me, all the fun is gone out of fighting. What I am doing now, Hector, is paving the road for my daughter's future husband. Just let me win out on that and I'll be willing enough to let the rest go by the board."

Fennister entered the library and crossed to them. "If I may interrupt for just a moment, Mr. Callahan?" he asked. "You'll excuse it, Mr. Sparr?" Sparr nodded and the secretary took Old Tim's arm and drew him aside.

"I'm leaving the house for a few hours," Fennister began. "Miss Pat has just spoken to me about your wish that Young Tim go abroad. She has"—he laughed softly—"asked me to help her arrange the matter. If that is your wish, you'd best manage a letter of credit for your son."

"Yes." Old Tim nodded. "All right, Fennister. You go ahead. I'm anxious to arrange the matter right away. Drop in at the bank and make such arrangements as may be necessary."

Fennister nodded and turned away. Old Tim glared after him with an uncertain expression.

"She came to you, eh?" he muttered doubtfully. "I asked her to help me, and she takes it on herself to ask you to help her?" He cackled his high laugh. "They're queer things, these girls. Anyway, she's got a lot of faith in you. I suppose she's waiting for you there in the hall? Together you'd ought to convince Timmy easy enough."

Fennister smiled over his shoulder and went out into the hall. Old Tim returned to Hector Sparr. As they talked there the front door closed at the end of the hall.

"Yes," Old Tim said to the candidate, "you know now why I'm back in politics. It ain't for you, nor it ain't for myself. It's for little Pat."

At that moment Morton stepped into the library. His face was alight with a broad smile. Old Tim glanced at him in surprise.

"Hell's bells and gingerbread!" he exclaimed. "We must have blackface ghosts in the house. Morton just saw something he liked well enough to make him smile!"

XIII

WHEN Fennister returned to the house he left Pat at the foot of the stairs and journeyed directly to the library. Except for Miss Toland and the clerks, the place was deserted; and of this Fennister was glad.

The voluminous records, though simple enough in themselves, were of the mushroom variety. Each day brought its hundreds of new entries to be made, both as to incoming and outgoing cash. Bank balances had to be checked with continuous care; and after pointing out to him several methods by which supervision of the expenditures in various districts could be maintained, Old Tim was growing more and more to leave these matters to the secretary.

Accordingly opportunity to do this work was welcome.

Fennister rang for Morton and, when the butler responded, requested a sandwich and a glass of milk, on the score that he had missed his luncheon in arranging for Young Tim's trip abroad.

"Everything is arranged, is it, sir?" Morton asked.

Fennister laughed. "If I never meet with greater difficulties life will be a bed of roses," he answered. "Young Tim is booked to sail tomorrow night at midnight, and I saw to it that there would be ample money to keep even him over until after the election."

Morton nodded gravely, but there was satisfaction in his eyes.

"It's a wise move," he said. "Timmy is headed for trouble. He drinks too much. When he gets drunk he insists upon racing cars through the streets. It's better for him to be away."

Fennister agreed readily enough. "It would kill Old Tim," he said, "to lose this election."

Morton turned toward the door, but as he walked out he muttered, "It may kill him to win it."

In a few moments he returned with the food and spread it on the library table. As Fennister ate he chatted with him.

"I guess," he said slyly, "it wasn't very hard work for you to go out with Miss Pat today." In his eyes there was a knowing look and his flat features beamed understanding.

Fennister flushed slightly, but he laughed and met the other's gaze. "It's all come so quickly," he said, "for both Pat and me, that we hardly realize it yet." He sipped at the glass of milk, then added seriously: "I hope, Morton, you'll be discreet in the matter. We've decided to say nothing to Mr. Callahan until the campaign is over."

"Indeed I'll say nothing!" Morton assured him instantly. Then his flat face became flatter and lines of worry appeared on his forehead.

Fennister misunderstood the man's concern. He rose and faced him. "I hope you don't think it's wrong, Morton," he said, "for us to keep it secret."

"Heavens above, no!" Morton gasped. "In fact, sir, I warn you to make no mention of it at this time."

So great was his concern that he swept aside the barriers of his position and caught Fennister almost roughly by the arm.

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"Hear me now," he insisted, "and warn Miss Pat the same way: Don't tell a living soul. And you'd best be careful that no one notices. . . . I know Old Tim Callahan," he finished lamely, "pretty well. You'd best take my advice."

Nonplused, Fennister looked at the butler. It was perfectly obvious that Morton knew things unsuspected by the secretary. It was just as clear that the servant's sympathies were with Pat and himself.

"Don't question me," Morton urged. "Just remember what I say. And remember this, too," he added: "I love Miss Pat fully as much as you do. I'll always be your friend, and it might work out that I could prove a valuable one. Come to me if you need me."

Fennister was on the point of making some fitting expression, when Old Tim scuffled into the room. The man wore his vivid dressing gown again, and only his socks covered his feet. He carried his pipe in his mouth, but when he saw Morton he removed it.

"Morton," he called, "get me some ale. And don't be dumb about it. Get me a bottle that's cold. One right off the ice." He scuffled past the two and went to Miss Toland. "What are you doing?" he demanded.

Without raising her eyes, the girl answered, "Writing letters."

Then Old Tim turned back, spoke to Fennister. "What arrangements did you make?" he demanded querulously. "Hell's bells and gingerbread! Why don't you tell me these things? Must I ask for everything I want to know?"

"Your son sails tomorrow night," Fennister answered briefly.

Old Tim cackled in delight. "I'd feel better," he avowed, "if we could lock him up till then." He whirled suddenly on the butler. "Why aren't you getting my ale?" he cried.

"It's not time for your ale," Morton said. "You don't really want it, anyway."

Old Tim lifted his shaggy brows and his lips trembled. "Well," he shrilled, "be doing something, Morton. I can't have you around under my feet all day."

So the butler turned and disappeared into the hall. Old Tim sat down in his wing chair by the hearthstone. "Gimme a match," he snapped at Fennister. . . . "What does Martin Spurgeon want of me?"

"I've heard nothing from Martin Spurgeon," Fennister answered quietly. "I haven't the faintest notion what he wants of you."

"Call him up and ask him," Old Tim snapped, with a fling of his hand toward the telephone. Fennister stepped quietly across the room and spoke to Miss Toland.

"Mr. Spurgeon called up while you were out," she said. "He asked for an appointment today with Mr. Callahan. He said it was very important."

Fennister nodded and went to the telephone. Shortly he had Spurgeon on the line. After he had made known his identity, Martin's conversation matched in directness that of Old Tim himself.

"I want to see Callahan any time this afternoon," he said. "I know he's a hard man to get at, but you tell him it's for his own good I want to see him. If he sees fit to decline, the responsibility is his. I've done my part. You just tell him that."

Fennister turned and explained the situation to Old Tim. A look of surprise crossed the pallid features of the boss and his shaggy brows drew into a knot on the bridge of his nose. To Fennister's amazement, he answered without anger in his voice.

"All right," he said, "if he puts it that way. Ask him if he can come right up." Spurgeon could, and said that he would.

When Fennister hung up the receiver he glanced at Old Tim, and the man motioned him to his side.

"Hell's popping somewhere," he said to the secretary. "We've slipped a cog. In some way we haven't kept up with Jim Booley. Maybe Spurgeon will show us where we've slipped."

He stopped abruptly, and Fennister waited there by his side. In a few seconds the boss glanced up and in high, angry tones burst out, "Why do you stand there like a goop? Isn't there enough work to be done around this place? I'm paying you twice the salary you were making. The least you could do is keep busy while I'm watching you."

Fennister returned to his desk and there again gave his attention to supervising the detail work of the clerks. Twenty minutes passed, and then Morton came to the library door and announced the presence of Spurgeon in the reception room.

"Take him into the drawing-room," Old Tim ordered thoughtfully. And he added, "Manage to serve a highball while we're there. You, Fennister, come in with me."

The attitude of Martin Spurgeon manifested itself as quickly as it did clearly. He spoke crisply. "This may be an unpleasant meeting, Callahan," he snapped. "However, as a man of honor ——"

"Don't mind the honor part," Old Tim cut in. "Let's get to business. What do you want?"

Spurgeon drew himself to his full height and pouted somewhat. "I'm withdrawing from the race," he announced dramatically. "I'm announcing to the press tomorrow that my name is no longer to be listed as a candidate on your ticket."

To Fennister the statement was like a bombshell.

"Well," Old Tim said, more calmly than the secretary ever had heard him speak, "that ought to strengthen us."

"Be that as it may," Spurgeon snapped.

Morton appeared, wheeling the inevitable wagon. Old Tim cackled. He regarded Spurgeon calculatingly and his eyes glittered.

"I don't take this so seriously," he admitted then. "I can have petitions signed in two hours and a stronger candidate in the field before you realize you've changed horses in the middle of the stream."

He paused a moment. Then, as Morton swished the siphon into a glass, he nodded at Spurgeon and said, "Have a drink, Martin. It's always best to separate friends, ain't it?"

Some of Spurgeon's prepared dignity disintegrated under this treatment. He accepted the glass and nodded. "Of course, Callahan," he said, "in politics it's every man for himself."

"Right," Old Tim snapped. "What do you plan doing, Martin? If it's any of my business."

Spurgeon shrugged. "I've never made much money," he answered with brutal frankness. "I've got that to consider."

"Of course," Old Tim grunted. "Of course you have, Martin. Every man has." He paused a moment, then cackled a delighted laugh. His withered shoulders shook with glee, and the others regarded him in surprise. "How much did they pay you for this, Martin?" he asked at some length. "How much did Booley pay you?"

"I don't mind telling," Spurgeon answered. "A hundred thousand dollars net to me and the fire commissionership if Booley wins."

"Well, well, well," Old Tim sighed. "You certainly sold yourself to somebody that puts a higher value on you than I do. . . . By the way, do you expect Booley to win?"

Spurgeon took time to swallow half his whisky-and-soda. He gasped an appreciation of the liquor and licked his lips in satisfaction. Then he smiled. "No, Callahan," he admitted, "I don't expect Booley to win. I expect you to win. You're the most unscrupulous and, withal, the cleverest political conniver I've ever heard of. You see, I happen to know that Cato has arrangements complete for drift voting in every district in this town. Booley could poll two hundred thousand votes more than you and still lose."

Old Tim cackled again, and there were satisfaction and pride in his voice. Fennister listened aghast. Spurgeon finished the whisky-and-soda.

"You don't expect to be fire commissioner then?" Old Tim queried.

"Haven't the faintest idea of it."

"What makes you think," Old Tim asked sneeringly, "that Booley'll come through with the hundred thousand? There's a big difference between a promise and that amount of money—especially a Booley promise."

Spurgeon laughed agreeably. He handed his glass to Morton and nodded toward the liquor. "I'm glad you take it this way, Callahan," he said in relieved tone. "I'd hate to have you for an enemy. Booley, of course, wanted me to wait until a few days preceding election before I withdrew. But I couldn't do that. I wouldn't dare. You know, you and Booley aren't going to be here forever, and a hundred thousand dollars, plus my law practice, will keep me going nicely till I can start over with both of you out of the way."

Once again Old Tim nodded. "But the hundred thousand, Spurgeon," he insisted. "How sure are you of that?"

Spurgeon took the drink from Morton's hand and drained it almost at a gulp. Then he smiled meaningfully. "Just so sure," he answered, "that the money's right now in the bank. It's right in my own account. Understand? My bank has collected Booley's check."

Old Tim cackled approval. "I don't see where I can kick," he announced. "I'd say, Martin, that you made a good deal for yourself. And Old Tim Callahan never yet criticized a man for doing that."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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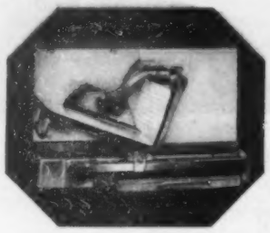

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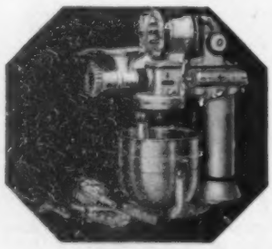

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TAKE UP

(Continued from Page 15)

Old Dave pulled out his watch. It was after ten o'clock.

"Now, if it's convenient," he replied. "The light should be all right."

Lotz escorted Old Dave into a broad sample room, painted inky black and flooded with the soft north glow of a huge skylight built according to the specifications of the United States Department of Agriculture. Black wooden racks containing flat trays of samples or large paper rolls containing samples lined the walls. At one end of the room two men, wearing white cloth coats to prevent the lint from attaching to their clothing, were at work before a table of cotton, attended by a small negro. They glanced up as Mr. Lotz and the black-overcoated figure came into the room.

"Mr. Ponder!" Lotz called out. A tall, sallow-faced figure detached itself from the group, approached, was introduced and informed that Old Dave would receive the cotton sold to D. O. Hord & Co.

After being assured that the samples were ready for delivery, Lotz took his departure.

The head classer called to the negro—a small yellow one clad in tan coveralls, who possessed almost an Oriental appearance.

"Chink, run out a table for Mr. Beach," he ordered, "and then get down several trays of that Two XX cotton in the central rack. See that Mr. Beach is supplied with cotton until he finishes. And get Mr. Beach a coat."

The negro rolled out a long, inky-black, slatted table under the skylight and then brought a black six-foot-long tray glowing with fifty samples of cotton the size of footballs. Old Dave's practiced eye glanced over the samples. The cotton was creamy white and lustrous as medicated cotton. It was strict middling cotton except for a fair percentage of good middling—a grade above what Hord had bought. It was the best cotton he had seen in months, since the dulling, murky weather of fall had gradually lowered the grades until what cotton was left unpicked in the fields was almost the color of overalls.

"Nice grades," Old Dave allowed.

"Hit looks like ice cream," assented the negro, Chink. "If I had a spoon, believe I'd eat some."

Old Dave donned a long cloth robe that the negro held for him.

"Now let's have a pull at the staple."

He extracted a wad from the top of the first sample, then took it in both hands and, with the familiar leverage of knuckle against knuckle, broke the wad in half. His sensitive hands told him the cotton was strong. Then he dropped the wad in his right hand and pulled out several times the stringy fibers with his thumb and forefinger. With a combing motion he removed the waste and, trimming the ends until the fibers seemed like small, even, silky threads, he regarded the result.

"Hit's as long as a well rope, ain't it?" Chink insisted, looking over his shoulder.

"Inch and a sixteenth all right," Old Dave agreed.

Then he sent Chink in search of Gus and went seriously to work. He finished approving the tray and had Gus take the numbers of the bales from the small pasteboard coupons between the folds of the samples. Then he commenced on another tray and had practically completed it by noon. That afternoon he accepted two hundred more bales. The last cotton was as good as the first—strict and good middling in grade, and inch and a sixteenth and some inch and an eighth in staple, worth approximately two dollars a bale more.

That night he reported his experiences to Hord over long-distance telephone.

"The cotton is well up and they're as sweet as strained honey, D. O.," he informed his boss. "No middlings or strict lows have been offered me yet. No cussing and swearing, but manners of Robert E. Lee. Lotz hasn't even offered me a drink, much less tried to get me drunk before I began to work. He told me confidentially that he is going to give you better cotton than you bought and try to get you to bury the hatchet. I can't tell yet whether it's just a hot line or whether he means it."

"Once a crook always a crook, Dave," Hord snorted. "He will never make a friend out of me. . . . How's the light?"

"Government skylight."

"Remember that port cotton absorbs moisture and pulls out longer than at Wilton."

"I'm allowing for that."

"Well, then, by the end of the week you will have a different tale. They'll give you shyer cotton every day, trying to get you off in grade gradually, and be tendering you bollies before you get through. But stay with them, Dave."

"I'll stay, D. O., until the sea cows come home."

But upon the arrival of the end of the week, Old Dave had received more than a third of the cotton and had not rejected a single bale for either grade or staple. The cotton was more satisfactory, if anything, than at the beginning. He puzzled over the situation on Sunday, which he spent loafing at the hotel.

"There's something dang funny," he told his pipe, with a slight furrowing of his usually placid face. "The last cotton I took was mostly good middlings and inch and an eighth. Now, some people give to the Salvation Army and others to the United Charities, but danged if I ever heard of one cotton buyer deliberately donating a grade to another, unless he's trying to buy friendship, like Lotz says he is. But maybe he isn't trying to buy friendship. Maybe he doesn't want it at all. Danged if I don't go to the bale tomorrow and be sure this isn't a good-middling dream I'm having."

When he appeared at the Lotz warehouse on Monday morning, he sought out the dark, active figure for an interview.

"I don't presume to question the integrity of any of your helpers, but out in my country we usually go to the bale itself," Old Dave explained. "With me sticking my fingers deep into Hord's pocketbook for around three hundred thousand dollars, I want to be sure everything is all right. So, if it does not make any difference with you, I'd like to verify the samples by having my negro resample the cotton."

If he had expected Mr. Lotz to flush at the possible inference of crooked samples, he was mistaken. The only movement in the smooth, dark face was that of instant agreement.

"Certainly, Mr. Beach—certainly," he assented. "I understand your situation and I wish that my men were as careful. Have your own sampler commence at once. However, you will find the samples exactly correspond to the bales. The only thing that I ask is that you send the samples to Hord and let him see the kind of cotton you are receiving."

Old Dave went out of the office a bit nonplused.

"If he doesn't mind Gus resampling his cotton, the samples must be all right. He must be on the square after all. If he isn't, he's the best actor I have ever seen. But I wish he'd quit that apple sauce every time I suspect anything. It makes me feel like stealing Bibles."

He slipped into his overcoat, called Gus and, escorted by Chink, went out on the cold compress wharf. Under the low roof was row after row of bales of cotton, standing on end, some compressed and leaning in the manner of dominoes, others uncompressed and standing straight up. Some distance down the mammoth structure a press was snorting, and the cadenced voices of negroes at work at the press came to his ears, mingled with the snorts of the steam exhaust. Chink went in search of the wharf boss and the cotton was quickly found. The three thousand bales had been blocked in, with aisles between the rows. Old Dave looked at the cardboard tag attached with a copper wire to the first bale.

"Number 161,202," he read. He checked his sheet of numbers of the bales he had received.

"This is one. Cut it, Gus."

Gus produced his wide cleaverlike sampling knife, whetted it with a few expert strokes on the carborundum stone. Placing his right hand against the thick back of the blade, the butt in his left hand, and throwing his weight on it, he cut deep through the bagging cover just under a steel band and ripped a great half-moon gash across the bale. Layers of beautiful cotton fluffed out. These he grasped, and pulled out a sample several inches thick and nearly eighteen inches long.

Old Dave took it and walked to the clear light at the edge of the wharf and looked at it.

"Strict middling cotton," he said. He stapled it for length.

"O. K. Other side now, Gus," he instructed.

"I'll cut de othuh side fo' you, Gus," volunteered Chink, a close attendant on the proceedings.

Now, there is much two-sided cotton, one grade on one side and a lower grade on the other, caused by different picking or ginning conditions, with the low side governing the classification of a bale and its value.

"I expect that Gus needs exercise," Old Dave told Chink. "He's getting too big."

"Chink, I been cuttin' samples fo' Mistuh Dave fo' fo'teen yeahs, and ain't nobody else ever been able to cut 'em jest like he likes 'em," instructed Gus. "So I does de cuttin'."

"Thinks lots of yo'self, don't you, big boy?" Chink inquired.

"Got plenty reason; Ise 'bout de best," rejoined Gus as he circled the bale.

He cut a sample from the other side of the bale and handed it over the top to Old Dave, who compared it with the other side.

"O. K.," he confirmed.

Thereafter, in order to speed the process, Old Dave and Gus, accompanied by the ever-present Chink, went down one side of the row together, then up the other side; Gus cutting samples, but not pulling them; Old Dave merely peering into the folds and stapling a hunk from each; Chink witnessing the proceedings. By this rapid method, within a few days Old Dave had verified the cotton.

"Not a single one but well up," he commented to himself. "Just like Lotz said. I'm getting suspicious as an old maid with her first date—afraid she'll be kissed and afraid she won't. I guess Lotz has a good profit in this cotton and is on the square. If he isn't, he has something up his sleeve bigger than any bale on the wharf. I don't believe I like the way that nigger Chink plays valet. If he's a detective, he's the first nigger detective I ever heard of," he chuckled.

That afternoon he informed Mr. Lotz that he would pay for the first one thousand bales upon reweights. Lotz ordered the cotton reweighed the next day, and Old Dave and Gus departed for town. He plodded down the cold water front, his chunky body swaying from side to side like a waddling duck, with the huge Gus in tow. The numerous comments of the negro sampler upon the loading ships, the small Chink, whom he described as Little Potato, the diamond pin of Mr. Lotz, passed unheeded from his boss. Several blocks away, where the water front was gradually merging into the business district of the city, Old Dave wheeled upon his attendant.

"Gus?"

"Yas, suh?"

"Mr. Lotz is awfully nice and everything has gone all right so far," he said slowly, "but there is a trick yet that has been known to happen at times."

(Continued on Page 150)

PERCY EDWARD WIDERSUM
THE Lincoln $10.00
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THE NEW C&K HAT FOR THE MONTH
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(Continued from Page 128)

"Yas, suh. Mistuh Lotz sho is nice talkin'. He looks like de white man dat sold all dat purty-lookin' stock to dem Wilton niggers one yeah. And dat Little Potato Chink, I keeps my eyes on him."

"Do you remember that time at Little Elm, about ten years ago, when we sent Jim Folsom to the jug after that freight car was unloaded?"

"Sholy do. Said he wuz goin' to split my haid open when he got out."

"Well, that's a possibility here. It's mighty easy to take a tag tied by a copper wire off one bale and put it on another, and load out a bunch of bollies worth twenty dollars a bale less than what you took up. I'm going to pay for one thousand bales tomorrow, then truck the cotton over to the International Press. And tonight some of those tags might be switched—that is, if there is anything crooked to this deal. Suppose you sneak back to the press and hide somewhere in that cotton and stay with it until they get it out tomorrow. Do you reckon you can get back without being seen?"

"Spec' so," responded his helper. "Anyways, Ise jest huntin' my knife an' rock if they catches me," he grinned. "Thinks so much of dat knife, I ain't goin' to take no chance on losing it."

Old Dave chuckled at the naïveté of his helper.

"Well, sneak on back. You can sleep some tomorrow afternoon."

"Yas, suh. But, Mistuh Dave, does I catch 'em switchin' tags, then whut? Does I start anothuh wah or does I come tell you?"

"Just call me at the hotel, and we'll hit the trail back to Wilton tomorrow."

The big, overalled negro turned back toward the compress warehouse.

But there was no telephone call that night, although Old Dave read late, expecting one. In the morning a sleepy Gus reported that only the watchman was on the wharf during the frigid night, and that this employe remained in the engine room most of the time and used an alarm to wake him hourly, that he might punch his clock.

That afternoon, when the cotton was weighed and loaded out, Old Dave drew a draft on Hord considerably in excess of one hundred thousand dollars in Lotz's favor. Thereafter, the receiving of the cotton was largely perfunctory. It was well up, and although Old Dave verified each sample, his precautions were simply routine, and he felt that perhaps he was too severe, in view of the same courtesy that was maintained toward him by Lotz as at the beginning. In this manner he received twenty-eight hundred bales of the three thousand, and in another day would board the night train for Wilton. As he sat in the hotel lobby, making a gentle fog with the aid of a friendly corncob and a tin of what was admitted by both grower and Old Dave as being Kentucky's best, he reviewed the situation for the last time.

"If there's a thing wrong, danged if I can see it; but I can't keep from thinking I'm giving a whole lot of D. O.'s money away and passing up a chance to make fifteen hundred berries," he thought. "D. O.'s a good sport, but if I sock him on the chin, I don't deserve a commission. He's generous, but murder is murder, and I'd sure hate for Lotz to hang a loss on me. Maybe I'd better call up D. O. and get his opinion."

Old Dave knocked out his pipe, replaced it in his coat pocket, went up to his room and put in a call. Shortly he went over the situation with Hord, but received little satisfaction.

"Dave, I don't know what to tell you," Hord informed him. "Your samples received here show the cotton to be well up. You have verified the bales and had your nigger sit on them until they were sent to my press. That's all a man can do. In addition, it seems as if Lotz is trying to give me a good delivery to keep me from fighting him."

"But, D. O., it looks too good," Old Dave argued. "If Lotz had quarreled with me some, I'd feel better about it. The cotton is too good. Too many good middlings, too many inch-and-an-eighths. I've got a hunch that something is wrong."

"Well, Dave, if you can't find anything I don't suppose anyone could," Hord assured. "But do what you want to. Call out the militia if you wish. I'll back you in anything."

Old Dave slept fitfully that night for a placid nature, and dreamed of taking up false-packed cotton. The next morning the dream was so vivid that with some difficulty he procured an ancient cotton auger, formerly used to bore through bales to determine if any foreign substance, such as metal or rocks, had been placed by unscrupulous ginners to add to the weights. Gus was ordered to drill several bales, to the amusement of the ever-present Chink. When the auger was withdrawn from the first bale, it produced cotton as perfect as medicated; whereat Chink snickered. This old white man and country nigger were always up to funny tricks. When the fifth bale was drilled and the same result produced, Chink was overcome with mirth.

"One mo' snuffle in yo' nose and you loses it forevuh, Little Potato," Gus warned him. "Ise seen 'bout as much of yo' yallow face as I wants. Now you gits away from heah."

Gus laid down the auger and slowly started in the direction of Chink. The latter found something decidedly more interesting at the end of the row of bales. Couldn't tell what a fool country nigger might do. But he managed to pass within sight on numerous errands.

"Befo' we leaves dis big-watuh town, I busts me one yallow nigguh," Gus rumbled. "Ise jest itchin' to flatten his nose."

"Better not, Gus," replied Old Dave abstractedly. "Lotz has been too nice to kill off his help."

He was listening to the weighing of the last cotton he had taken up. The weighing was in process a short distance away. Old Dave looked through a crevice between the bales and saw the familiar beam scales suspended from a tall wooden frame like that of a carpenter's building horse. Negroes pushing rumbling hand trucks, each loaded with a single bale, were trotting to the scales. One negro was attaching the hooks which lifted the bales off the trucks. Another negro was pulling down on the rope which lifted the scale and bale at the same time, and a white weigher in a leather coat was engaged in a singsong calling of the weights, accenting the first numeral as he slid to a quick balance on the scale the heavy poise, commonly called "pee." An unshaven clerk was writing the called figures on a weight sheet.

"Got uh s-i-x twenty-four; got uh f-i-v-e eighty-eight; got uh f-i-v-e sixty-one; got uh s-i-x oh two."

Old Dave listened intently. Bale after bale arrived at the scales, was hooked on, lifted off the trucks, weighed, released, and the negro trucker, ducking his head slightly, pushed his bale and truck under the scale to the awaiting tractor train, and loaded it on. The singsong went on. It was concerned largely with sixes, or long fives. "Danged heavy bales," Old Dave commented silently. Early-season cotton, of course, is heavier than later, but there was not a bale under five hundred pounds, much less a light weight under four hundred and fifty, to be docked a dollar.

He strolled carelessly down the row of bales and emerged where the weighing was in progress. A negro pushed a bale under the scale; the unshaven clerk marked down the number.

"Got uh s-i-x ninety-four," sang the leather-jacketed weigher.

Old Dave strolled forward. "Howdy," he said agreeably to the weigher, whose face seemed somewhat familiar.

The weighing stopped. Chink appeared at the other side of the scales.

"Getting your cotton out, Mr. Beach," the weigher said amicably. "Have it all out by noon."

(Continued on Page 133)

After Six Months

. . . as fresh as though just roasted and packed

Miss L. Ray Balderston, Home Economics Consultant of the Home Making Center of New York, maintained by the State Federation of Women's Clubs.

Model kitchen, where the Home Making Center tested G. Washington's coffee; the coffee made the modern way, with no pots or percolators, no strainers or grounds.

. . . . *report of* THE HOME MAKING CENTER *of the* N. Y. STATE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

"THE lasting freshness of G. Washington's Coffee was a revelation to us," states Miss L. Ray Balderston, of the N. Y. Home Making Center. "We made numerous tests of coffee that had been packed from one day to six months previously. 'Cup quality' experiments conducted by our own staff showed that every cup of G. Washington's was deliciously fresh . . . as fresh as though just roasted and packed."

Naturally G. Washington's retains its original freshness and fine flavor longer, because it is made and packed immediately after roasting.

G. Washington's is literally the coffee part of the coffee bean. Before it reaches your table, the grounds and water have been completely removed. That's why the smaller can contains just as many cups of good coffee as a large can of ordinary ground coffee. One cup of good coffee is as easily made as six cups, without the least bit of waste. That's why it is so economical. G. Washington's is pure coffee, good coffee . . . nothing but coffee.

You can buy G. Washington's at your own grocer's or write today for your sample tin of this fine coffee, price 10c. G. Washington Coffee Refining Company, 102 Hanover Ave., Morris Plains, N. J.

The staff finds G. Washington's so easy to make. A level teaspoonful poured into a cup of hot water . . . and perfect breakfast or dinner coffee is ready to serve. This coffee fairly makes itself.

Testing for cup quality in the dining room. Here it was proven that the original flavor and freshness are retained in G. Washington's coffee, prepared from finest coffee beans. Uniform in flavor because every cup is made exactly the same.

How G. Washington's is prepared for your table

Made from the finest coffee beans, roasted, ground and percolated in glass containers; the moisture is then removed, leaving only coffee part of the coffee bean. All you need do is add hot water to have a perfect cup of coffee, uniform and fresh.

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Of course, Bon Ami is just as useful in the boudoir as it is all through the house. For Bon Ami polishes mirrors, big and little, to radiant cleanliness in a one-two-three. With a damp cloth apply a thin film of Bon Ami to the glass. A moment's wait while the lather blots up finger-marks and dust. Now, a quick polish with a soft, dry cloth . . . how the mirror shines! There's not a scratch or a dull place on its glowing face. Then, the plate glass cover for the dressing table; those dainty perfume bottles, powder boxes and trays of glass —each one kept the perfection of exquisite cleanliness with magic Bon Ami. If the boudoir furniture and woodwork are painted in a light color, an occasional cleaning with Bon Ami will make them lustrously immaculate. And don't forget, Bon Ami is as gentle on the hands as fine toilet soap.

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(Continued from Page 130)

"Fast work," agreed Old Dave. "A whole lot faster than I ever weighed any cotton."

The weigher smiled with pleasure, produced a plug of tobacco and bit off a chew.

"I weighed in the Wilton yard when I was a boy," continued Old Dave, "but never could get 'em out that fast. I walked. You gallop. Let's see if I can still read a beam."

He stepped forward. The weigher stood aside. The negro replaced the hooks on the bale just weighed and drew up the scales. Old Dave ran out the heavy balancing pee until the beam was level.

"Why, I'd call that six hundred and ninety-seven, and you called it six hundred and ninety-four," Old Dave puzzled.

"Port weights," instructed the weigher. "We always call them back a few pounds to take care of the moisture absorbed from the damp air and be sure the weights will hold out in Europe," he explained. "The boss says there's enough agony in Europe without weight claims."

"Good way to handle cotton," Old Dave agreed. "Well, give me some more good weights on the rest," he added, turning and walking in the direction he had come. When he reached the bale he had been examining, he spoke quietly to Gus.

"Cut this bale and don't look at me while I'm talking."

"Naw, suh."

Gus pushed the knife deep in the bale and slowly cut and cut again.

"Go down the street somewhere and buy me a little spring scale," he whispered, "like the one I carry fishing. I'm putting some money in your jumper pocket. Don't look! I don't care what it costs, but get it and get back dang quick. And put the scale in your pocket where it can't be seen. But leave the wharf slowly, as if you were just knocking around. Chink smells a rat, I think."

Gus pulled the sample, handed it to Old Dave, who looked around as if to discover the best light in which to view it.

"I see that Chink nigger. Make an excuse," he ordered.

"Mistuh Dave, dis is 'bout de last bale," Gus said in a loud bass. "I wonduh could I git away fo' a while. I told a high-brown gal las' night I'd see her dis mawning. I'd like to stroll down de way."

"Guess so, Gus," Old Dave replied abstractedly as he examined the beautiful sample, "but be back by noon. You have a couple of hours."

"Be back by noon sho," Gus assured. He laid down his knife and rock, brushed at a few wisps of cotton and moved off. At the end of the row of bales he encountered Chink on some aimless errand.

"Goin' down to give de gals a treat," he patronized the light-caramel negro. "Hits a shame I cain't 'low mo'n couple of hours."

"Goin' to git dat gorilla haid o' yourn carved," sniffed Chink as the broad, overalled bulk passed.

Old Dave spent almost two hours puttering around in the neighborhood of the scales. Shortly before noon he saw the head of his huge helper moving above a row of bales, and in a few minutes he strolled carelessly up.

"Had to go plumb to town," he confided, "but got it."

"Keep it in your pocket," whispered Old Dave, "until I tell you. Begin cutting again."

They resampled cotton that had already been cut so many times that it was difficult to find a suitable spot to place a knife, but managed to kill time until the compress whistle overhead blew a long, ear-splitting blast. The singsong of the weigher stopped.

"Beans!" he shouted.

The rumbling trucks were dropped before the scales. A bale hung in mid-air, unweighed. The unshaven clerk gathered up his weight sheets. Chattering negroes left the scales in a sort of black cloud in search of lunch at a near-by negro restaurant, except a few that moved toward the engine room, where they might eat in warmth the lunches they had brought. Old Dave and Gus were left unheeded by the departing hands. Even Chink disappeared in the direction of the engine room. After a few more bales had been sampled and quiet had replaced the noisy bustle, Old Dave ordered: "Sneak around to the scales and snitch that pee."

The big form of the negro indolently moved down the row of cotton, rounded the end and passed the scales. His big arm moved out and lifted the heavy pee off the beam without a pause in his stroll. Continuing, he circled the rows of cotton and returned as indolently to Old Dave. The pee hung against his leg at the end of a huge arm. Old Dave took it.

"Now give me the scales," he said.

Gus fished in an overall pocket and produced a miscellany of matches, a sack of tobacco, cigarette papers and scales. He had not quite completed detaching the scales from the remaining assortment when Old Dave swung about at a stealthy sound and looked through a gap in the wall of cotton. There was the yellow Chink, not ten feet away. However, it was a different Chink. His Oriental face was decidedly menacing. In his hand was a heavy iron bar.

"Whut's you-all doin' wid dat pee?" he demanded, advancing through the gap. "Boss don't want no tamperin' wid dat pee. Hit belongs on de scales. Gimme dat pee."

He looked vicious enough. Whatever the other half of his ancestry was—Caucasian or Mongolian—it had completely dominated the good nature of the negro half. His facial skin was drawn tight like parchment over the bones of his light-tan head. His yellow teeth were bared.

"Gimme dat pee, I says," he repeated.

"Put down that iron, boy," Old Dave ordered. "We're not tampering with this pee; just checking it."

"Don't care whut you-all a doin'," he retorted, still holding his iron. "Gimme dat pee." He advanced on the two.

"Flatten him, Gus," whispered Old Dave.

"We goin' to give you dat pee, Mistuh Little Potato Chink," he said with great politeness and emphasis, "but fust we goin' tuh give you some'in' else."

A gorilla arm was drawing up.

Chink drew back the heavy iron bar in both hands and sprang forward. He had not mistaken the Chesterfieldian air of the big black. But perhaps the iron was too heavy or unwieldy for a quick swing, or perhaps he underestimated this country negro. At any rate, the iron had not more than half described the arc through which it was traveling when a flail clothed in a blue jumper connected with a nose that had snuffled on occasion. The bar flew wide over Gus' shoulder. It landed with a dull, metallic clang on the floor of heavy beams. It was followed by a thud of human flesh. Chink lay sprawled in the aisle of cotton, unwitting and unwise.

"Good work, Gus," commented Old Dave. "Now let's get out of here."

But the clang of the iron bar, followed by the thud of falling flesh, or possibly the loud voices preceding, or it might have been a combination of the three, excited the curiosity of several of the negro lunchers. One medium-sized negro, followed by two larger ones, put in appearance from the direction of the engine room. The first, Old Dave saw as he advanced, ate from a piece of cold steak in one hand and from a hunk of bread in the other. He saw the inert form of Chink. His eyes cottoned.

"Whut fo' you lays out Chink, big boy?" he demanded of Gus as he approached. He bit off a hunk of bread, shaking his head in emphasis.

"Same medicine, Gus," ordered Old Dave.

The hunk of bread, partly in his mouth, partly out, flattened and then reddened a fraction of a second later, as the overalled flail swung again. He fell backward to the floor. The other two halted in momentary surprise; then rushed forward. Another swing of the flail, and another. The second negro lay sprawled near the first, and Gus was battling in earnest with the third one. The last was no mean antagonist. Moreover, he was not disposed of by the first blow, for he dodged it. He eluded another, and then rocked Gus, who quickly bounced back to miss several sledge-hammer blows and taking another one in a chance to land. The compress black fought back gamely. He was not for nothing the boss negro of the Lotz compress. His rough-and-tumble fights had been many on the very wharf he was now battling on. However, the country negro hit like a Dempsey. He took a glancing blow on the face that staggered him slightly. Had it landed properly, the fight would have been over. He went through a number of contortions ducking a couple of others, and gasped as he traded one with Gus to the ribs. Gus swung direction to drive him backward to the wall of cotton. Sensing his movement, the compress black viciously launched a counter offensive.

They swung about too fast for Old Dave to be of any assistance to his sampler, but he found employment a second or two later as his attention was attracted to a fourth arrival on the scene of battle. It was the Chink again. His mid-face was out of shape. The yellow color was carmined in a broad area that would soon be blue. Blood had blackened the front of his tan coveralls. Although on shaky pins, he was advancing steadily at Gus' exposed back, on the far side from Old Dave. He had recovered, arisen and approached without notice. There was a bright metallic gleam of a single-bladed knife. Old Dave was somewhat hampered by his heavy overcoat, but he slipped past the two battlers and swung the heavy iron pee in both hands. There was a sickening thwack of iron against a semi-Nubian skull. The knife dropped from unclenched fingers and preceded its owner to the floor. Old Dave turned back to the scene of action. It must be ended at once. However, he saw that Gus was doing just that. He had finally driven the compress black into the wall of cotton. Two quick trips of the blue flail and the arms of the compress black dropped to his sides, and then a last, measured, deliberate one, home to the chin. The compress negro slumped to the floor.

"Big day!" panted Gus. "Dis is breakfast! Bring on dinnah!" He wiped the blood off his face where red flesh showed in a rip of the black skin under an eye.

"Shut up," Old Dave snapped. "Let's get out of here while the getting is still good."

"Whut 'bout givin' uh dry cleaning—tuh de rest of dis outfit?" he inquired, blowing.

"No! Come on!"

Old Dave grasped the sleeve of the jumper coat and yanked. The black mountain moved. Another yank. They stepped over the more or less inert forms on the late battlefield. Quickly Old Dave pulled his helper off the wharf.

Half an hour later a sturdy old man in a black overcoat, with white wisps of cotton flecking it, accompanied by a huge, overalled negro with a puffy face and one closing eye, attracted the suspicious notice of a plain-clothes officer as the two entered the mountain of granite and marble that housed the Shippers National Bank. Noting a heavy article wrapped in newspapers and carried by the old man, he placed a hand on a hip and silently followed. The two halted momentarily in the lobby; then made for a private office labeled: President. The officer stalked close.

"Does this bank handle D. O. Hord's business here?" Old Dave asked the official as the latter looked up from a letter he was dictating to a stenographer.

"It does," he replied. "Just a moment until I finish with this letter. Will you have a seat?"

Old Dave would and did. Gus removed his cap and remained standing behind his employer. The letter was finished and the stenographer retired.

"Anderson is my name—Layton Anderson," the banker introduced himself.

(Continued on Page 137)

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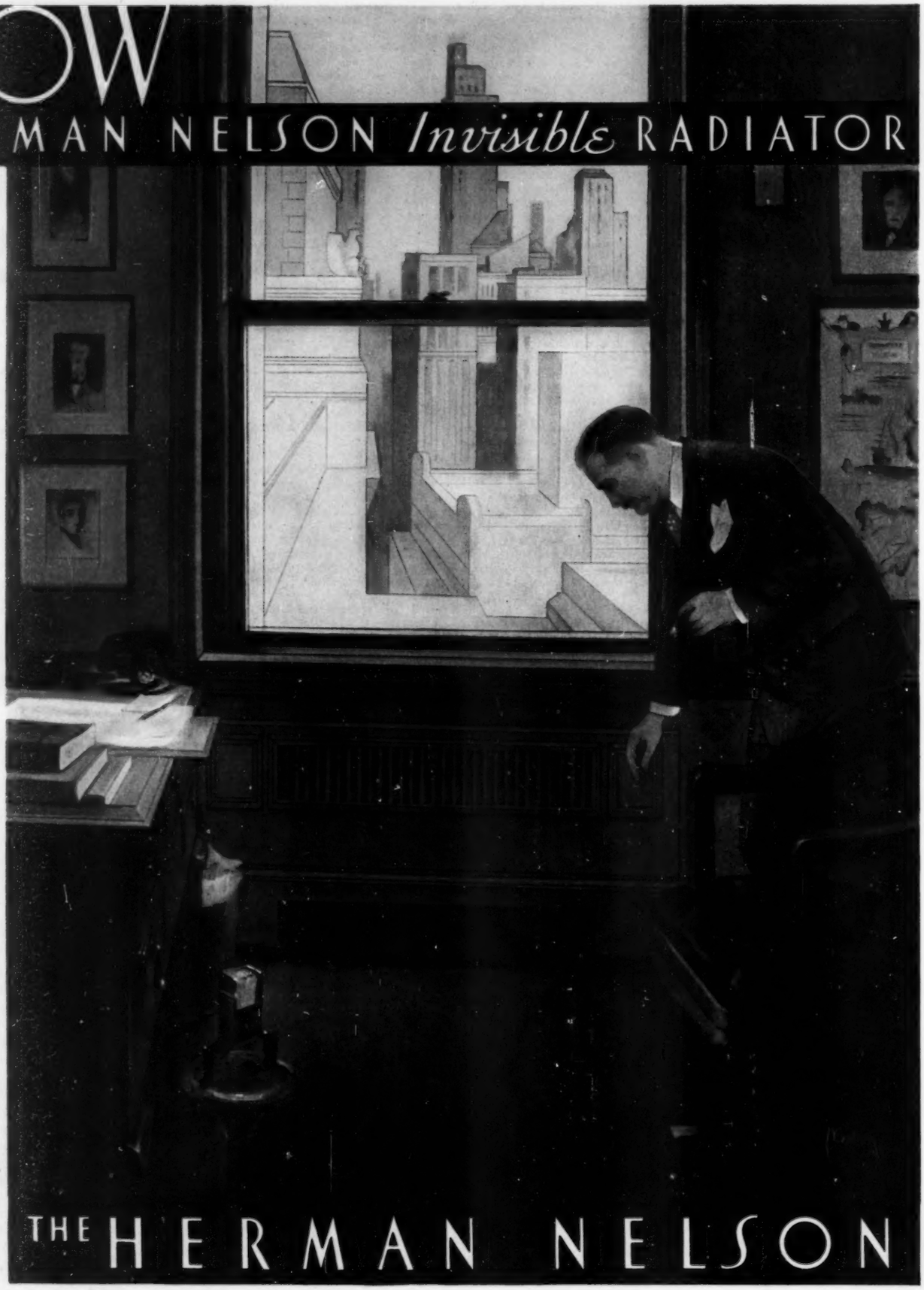

BEHIND THAT GRILLE IN THE WALL . . . THERE'S A RADIATOR THAT SAYS, "THIS BUILDING IS MODERN"

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Makers of the *Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator*, for residences, apartments, hotels, offices and monumental structures—the *Univent*, for the ventilation of schools, offices, churches and all buildings having an acute ventilating problem—the *Herman Nelson hiJet Heater*, for economical distribution of heat in factories, mills, garages, warehouses, and smaller buildings.

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(Continued from Page 133)

"Beach is mine," responded Old Dave. "I was sent down here to take up three thousand bales from S. E. Lotz & Co."

"Ah, Lotz. I understood Lotz was liquidating his business?" inquired the banker, raising his brows.

"Didn't know about that before, but feel that he will now," replied Old Dave.

"You have had some difficulty?"

"Some. I want a little assistance."

"Command us, Mr. Beach."

"First let me use your telephone."

He was handed the instrument. The bank operator obtained his connection and Old Dave asked for Mr. Lotz. Mr. Lotz had not returned from lunch. . . . Yes, he had; he was just now arriving.

"Mr. Lotz, this is Beach," Old Dave said when Lotz answered the phone. "I'm down at the Shippers National. I'm mixed up in something of a difficulty and need you."

"What kind of a difficulty?" came the smooth voice.

"Why, criminal, so they say. I don't know. Trying to straighten the tangle out. Can you come down?"

"Does it involve payment on my cotton?" he asked.

"That's the way I figure it."

"I'll be right down," he assured.

A scant twenty minutes later he entered the president's office, accepted a chair, and then remarked: "Mr. Anderson should be able to solve almost any difficulty without my help. But what is it, Mr. Beach?"

Old Dave reached down beneath the table, produced a heavy article wrapped in a newspaper, and unrolled the covering. It was the cotton-scale pee.

Lotz's small, dark eyes widened. They became average-size eyes. There was more white around the dark centers. The easy assurance vanished from his face. It was replaced by an expression akin to horror, similar to that registered by an eyewitness of a murder. His mouth moved several times, jerkily, but no sound emanated. Old Dave laid the pee in the center of the table. Lotz's eyes were transfixed upon it.

"What—what is that?"

"A cotton-scale pee, Mr. Lotz," Old Dave answered. "Your cotton-scale pee, to be exact. Not just an ordinary, common, everyday cotton-scale pee, but yours. It differs from most pees in the matter of weights, Mr. Lotz. Just a few pounds in weight. The proper weight for a cotton-scale pee for a seven-hundred-pound scale is sixteen pounds."

He picked up the pee and placed it on the spring scale.

"It weighs just fourteen and a half pounds, Mr. Lotz. It is light by one and a half pounds. It's a strange thing what a light pee will do. This one weighs cotton bales heavy by around a hundred pounds. The heavier the bale the greater the error. By the fact that this pee happened to be on your scales when you weighed my cotton, I figure that you owe D. O. Hord about one hundred pounds a bale on twenty-eight hundred bales; twenty dollars to the bale, or about sixty thousand dollars in all."

Lotz perceived the banker's countenance chill. The big negro's puffed mouth was in a wide, half-moon smile. The placid face of the old man sitting opposite him was purely a poker face, Lotz knew. Layton Anderson shifted in his chair suddenly. He leaned upon the table.

"A matter for the authorities, Mr. Beach," he declared positively, intently, coldly. "You told Mr. Lotz over the telephone that it was a criminal matter. You were exactly correct. I suggest that you call in the police."

Lotz found his voice at last. It was not the smooth one; it was one with tears in it.

"My weigher has committed a terrible error, Mr. Beach," he moaned. "I will rectify it at once and I will discharge him immediately. It is terrible. I cannot understand his duplicity! I cannot understand it! But, Mr. Beach, your figures are incorrect," he pleaded. "An error of one and a half pounds in a pee would be about fifty to the bale, and you are asking more than you are entitled to. I wish to do the proper thing always, but only half the amount is correct, even if your little scale is accurate. I shall draw you a check for thirty thousand dollars."

Old Dave shook his head. "Sixty thousand berries, Mr. Lotz."

Lotz's little black eyes flicked about. His dark face paled.

"But, Mr. Beach," he pleaded, "is not that one form of blackmail?"

Old Dave grinned. "I might have made a mistake in my calculations, but then, your Dallas man made a most terrible mistake a few years ago that cost Hord about thirty thousand dollars; so one mistake will about offset the other. As a matter of fact, you can now discharge your weigher a second time, for if my memory does not fail me, he's not a public weigher at all, but that same man you had in Dallas when you laid down on that sale to Hord in '23. In return for your check of sixty thousand dollars, which will be sent to your bank for the cold coin while you chat with us, I will give you the pee. Otherwise, I give it to the sheriff."

With a final grimace, Lotz produced a leather check book and a gold fountain pen, and began to write.

ENERGY, WILD OR TAME

(Continued from Page 4)

Although, after the advent of petroleum in 1859, coal oil became a competitor of gas for lighting purposes; still, it was not until the appearance of the electric light that gaslight was overthrown. To meet the competition of electricity, the gas people at last improved the burner, and there was the gas mantle in place of the slotted nipple. Again it was too late.

As the production of petroleum increased, the use of it primarily for illumination in coal-oil lamps was not enough. To find other uses for it was a problem to which the oil people brought science, technology and imagination in an urgent manner. They found how to use it first for heat and then for power. The development of the internal-combustion engine, running on liquid fuel, caused everybody to forget the old gas-burning engine. And then, when electricity began to be used for both heat and power in small units, the gas industry slackened.

One great advantage of oil and electricity over gas for purposes of power is the ease of divisibility. Oil is divisible by gallons. It would be very awkward to run an automobile by gas. During the war motorbuses were run by gas in London. The gas was stored in balloon bags on top. But to pour a few gallons of liquid fuel into a tank is evidently very much handier. As for electricity, it is divisible by means of small copper wires from the point of generation to any number of small motors, even portable ones. There is, of course, a price to pay in terms of efficiency for this divisibility or general handiness. In the case of electricity it is a very high price, amounting to a loss of, perhaps, as much as one-third of the energy actually consumed to produce the electric current.

It is surprising how many people would think of electricity itself as a natural source of energy. It is not. It is a product of energy. To produce electricity something has to be turned. What is turned is a magnet inside a coil of wire or the coil of wire around a magnet. It may weigh an ounce or many tons. In any case, it must be revolved at a high speed. To revolve it requires energy. Some kind of energy must be consumed to move the engine that revolves the electric generator. A very large proportion of the electric current we use is produced by steam engines turning electric generators. The steam for these engines is generally raised from coal fuel. It might be raised also from oil or gas burned under a steam boiler, or an internal-combustion engine running on gas or oil might be set to turn an electric generator. So you have the fact that each of the three members of the hydrocarbon chain—coal, oil or gas—may be converted into electrical energy. All this history so far refers to what we call manufactured gas. Originally, this was simply the ghost of burning coal, and much of it still is; although now it is made also by passing steam across incandescent coal or coke, in which case it is called water gas; or again it may be made from oil, and it is then called blue gas.

Natural gas is another story. Chemically the difference between natural and manufactured gas is that the natural gas is richer, containing one thousand British thermal units per cubic foot against an average of five hundred and fifty for manufactured gas. Both belong to the hydrocarbon chain, only that one occurs, as we say, naturally, whereas the other must be summoned out of the natural coal.

Natural gas may be diluted or mixed with manufactured gas and then turned directly into the local mains of a municipal gas works, or by means of special burners it may be burned as it is found, undiluted, for industrial purposes.

It is found under three conditions. Sometimes it exists alone in the porous domes of the earth's crust. In that case, we speak of a gas field. More often it is found in neighborly association with oil, though still free, and then again it is found married with oil, so that when the oil is brought to the surface the gas must be trapped out of it. There is no oil field without gas. In the Southwest and in California, oil and gas are found with no relation to coal. In Pennsylvania the whole chain had been buried in one area—coal, oil and gas. It must have been the obvious proximity of coal and oil, together with some similarity of odor, that caused petroleum to be named coal oil in Pennsylvania.

Until the drilling for petroleum wells had begun to release the associate gas in great quantities, our knowledge of natural gas was awesome and superstitious, from observing it in those few places where it happened to reach the surface through some fault in the earth's rock hide. In the region of the Caspian Sea eternal fires of natural gas were worshiped long before the Christian Era. In 1775, George Washington dedicated to the country as a national park a tract of land on which had been discovered a burning spring. At Fredonia, New York, forty miles from Buffalo, in 1821, a spring caught fire from a lantern—probably a candle lantern—in the hands of a woman who went for water after dark.

Once we had begun to get petroleum out of wells, beginning about 1859, natural gas, as it came with the oil, or ahead of it at terrific pressure, was treated variably as a nuisance, as a hindrance, or, at best, as a thing of uncertain and local economic value. Where it happed that the free gas occurred in a stratum above the oil, and therefore interfered with drilling, the practice was to light it and burn it off. When the gas had been exhausted, the hole was drilled down to oil. The gas more or less that was always married with the oil was expelled into the air and lost. The value of natural gas as fuel was always recognized, but there was either too much or too little of it at a time, the pressure was variable, there was no way to store it; and with coal and oil so cheap, the economic incentive to overcome the difficulties inherent in handling gas was lacking. Why should anybody bother about gas? And when it was used commercially for light, heat and power, the cheapness of it caused it to be shockingly wasted. Although it

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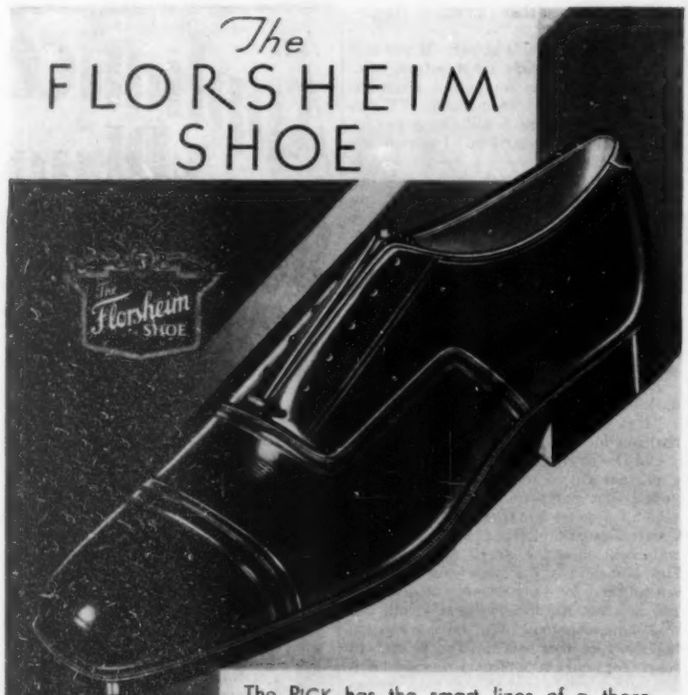

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was twice as rich as manufactured gas, still people would not pay as much for it, asking why they should pay as much for something that came free out of the ground as for coal gas that had to be made? Besides, the supply was seldom quite trustworthy. When the load of use suddenly increased, as, for example, on a cold winter's day, the pressure would fall. It would fall simply for the reason that when people all at one time opened up their burners they were trying to take gas out of the well faster than it could deliver itself; and although this was merely a technical problem that might have been met by engineering skill, nobody would waste time and capital trying to solve it. Who knew when the gas well would go dry? So the use of natural gas continued to be crude and wasteful. Not many years ago the streets of Indianapolis were lighted with natural-gas torches. The gas burned in tall raw flames from vertical pipes wide open at the top. Pittsburgh had its experience. Natural gas from near-by sources was so abundant and cheap that for a time it displaced coal, and the city was free of smoke. But that near-by supply was soon exhausted; there was then no way of bringing gas by long-distance pipe lines from fields farther off, and Pittsburgh went back to coal.

Peak-Load Equipment

It is impossible even to estimate in billions of cubic feet the amount of natural gas that has been wantonly burned, cast away on the air and wastefully consumed; yet every cubic foot of it was an irreplaceable unit of energy that will sometime be needed and might have been conserved. Our dull indifference to such waste is explained, first, by the cheapness of energy in the much more docile forms of coal and oil, and, secondly, by the fact that technology neglected the physical problems entailed in the handling of gas. These mainly have been problems of transportation, storage and pressure, all with one root of difficulty, which is the volume. Per thousand units of heat, gas has many times the volume of coal or oil. Handling it at all, for transportation or storage, is a good deal like handling feather beds. You may stuff a freight car with feather beds, but it is not a load.

Say the problem of transportation has been solved by the steel pipe, up to twenty-two inches in diameter, such as now they are laying in long lines from far-away gas fields to the industrial centers. What still of the problems of storage and pressure? Without storage there cannot be constant pressure. With gas, as with electricity, there is what is called the peak load, meaning the moment or hour of maximum demand for the supply. How is this to be provided for?

Electricity cannot be stored in large quantities either. The generating stations, therefore, must be equipped with more engines and generators than would be necessary to supply the demand if the demand were level, with no sudden peaks and slumps; they must have engines and generators in reserve to be cut in as the demand rises, and cut out again as it falls. This necessity for peak-load equipment that must a great deal of the time be idle is one reason why electric current is not much cheaper.

On the local gas works, making manufactured gas, there also is a peak load. But the local gas plant has a way of storing gas. It produces gas steadily during twenty-four hours of the day. But the demand is not constant around the clock. During the time when the rate of production exceeds the rate at which people are burning gas, the excess is stored in those large round apparitional steel tanks with which the eye is familiar. Every gas plant has at least one. It is simply a steel balloon swung to vertical stays and counterbalanced in such a way that it may gently rise and fall. As gas accumulates inside, it rises as from inflation; when gas is taken away faster than the gas plant is making it, the tank sinks into the ground, as from deflation. Just enough of the tank's weight rests on the gas to keep the pressure constant in the supply mains.

But now you come to natural gas, flowing in twenty-two-inch mains from a distant gas field to an industrial center primarily for industrial uses. If the take-off is constant, then, of course, a constant pressure may be held in the pipe line; but no such ideal curve of use is likely to be realized. There is bound to be here also a peak load; and since industry uses gas, if at all, in very large quantities, the problem is so much magnified.

Remember the volume of gas. To store, in the form of gas, an amount of energy represented by a load of coal or a few barrels of oil, you would need a steel tank the size of a small house. Multiply this many thousands of times and you will see that to build storage reservoirs for natural gas, large enough to insure industry a constant supply at a given pressure, would be a terrific undertaking. Or suppose an industrial plant consuming large quantities of fuel should think of storing its own gas as it stores coal. It is hardly possible. A six months' supply of fuel in the form of coal may be easily piled up in the yard. For an equivalent supply of gas fuel you would need a tank of almost unimaginable size. Therefore, the industrial manager who thinks of gas in place of coal is confronted with a serious question. He would not dream of relying upon the railroad to deliver him a carload of coal hourly and keep no reserve in a bin of his own against a sudden failure of railroad service. But with gas he is obliged either to make a large capital outlay for storing an amount of gas which would in any case be an inadequate fuel reserve, or, on the other hand, to risk the continuity of his own operations against the infallibility of a pipe-line service over which he has no control. He knows that no service is infallible. So you see the problem of gas storage, involving as it does both certainty of supply and constancy of pressure, is one of major importance.

Well, often it happens that two or more independent discoveries will seem to run together toward an unexpected solution. Not knowing at all what they should do about storage when they began actually to be faced with that problem on a large scale, men, nevertheless, have gone steadily ahead evolving the means of long-distance transmission at low cost, until at last they are able to say, "Now, as for that, we can take gas anywhere."

Back to Nature's Storerooms

Then suddenly a very simple idea opens to view the possibility of free gas storage on a vast scale. Where would be a better place to store gas than in those porous domes where it was stored by nature at high pressure for millions of years before we found it? Many of these domes now are empty. During nearly three-quarters of a century of extravagant oil extraction we have exhausted a number of oil and gas fields, and moved on in search of new ones. The old ones lie abandoned. And now it is found to be perfectly feasible to pump gas back into any one of those empty domes and hold it there. It is equally feasible for either natural or manufactured gas. Moreover, it is found that manufactured gas, only half as rich as natural gas to begin with, is richened in heat units per cubic foot by stopping for a while underground in this natural storage space. It absorbs energy from contact with the rock sands in which the natural deposit was for so long imprisoned. Actually this practice is beginning. One abandoned gas field now used for storage has a capacity six times greater than all the steel gas holders in the United States. And the cost of this storage space is nil.

Since the long-distance transmission of gas has been made feasible, this possibility of storing it in natural underground reservoirs of enormous capacity opens at once a grand vista. First, of course, you will think of connecting the producing fields with the

abandoned fields, so that, as gas in fresh fields tends to vent itself faster than it can be consumed, it may be stored in the empty domes until it is wanted; and then, with such enormous reservoirs to draw upon, the supply could be kept constant against any variations of demand. The case in any fresh field is that the quantity of gas uprushing is a flood of energy, like a flood of waters, the power of which will be lost unless it is impounded and so controlled that it may be released systematically as it is needed to perform man's work. Hitherto it has often been permitted to pass like a flood; either that or it has been forced into prodigal local consumption until the source was exhausted. Very recently some states, notably Louisiana and California, have interfered so far as to forbid letting it pass. If no immediate use can be found for it, then it must be sealed in and left there. That is much better than to lose it, but it is conservation in the principle of hoarding, not in the principle of efficient use. Moreover, simply to hoard it by sealing it in takes us no further toward an ideal utilization of energy. Even where it is forbidden for gas to be set free, there is no stipulation that the use of it shall be rational or in principle conserving. That is to say, it may be used again—as it was in Pittsburgh and elsewhere—merely as cheap fuel temporarily abundant in competition with coal or oil; the only difference being that with long-distance pipe lines we shall be able to go farther and farther in search of new fields, and so all the sooner find and exhaust the last of them.

The Gas Turbine

But suppose you combine the two new factors of underground storage and long-distance transmission, and then think of gas as a form of energy for many uses ideal, whether it is what we call natural gas directly out of the ground or manufactured gas derived from coal. Suppose you select underground reservoirs that are conveniently related, as many of them are, to coal and water, and think not only to connect them with far-away producing gas fields which are in time exhaustible but to create around them at the same time enormous gas-making plants. Acting on near-by coal and working continuously on a mass-production basis, such plants could make gas at a very low cost and store it underground; and from such reservoirs gas energy might then be distributed in unlimited and unfailing supply to the cities and industrial centers. As the sources of natural gas fail—which is bound to happen—the manufacture of gas from coal would increase, so that gas, as gas, for all uses of heat and power wherein it is ideal, need never fail. The industry and all its equipment would in that case be permanent and there would be no more distinction between natural gas as a bonanza product and coal gas as a manufactured product.

Moreover, it would be then worth while for science and technology to evolve an engine for converting gas itself directly into mechanical energy at a high rate of efficiency. Hitherto that achievement has not been worth while, owing partly to the uncertainty of the cheap natural-gas supply and partly to the fact that for such prodigious quantities of power as the uses of modern time increasingly require, it is obviously absurd first to haul coal long distances by rail for purposes of local gas manufacture and then convert the manufactured gas into mechanical energy through an engine. There was a gas engine hitherto mentioned that did this, but it appeared at a time when our ideas of mechanical power were in small scale.

Steam engineering, with its high-pressure boilers and multiple-expansion engines that use the same steam again and again so long as there is any heat in it, proved that for power in immense quantities coal was the fuel of which you could make the most efficient conversion. Automotive engineering perfected the small internal-combustion engine to run on liquid fuel, and the great advantage there was such divisibility of energy in the liquid form as you take for granted when you have a few gallons of it poured into the tail of your automobile and go on. Gas engineering was neglected.

But now appears on the horizon an engine that will be called a gas turbine. Inventors of several countries are working on it. They almost have it. They know all the mechanical principles. What they need is a metal for the turbine-wheel blades that will bear up under terrific heat. For the gas turbine will have to work at a temperature comparable to that in the interior of a smelting furnace. Yet it is the story of modern science that what we know we want, we always find. The gas turbine will arrive. Take that for granted. The probability is that several types of it will arrive all at once. Then further possibilities begin to open.

If, now, you are minded to convert the energy of gas into electricity, you first burn the gas under a steam boiler, which means you transfer the heat of gas to water; water, as the heat carrier, delivers the heat of the gas to a steam engine, and the steam engine turns an electric generator, thereby at two steps converting the energy of gas into electric power, with its enormous advantage of minute divisibility down to small motors, small heating units and lights. As matters stand, this is a wasteful conversion. You would do better to burn coal under your steam boiler. But if you had a really efficient gas engine, such as the gas turbine will be, then, instead of transferring the heat of gas to water in order to move a steam engine to revolve an electric generator, you would move an engine with gas direct, and the gas engine would revolve the generator, thereby converting gas energy into electric power at one step instead of two.

This possibility adds much to the picture of giant gas-making plants surrounding those underground storage places. It adds electric-power plants of prodigious size; and then the idea rises of energy from coal and gas, for all purposes of heat, light and power, to be massively accumulated and impounded in a few places, converted there into such forms as intelligent use demands, and then distributed by means of pipe lines and copper wires to any point of consumption. No sooner does this idea arise, however, than its incompleteness appears. It does not include the whole of the hydrocarbon chain. What of oil that moves also any distance in pipes?

What Went Up in Smoke

Coal contains both gas and oil. Oil contains gas. Gas, seeming to be so free and isolate, may yet be squeezed to yield oil products. This is the hydrocarbon chain. The three members of it are convertible, interchangeable, flexible. Our chemical knowledge of them is so deep that in the process of changing them we may stop at any point as our need is for more of one thing and less of another. For example, in the process of converting coal you may reduce the coal almost wholly to gas, or you may stop at a point where, besides a product of gas, there is a residue of solid smokeless fuel which is coke.

The steel and iron industry must have coke for its blast furnaces. Formerly coal was reduced to coke in beehive ovens for no other purpose than to obtain coke fuel for the blast furnaces. The beehive oven was so named because it resembled the ancient beehive of the almanac woodcut. It was a small brick structure holding five tons of coal, and the coal was burned with a smothered fire until it was charred. The char was the coke they wanted. All the smoke was lost.

This wasteful process now is obsolete. Coke for industrial purposes is produced in by-product ovens. The smoke is saved. The gas from it is sometimes used on the premises. Sometimes it is sold to the nearest municipality and delivered into its local gas mains.

(Continued on Page 142)

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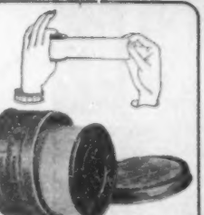

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. . . but not to send a bill

A CRASH at the corner. A gathering crowd. Somebody hurt. "Take her in there!" . . . "In there" is the drug store. The Druggist is not a physician. But because he has been carefully educated in many of the things the physician must know, he is authorized *by law* to administer first aid when immediate medical attention cannot be had.

He is not allowed to take pay for this. Nor does he want to. It is not his business—the public interest forbids any division of the physician's burden of responsibility. The Druggist is merely performing one more phase of the endless service that we have come to expect of him. How constantly we use this service! How seldom we pay for it even in thanks!

Every community breathes more easily because there is a Druggist at the corner. And there is an added assurance, full of comfort, in the fact that on his shelves are the trusted products of Bauer & Black, America's foremost producer of sterile surgical dressings—an institution identified these thirty-five years with a high and unbending standard of quality.

Sterile gauze and cotton, adhesive plaster, mercurochrome swabs, bandages—these are only a few of the many invaluable Bauer & Black articles that your physician approves and your Druggist keeps ever ready for your call.

Tirro, the BAUER & BLACK household mending tape. Sticks fast to any clean, dry surface

Bike is BAUER & BLACK'S popular, all-elastic supporter. Standard equipment for athletes for 50 years

BAUER & BLACK Pal Athletic Supporters give protection and de luxe comfort at work or play

BAUER & BLACK Sterile Absorbent Cotton in the Handy Package. Soft, fluffy, highly absorbent

BAUER & BLACK Handy Tape Dressing. Adhesive plaster plus antiseptic gauze, ready to use

The official First Aid Kit of the Boy Scouts of America. Made exclusively by BAUER & BLACK

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BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY

Chicago · New York · Toronto

Reproductions of this advertisement on heavy enamel stock will be supplied to druggists on request

Sauerkraut as a Health Food

What Doctors Say About Sauerkraut

The Story of Sauerkraut

Sauerkraut booklets beat "best sellers"

THE National Kraut Packers Association, Clyde, Ohio, has become a book publishing organization as well as packers of luscious, health-giving Sauerkraut. Few books have a circulation of 200,000, although of course, now and then one has reached the million mark.

But the publications of the Packers—"Sauerkraut as a Health Food" (with 49 tested recipes); "What Doctors Say About Sauerkraut" and "The Story of Sauerkraut" have passed far beyond most "best sellers," more than 3,000,000 copies having been distributed—upon request only—many to men, but thousands upon thousands to women.

We have often spoken in these columns of the growing popularity of this economical and nutritive food—good for children and adults—whose virtues are now recognized far and wide. The constant demand for the booklets—some in every mail—is another proof of our "Gospel of Sauerkraut."

Requests for the booklets—through the columns of this publication—have come from every country under the sun—China, Japan, Russia, Turkey, Persia, Africa, Hawaii, and every European nation including Germany once thought to be Sauerkraut's birthplace. Orders to the printers are always in the hundreds of thousands.

The booklets are the result of long study and research. They contain quotations as to Sauerkraut and its wonderful qualities from famous doctors and dietitians of America, England, Germany, France, Italy, Russia and Scandinavia. They tell of its bulk for peristaltic action; its vitamins, those mysterious health guards; its lactic ferments to keep the digestive tract in condition, and its mineral salts.

With ever growing confidence, therefore, we urge Sauerkraut as a part of your daily and weekly menus—not alone, but in combination with other dishes. You will be the stronger and healthier as a consequence.

Emblem of First Quality

But when you buy Sauerkraut, look for this Emblem on can or barrel. It means Sauerkraut of First Quality—in rigid accordance with U. S. Government standards—uniform shredding, proper color and correct lactic content. Only association members meeting this standard are licensed to use it.

15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

The National Kraut Packers' Ass'n, Clyde, O.

Send for Interesting Booklet FREE

The National Kraut Packers' Association
Clyde, Ohio

Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

Name

Address

P-19 City and State

(Continued from Page 139)

Coke itself presents interesting possibilities. It is, first of all, essential for the blast furnaces. At the same time, it might be substituted for raw coal in all domestic uses, and if it were we should have smokeless towns. Every household burning raw coal in its basement furnace not only is smoking up the town, it is at the same time wasting out of its chimney top all that coal smoke represents. What does it represent? Take a year in which 45,000,000 tons of coal passed through by-product coke ovens. From that coal came 37,500,000 tons of coke for the blast furnaces, 601,000,000,000 cubic feet of gas, 441,000,000 gallons of tar, more than 1,000,000,000 pounds of sulphate of ammonia, from which we get nitrogen for plant food, and 105,000,000 gallons of benzols.

In England it is proposed to abolish the domestic use of raw coal. The idea is first to substitute gas for coal in private heating furnaces. But there is then the human necessity of every English person for an open fire to poke, even though there is central heating in the house. Therefore the residue, after taking the gas out of coal, must be a kind of coke that will burn happily in an open grate. A way has been found to give the coke residue this desirable character.

The Problem of By-Products

If the undertaking succeeds, the burning of raw coal will stop for the first time since Queen Elizabeth forbade it during sessions of Parliament in consideration for the health of the knights, and London may become a white city, with white fogs instead of black ones. However, that is not the primary object. There is back of it all a military motive. England has no natural domestic supply of oil—that is to say, no oil wells on her own premises—and in time of war that is a weakness in her shield. There is oil in her coal, only hitherto it has gone out of her chimney pots in smoke. Now, if she can get people to stop burning raw coal and to use gas and coke instead, she will get, besides the gas and coke, twenty gallons of oil out of each ton of her coal, and that is what she is after.

Regard now our own thoughtless and extravagant situation.

From each of thousands of local gas plants there is a by-product of coke, tar, and so forth. The coke is of variable quality and hard to sell in place of coal, not for the reason alone that it is variable in quality, but for the reason, besides, that to make coke displace coal in domestic use, you would have to create a competitive system of distribution and then guarantee a comparable supply. And this, for any one gas company's by-product, is not feasible.

Then there are a large number of great coke-making plants, each with a by-product of gas, tar, ammonia and benzol, and each with a separate selling problem as to these by-products.

Every modern oil refinery has a by-product of gas to be disposed of in a local manner. Every oil well has a gas product. Nearly every gas well has also an oil product.

Or regard it as a spectacle in panorama. Oil moving in one system of pipe lines, gas moving in another system of pipe lines, coal moving over them by rail, in the air electricity moving by high-tension copper lines—coal, oil, gas and electricity independently moving in all directions at once in a competitive manner. It is rational only in the sense that it works. Everybody's need is somehow satisfied. In every other sense it is irrational and anarchic.

How intelligent it would be to stop thinking separately of coal, oil and gas, and to think only of energy. For all purposes of light, heat and power nearly nine-tenths of the energy we use is derived from the hydrocarbon chain. "It contributes precisely," says George Otis Smith, of the United States Geological Survey, "87 per cent of the energy we use in our daily life—heat energy as well as mechanical energy. . . . Water power yields only 4 per cent of the whole energy supply, while the soil yields 6 per cent in firewood and 3 per cent through the medium of work animals."

And as to the stock he adds: "Of coal, the per capita reserve is not less than 23,000 tons, which we are now using up at the rate of six tons per capita a year. As to petroleum, there is quite another story to tell. The most wildly optimistic estimate of both known and unknown pools would give us a reserve equivalent to less than 1 per cent of the coal reserve, or, say, a few hundred barrels for each of us, and of this small supply we use about eight barrels apiece a year. Whether we like to believe it or not, our oil is not a national asset of at all the same order of magnitude as our coal."

The coal base is enormous. We have half of all the known coal in the world. Against this is the fact that we consume more energy as light, heat and power than all other people on the earth put together. And the rate at which we consume power is increasing.

That is why American industry is so productive. In thirty years the amount of mechanical energy per worker in American industry has increased from an average of two horse power to an average of six. This may increase to ten, twenty, even to a hundred. There is no limit so long as energy is cheap enough.

Oil and gas have been our bonanza portion, like the forests we found here, like the virgin soil, like the free gold glittering in the streams. Now reforestation, now soil conservation, now gold mining on an industrial basis, because the bonanza things are gone.

So it will be with oil and gas. These two chemistries, gushing of their own pressure from the crust of the earth, have made energy cheap. When they are gone, it will be a different tale, unless meanwhile we undertake to cheapen energy by systematic intention through exertions of industry, science and technology.

Pooling Our Energy

Since coal is our base, since ultimately we shall have to rely upon it entirely for energy, and since we already know how to obtain from coal both oil and gas while saving its solid fuel value as coke, what more important engagement could be made with our own future than to establish on this coal base a few giant pools of energy? Let them be placed in fundamental relation to coal, to water, and to those empty natural underground spaces for the storage of gas. At such places then great gas-manufacturing plants to supplement the supply of natural gas and to take its room when it is gone. Also great electrical-power plants, their generators to be turned by coal, oil or gas, as the use of one or the other may seem more economical. Then research laboratories further to explore the physical and chemical facts in order to make the hydrocarbon chain even more flexible than it is, so that from manipulating the process we shall be able to get more coke and less gas, more gas and less coke, and so on. All the products, including what we now call by-products, could be made uniform in quality and handled on a large scale. Out of these few giant pools, the problems of transmission having been solved, the whole country could draw its energy for light, heat and power always in the precise form ideally suited to the use.

Instead of a coal industry, an oil industry, a gas industry, an electrical industry, one nationally ramified system of energy—that would be a new thing. We know how to do it. We can easily believe that if and as we do it, energy for all purposes will be both conserved and cheapened. The means are at hand. All the difficulties are of taking thought.

THE POETS' CORNER

Wheat

CLOUDS with blistered lips blow heat
When I harvest tons of wheat.
Endless, dusty, tan fatigues
Sweep across the knee-deep leagues.

Pyramids of laden sacks
Wait to reach the long steel tracks
And apportioning for trips
In the belly hold of ships.

Then the naked, empty plains
Dream of new, enamored grains,
And I dole my tractors oil
In repayment for their toil.

Day on day, and year on year,
Wheat is all I think and hear.
Wheat's my Bible and my bread.
Wheat must keep my brother fed.

—*Sonia Ruthèle Novák.*

Upstream

MOUNTAINWARD! Brave young canoeman
With paddle and pole,
Strong in the best that is human,
And eager of soul!

Let not the dead water haunt you
Though dismal and gray;
Let not the cataract daunt you
Though hissing with spray.

Daring the wave and the bowlder,
Exultingly strive,
Forging along with your shoulder
And back in the drive.

Head winds that baffle and harry
May help at the bend;
Even the weariest carry
Must come to an end.

Up where the woodland is calling
Are shadow and balm;
After its fury and brawling
The river runs calm.

When through the pines or the beeches
The camp lanterns gleam,
Paddle those tranquiler reaches,
But ever upstream!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Unwhipped

WE ARE the ones to watch some day,
When the showdown comes at last;
We who have known the harder way
That led through a rougher past;
We who have trained upon defeat,
Battered and beaten back,
As long as the heart is there to meet
The call for a new attack.

We've battled the head winds, fight by fight,
In an endless jam with Fate;
We've floundered on through the pit of night
Where the black gales howled their hate;
We've taken our beating standing up,
And now with the calling drums
We lift our heads, with another cup
To the next hard scrap that comes.

Raw luck has lashed our softer rôles
To a new red-heart romance;
It has burned the fat from around our souls
And given red blood its chance;
And when at last the tide has turned,
With blood-stained flags unfurled
We'll cut our way to the place we've earned
Where the unwhipped rule the world.

—*Grantland Rice.*

Don't let *Bad Air, Odors,* steal your profits!

New device purifies—refreshes foul air by electricity

LITERALLY millions are lost each year because people simply won't buy and won't stay where air is stale, unpleasant, stuffy—unfit to breathe. Hotels, drug stores, theatres, banks, etc., lose valuable patronage when indoor air is close and laden with offensive odors. Executives, employees and sales people can't work efficiently in bad air conditions. Sickness and non-productive lassitude are among the greatest profit robbers known today. Experts state that absences due to colds, grippe, flu and bronchitis cost heavily each year.

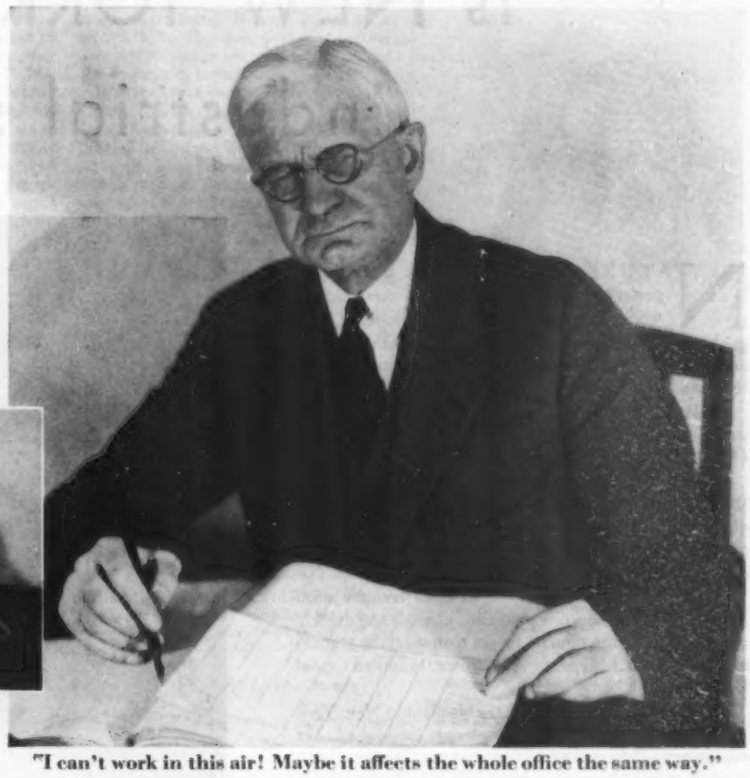
What does this mean to your business? Can you afford it?

Corozone makes bad air fresh by electricity

Corozone, a small, compact scientific electrical device—not a liquid nor a ventilating system—actually *revitalizes* and *deodorizes* heavy, stale, dead air. Literally recharges it with the life sustaining element, ozone, in its most efficient *corona* or "mist" form.

Simply screw an ordinary plug into any A. C. light socket. Turn a small switch. Heaviness and all odors from any source whatever disappear instantly and completely—even in small rooms where windows must be closed!

De Luxe Model Corozone. Size 10½ x 6 x 7½ inches. Net weight 12 lbs. This model is priced $40. (Extra charge for D. C. adapter. Price slightly higher on Pacific Coast.)



"I can't work in this air! Maybe it affects the whole office the same way."

Operates on proved scientific principle

No other device is like the new Corozone. It produces the *corona* or "mist" form of ozone in exactly the same way as lightning storms, on a hot, humid day. You know how lightning "clears the air" and revitalizes the entire atmosphere. Corozone does the same thing, and at the same time it literally *burns up* all odors and deadening impurities.

Corozone necessary here!

Often certain places are difficult to ventilate—for example, bank vaults, shipping rooms, kitchens, homes, soda fountains, lobbies, and so on, present a difficult fresh air problem. In places like these, Corozone has no equal. You quickly recognize how delightfully fresh, clear and inviting the air becomes when Corozone is operating.

We shall be glad to send you signed testimonials from firms as well as home users who are extremely enthusiastic about Corozone's help to them.

Corozone is inexpensive to operate

Costs no more to run than an ordinary light bulb. Does what hundreds of dollars' worth of mechanical equipment could not do. Does not "mask" odors but eliminates them!

Junior Model Corozone. Size 8 x 5 x 4 inches. Net weight 8 lbs. Price $28.50. (Extra charge for D. C. adapter. Price slightly higher on Pacific Coast.)

In two models

Corozone is available in two sizes—the De Luxe Model for offices, factories, etc., and the Junior Model for homes and small rooms. Both are finely-made precision instruments. Nothing to get out of order. Available in colors and natural wood finishes.

"Money-Back" Guaranty

Corozone is sold on a definite guaranty of money back if it does not fulfill the *claims that we make for it.*

Among Corozone Users

Erie Railroad
Cleveland City Hospital
Canada Steamship Lines
Saddle & Cycle Club, Chicago
Hollenden Hotel, Cleveland
United Artists Theatre, Detroit
Simplex Piston Ring Co., Cleveland
Battle Creek Sanitarium
Chicago Athletic Association
Fair Store, Chicago
Hornblower & Weeks, Chicago
Paul H. Davis & Co., Chicago

New Opportunity for Distributors—Dealers

in a few excellent territories or organizations for Corozone distributorships. Write at once or wire to secure first call in your locality, if available. Dealers, also, who want Corozone should communicate with us without delay.

The Corozone Company, General Offices: The Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio; The Corozone Company of Canada, 28 Scott Street, Toronto, Canada.

The Corozone Company, The Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio

COROZONE

Makes bad air* FRESH *by electricity

Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories, National Board of Fire Underwriters, U. S. A.
Also by Hydro-Electric Power Commission, Ontario, Canada

Be sure to tune in on The Corozone Pure Air Boys over WTAM every Monday night from 10:00 to 10:30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

Not by accident is NEW YORK the greatest industrial state . . . . .

NATURE endowed New York State with a perfect foundation for industry.

Raw materials, fertile soil, safe harbors, navigable waterways, temperate climate . . . with all these advantages it was only natural that population should increase by leaps and bounds.

Today, New York is the world's greatest industrial state. Out of 264 industries listed by the United States Government, 242 are represented in New York.

Within a closely concentrated area around New York State is 49% of the nation's total population, and 55% of the nation's total wealth. This area is the world's richest market. And the logical place to manufacture goods for that market is in the center of it.

Here your sales and distribution costs are at a minimum. Here you have raw materials, cheaply and quickly available. Here the climate favors men working at maximum year-round efficiency. And here unlimited capital is available for home industry.

The manufacturer who locates his plant in New York State, places it where industry is already established. He takes none of the risks which attend the pioneer. New York is over its growing pains. It is industrially mature. There is a plentiful supply of skilled, contented labor. The market is firmly established, and constantly growing.

Niagara Hudson's rates for power are materially lower than the nation's average. Interconnection makes electricity available not only in cities, but rural districts.

Put your plant in New York State—you profit by more than 100 years of industrial growth. Write for our new book, "New York, The Great Industrial State." It is sent to interested manufacturers without a personal follow-up of any kind. Address Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, Industrial Development Bureau, Albany, New York.

Skilled labor, with a higher output per worker than almost any state in the Union, awaits you in New York State.

Your plant belongs where your markets are. And New York State is right in the center of the most concentrated market in the world.

Power is cheaper in New York State.

Write for our new book, which interestingly describes the specific industrial advantages of the territory served by Niagara Hudson, including among many others the towns and cities listed below:

ALBANY	COBLESKILL	FRANKFORT	HUDSON FALLS	MALONE	RENSSELAER	TONAWANDA
ALBION	COHOES	FREDONIA	ILION	MEDINA	ROME	TROY
AMSTERDAM	CORTLAND	GENESEO	JAMESTOWN	MOHAWK	ROTTERDAM	UTICA
BALDWINSVILLE	DEPEW	GLENS FALLS	JOHNSTOWN	NEW YORK MILLS	ST. JOHNSVILLE	WATERFORD
BALLSTON	DOLGEVILLE	GLOVERSVILLE	KENMORE	NIAGARA FALLS	SALAMANCA	WATERTOWN
BATAVIA	DUNKIRK	GOWANDA	LACKAWANNA	N. TONAWANDA	SARATOGA SPRINGS	WATERVLIET
BOONVILLE	E. SYRACUSE	GREEN ISLAND	LANCASTER	OLEAN	SCHENECTADY	WELLSVILLE
BROCKPORT	FAIRPORT	HAMBURG	LEROY	ONEIDA	SCOTIA	WESTFIELD
BUFFALO	FALCONER	HERKIMER	LITTLE FALLS	OSWEGO	SKANEATELES	WHITEHALL
CANASTOTA	FORT EDWARD	HOMER	LOWVILLE	PULASKI	SOLVAY	WHITESBORO
CARTHAGE	FORT PLAIN	HUDSON	LYONS	SYRACUSE	WILLIAMSVILLE	

NIAGARA···HUDSON
POWER CORPORATION

CONVALESCENT FINANCE

(Continued from Page 5)

acceptance holdings at $321,840,000 compare with only $65,976,000 on July tenth tells plainly the story of the meddlesome interference that is going on. What would be most helpful now would be the adoption of a hands-off policy by the Federal Reserve.

How the Federal Reserve does repeat itself! The above might just as well have been written as of 1927 as of 1929!

And yet we find in the most recent annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, to the Congress, these enlightening words: "A review of the policy of the Federal Reserve Board during the past year shows that it has endeavored to guard against an undue extension of credit through speculative channels and to conserve the country's credit resources for the purpose of meeting future requirements of industry and trade." To one uninformed as to the real situation, Mr. Mellon's indorsement of the policy of the Federal Reserve Board would appear to relieve its members and its associates of responsibility for the disastrous stock-market excesses of the past two years, with their attendant ill effects upon trade and industry. The obvious truth of the matter is, in my judgment—formed after a careful personal study of the whole situation at first hand, both at New York City and at Washington—that the policy of the Federal Reserve is to blame for what has happened. I have no desire to appear captious in my criticism of the Federal Reserve operations of the past two or three years, but I agree thoroughly with one high financial authority that "it is very important that there should be no mistake or misunderstanding as to the real cause and origin of the performances on the Stock Exchange, since it is plainly the duty of Congress and the Government that measures should be taken to guard against a repetition of the series of events that have marked the course of the unparalleled speculation of the last two years, in which not only the United States but the whole world became involved."

A Potential Deluge of Credit

There can exist no doubt in the minds of those who have followed the trend of Federal Reserve policy since the disastrous cheap-money days of 1927 that, in a final analysis, credit inflation on an unprecedented scale rendered possible the enormous speculation which spelled ruin for so many, especially for the "little fellows," last fall. And the Federal Reserve System has been the principal factor in this credit inflation. Federal Reserve credit is always available. It is virtually unlimited as a result of the amendments to the Federal Reserve Act made during the financial stress of the World War period. The Reserve Banks possess the authority, under the Act, to issue Federal Reserve notes against every dollar of gold in this country, and, as one leading financial expert pointed out recently, through their open-market operations they can inundate the American nation with any amount of Reserve credit, whether there is any real need for it or not—even when the member banks cannot be cajoled into borrowing. That is precisely what the Reserve Banks did in 1927, when they inaugurated their easy-money policy.

In the report to which I have just referred, Mr. Mellon would apparently have us believe that the Federal Reserve Board has been sitting up nights in attempts to repress speculation, whereas for quite a while its attitude toward speculation was one of manifest indifference, or, as Governor Young expressed it in addressing the Indiana Bankers' Association on September 20, 1928: "Many people in America seem more concerned about the present situation than the Federal Reserve System is." I have repeatedly pointed out, both in and out of the House of Representatives, that in reducing discount rates to the dangerously low figure of 3½ per cent in 1927, and in forcing out Reserve credit at the same time to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars through the purchase of United States Government securities and bankers' acceptances, the Federal Reserve Board laid the basis for the enormous and unprecedented amount of speculation which developed so rapidly and as rapidly got out of control.

An Easy-Money Policy

Mr. Mellon, in his latest report, states that toward the end of the calendar year of 1927 the Federal Reserve System began to exert its influence in the direction of firmer market conditions. "This policy," Mr. Mellon tells us, "was adopted primarily because of continued growth in the volume of member-bank credit at a time when credit requirements of industry and trade were not expanding and when the demand for credit from the security market was increasing." Thus does Mr. Mellon admit that the then "credit requirements of industry and trade were not expanding." And he adds that "in pursuance of the system's firm-money policy, a large outflow of gold to foreign countries during the first half of 1928 was permitted to have its full effect on member-bank reserves, and, in addition, the Reserve Banks sold several hundreds of millions of securities." Thus does Mr. Mellon also make a virtue of the export of half a billion dollars' worth of gold and the sale of hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of securities. He refrains, however, from stating the additional fact, so well known to many of us, that the sale of the securities referred to represented only a portion of the hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of government securities purchased by the Reserve Banks in 1927 as part of the easy-money policy adopted purposely to expel gold from this country. It may be interesting, therefore, to recall that in discussing in a previous report the easy-money policy of 1927, Mr. Mellon stated frankly that the "loss of gold by export and the sale of securities forced the banks to increase their borrowings. However, the action taken early in the year [1927] unquestionably was not effective with reference to speculation, partly due to the activities of powerful groups of speculators, and partly to the fact that the public in general believed and acted as if the price of securities would indefinitely advance."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," commented the London Economist, a leading English financial journal, on November twenty-third last. "The fall of the bank rate on Thursday by another half per cent is an outward and visible sign that the dramatic and precipitous slump of the last three weeks in Wall Street definitely relieved the pressure on the world's money markets which the New York situation has been exerting so continuously for the last two years."

And, added this well-known English financial authority: "It is clear that we are about to enter upon a period of considerably cheaper money"—a prediction that was borne out by the revival, a month later, by the Federal Reserve, of its policy of 1927.

More than once have I warned against our permitting ourselves to be outgeneraled by our financial friends across the Atlantic. We have good reason to believe, in view of subsequent events, that as early as September, London, growing uneasy "as to the giddy heights to which American securities were soaring," had already realized what our stock market was inevitably headed for. We learned of "precautionary withdrawals of money invested in the United States," and London's interest in Wall Street being thereby "lightened before the alump occurred." And we were told, furthermore, that "after the slump had taken place, large quantities of international securities were offered in the London market at, in some cases, very low prices. These have been absorbed and London has thus done something to stop the rot."

Months before the market crash of last fall I stated that, as a result of the $500,000,000 expelled abroad by the Federal Reserve's easy-money policy of 1927—a condition unquestionably detrimental to our best interests—foreign investors were invading our shores and not only placing call funds but buying up the most gilt-edged of our securities. Leave it to our foreign friends to do that! It is not a new game with them. Humor might be attached to the situation, were it not so serious; for what are we receiving in return? Mere scraps of paper.

Brokers' loans were skyrocketing close to $7,000,000,000, according to New York Stock Exchange records on January 31, 1929. The Federal Reserve Board was taking cognizance secretly, as usual, of the menacing storm clouds gathering even then upon the financial horizon. Under date of February 2, 1929, the Board dispatched a letter privately to the Federal Reserve Banks in which it inveighed against "the extraordinary absorption of funds in speculative security loans which has characterized the credit movement during the past year or more." The Board coupled this statement with a declaration that, in its judgment, the movement "deserves particular attention lest it become a decisive factor working toward a still further firming of money rates to the prejudice of the country's commercial interests." The Board added:

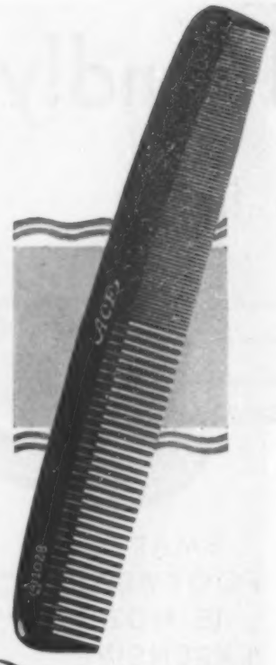
"The Federal Reserve Act does not, in the opinion of the Federal Reserve Board, contemplate the use of the resources of the Federal Reserve Banks for the creation or extension of speculative credit. A member bank is not within its reasonable claims for rediscount facilities at its Federal Reserve Bank when it borrows either for the purpose of making speculative loans or for the purpose of maintaining speculative loans."

A Statement to the Press

The Board incorporated these advices to the Reserve Banks in a statement it issued to the press on February 6, 1929, for publication on the following day—a statement that was also printed in the Federal Reserve Bulletin later in the month.

On February 6, 1929, Montague Norman, governor of the Bank of England, was at Washington in conference with Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, and Governor Harrison of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York was also at Washington in conference with Governor Young of the Federal Reserve Board. A Washington dispatch to a leading New York financial journal that day construed Mr. Norman's presence at the Treasury Department as due to the desire of British financiers for the establishment of a new credit by the Federal Reserve System, through the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, to sustain British exchange, which was described as having been "adversely affected by the high interest rates in the American money market caused by the unprecedented speculative activity in securities."

While Mr. Norman and Treasury officials remained discreetly silent concerning the objective of his visit, enough leaked out through semiofficial channels to convince us at Washington that the international as well as the domestic financial situation was involved not only in whatever discussions Mr. Norman participated in but in the statement issued by the Federal Reserve Board. In the dispatch I have just referred to, the significant statement was made that the "fact that the continuing high money rates were threatening definitely to reverse the flow of gold and unsettle seriously international exchanges has been a cause of concern to officials for some time."



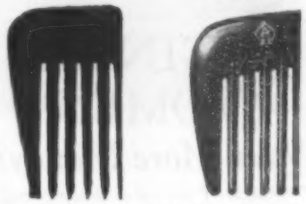
Take a good look at your COMB!

EXAMINE it critically—closely. Which of the two illustrations below does it look more like?

An inferior comb will usually show rough edges along the teeth and sharp v-shaped spaces between, because it has been merely *stamped* out of flat sheet material.

ACE Combs are *moulded* from perfectly vulcanized hard rubber and given the exceptionally high polish that effectually removes all rough edges. Therefore, they glide easily and smoothly through the hair, arranging it just exactly as you want it, with no danger of cutting, breaking, or pulling it out.

Ask for ACE Combs at your drug or department store—in any style or in any size, for men and women. Yours for the asking—an illustrated booklet, "Lovely Hair", will be sent on request—no charge. Merely fill in your name and address in the margin and mail to us.



Inferior Combs have teeth with rough edges and sharp, v-shaped spaces between which catch and cut the hair.

In *ACE Combs* the teeth are polished, rounded, and have smooth, u-shaped, parallel spaces between.

ACE COMBS

Ace Combs for men and women are sold in a wide assortment of styles and sizes at most drug and department stores. Select your Ace Combs from this display Cabinet.

American Hard Rubber Company
11 Mercer Street New York, N.Y.
P-2

Friendly five shoes

The VANDERBILT
Genuine Calfskin. Combination Last.

SMART FOOTWEAR IS NOT EXPENSIVE

When you have seen, and worn, your first pair of Friendly Five Shoes you will agree that quality does not mean extravagance. From a dealer nearby, you may acquire a complete wardrobe of fashionably correct, long wearing footwear at moderate cost, for Friendly Five Shoes, in forty styles, are priced at five dollars a pair. The Vanderbilt and its companions are waiting to grace your feet today. See them.

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, Manufacturers
Nashville, Tennessee

If you cannot readily locate your dealer, a card to us will bring his name at once.

FRIENDLY TO THE FEET

BUSINESS WOMEN
Want More Money?

COULDN'T you use extra money right now? Money for smart clothes . . . money to pay a bill or put in the bank.

So many calls for your salary. That is why many cultured, ambitious women like Mrs. McMillen, the school teacher above, are taking advantage of our generous subscription plan. They easily earn worthwhile sums of money in their leisure time, after hours and on Saturdays—*just as you can.*

So why not fill in the coupon today for all the particulars. It will cost you nothing.

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The Old Miller says:

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. . . flours differ—so do coffees, tires, and other things you buy.

"Lee flours are milled with real care and skill in a great country mill from genuine Virgin wheat grown only in sunny central Kansas. You'll find the same hearty aroma in this wonderful flour that Kansas placed in the clean, unmixed grain.

"If you are baker, broker, jobber or grocer we have a proposal that will interest you. Write us."

THE H. D. LEE FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
Salina, Kansas

LEE
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. . . SUPER-QUALITY FAMILY FLOUR
THE ADMIRAL
"SPECIAL" . . . SHORT PATENT FOR BAKERS
"Worthy FLOURS of their Famous Name"

This "concern" was reflected in that part of the statement issued by the Federal Reserve Board which stressed the fact that the "volume of speculative credit is still growing" and "coming at a time when the country has lost some $500,000,000 of gold, the effect of the great and growing volume of speculative credit has already produced some strain, which has reflected itself in advances of from 1 to 1½ per cent in the cost of credit for commercial uses. The matter is one that concerns every section of the country and every business interest, as an aggravation of these conditions may be expected to have detrimental effects on business and may impair its future."

Governor Strong's Statement

"The Federal Reserve Board neither assumes the right nor has it any disposition to set itself up as an arbiter of security speculation or value," continued the statement. "It is, however, its business to see to it that the Federal Reserve Banks function as effectively as conditions will permit. When it finds that conditions are arising which obstruct Federal Reserve Banks in the effective discharge of their function of so managing the credit facilities of the Federal Reserve System as to accommodate commerce and business, it is its duty to inquire into them and to take such measures as may be deemed suitable and effective in the circumstances to correct them; which, in the immediate situation, means to restrain the use, either directly or indirectly, of Federal Reserve credit facilities in aid of the growth of speculative credit."

Now, to the casual observer, such an exposition of Federal Reserve Board policy as the foregoing may sound logical, but as I said before the statement was issued, and as I have expressed myself repeatedly since it was issued, I hold the opinion that the Federal Reserve Board should not concern itself about the condition of the stock market, or of the security-loan market, unless there is a tendency to speculation in commodities which threatens a serious disturbance in our industrial mechanism.

When the late Governor Benjamin Strong, of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, an exceptionally able and far-seeing financier, appeared before the House Banking and Currency Committee on April 8, 1926, I, as chairman, inquired of him, "To what extent can the Federal Reserve System control the credit of nonmember banks?"

To this Governor Strong replied: "The Federal Reserve System does exercise some control, at times, over the total volume of credit that is employed in this country. The Federal Reserve System exercises some influence upon the cost of that credit, by its discount rate and its open-market speculations. Beyond that, the Federal Reserve System has no power to direct or control how credit is used. We [the Federal Reserve] deal with it quantitatively; the member banks deal with it qualitatively, as to its particular application, and if member banks or nonmember banks find it more profitable to lend money in one direction than in another, we have no power, of course, to control that."

Governor Strong added later that he thought "the fundamental thing about the Federal Reserve System is that, holding the reserves of so many banks, the gold reserve of the country, and being the source of supply of additional credit when it is required by business, and the means, if you please, of retiring that credit when it is no longer needed by business, the Federal Reserve System, through changes in the rate of discount and preliminary purchases or sales of securities in the market, has the power to influence at times the total volume of credit."

At another important point of his testimony, Governor Strong expressed the highly interesting opinion that "of course, the assumption that the Federal Reserve System has powers of great magnitude in the control of prices ought to be considered not alone from the standpoint of economics but from the standpoint of human nature to some extent. If it is assumed that the Federal Reserve System has the power to raise or lower the price level by some automatic method, by some magic mathematical formula, what safeguards are we going to introduce in regard to ignorance, stupidity and bad judgment in the exercise of this power? How are we to deal with the problem of divided counsels in the system, where no action is possible because of differences of opinion? Is it possible to guard against the misuse of these powers for selfish or even improper purposes, or even political objects, if you please? . . .

"It seems to me that if the Federal Reserve System is recognized as a price regulator, it is going to be somewhat in the position of the poor man who tried to stop a row between an Irishman and his wife. They both turned in and beat him. So both the producer and the consumer would complain."

On February 7, 1929, in addressing the House of Representatives regarding the statement of the Federal Reserve Board published on that date, I quoted a high British financial authority, who is a close observer and student of our Federal Reserve operations, as follows:

"I am now more concerned lest the Federal Reserve authorities should accidentally bring about a general business depression by attempting to take action toward the stock market which, however well meant, is not really compatible with the system's duty toward business. I think the Federal Reserve System may have been quite right to try to frighten the speculators a few months ago, but, this having failed, I think they would be much better advised to leave Wall Street alone and let it boil over of itself, rather than do things which, if continued, will certainly put at risk the general prosperity of the country."

May I be permitted to construe the above statement as more or less prophetic, in view of all that has occurred since I read it in the House of Representatives on February 7, 1929? And may I be pardoned for recalling that on the same occasion I stated: "I firmly believe now, as I have in the past, that the eye of the Federal Reserve System should be kept—where the gold reserve is not in danger—on the question of prices and employment. It seems to me to be rather far-fetched to endanger the pay envelope of the workingman and the profits of the business man because someone gets the notion that there is too much stock speculation or that stocks should not sell so high as they now are. There are so many matters of judgment involved in stock prices that I believe most of the critics and experts have erred in predicting the stock market. If, however, the condition of corporate profits does not warrant present prices, the market will correct itself in time."

The General-Price Guide

"Meanwhile the Federal Reserve System should keep its attention chiefly upon the stability of business and employment, which finds itself reflected generally in stable commodity prices. . . . An upward movement in general prices always raises the question of how high the inflation will go; and when people think it will go no higher, it is generally followed by a deflation. We have, however, not had a general increase in commodity prices in spite of all the talk of wild speculation. When all

(Continued on Page 149)

רניל בכל העולם. משתמשים יותר במכנסי-עבודה „לי" ובמכנסי-נסיעה „לי" מאשר בבגדי עבודה מתעשיה אחרת. *

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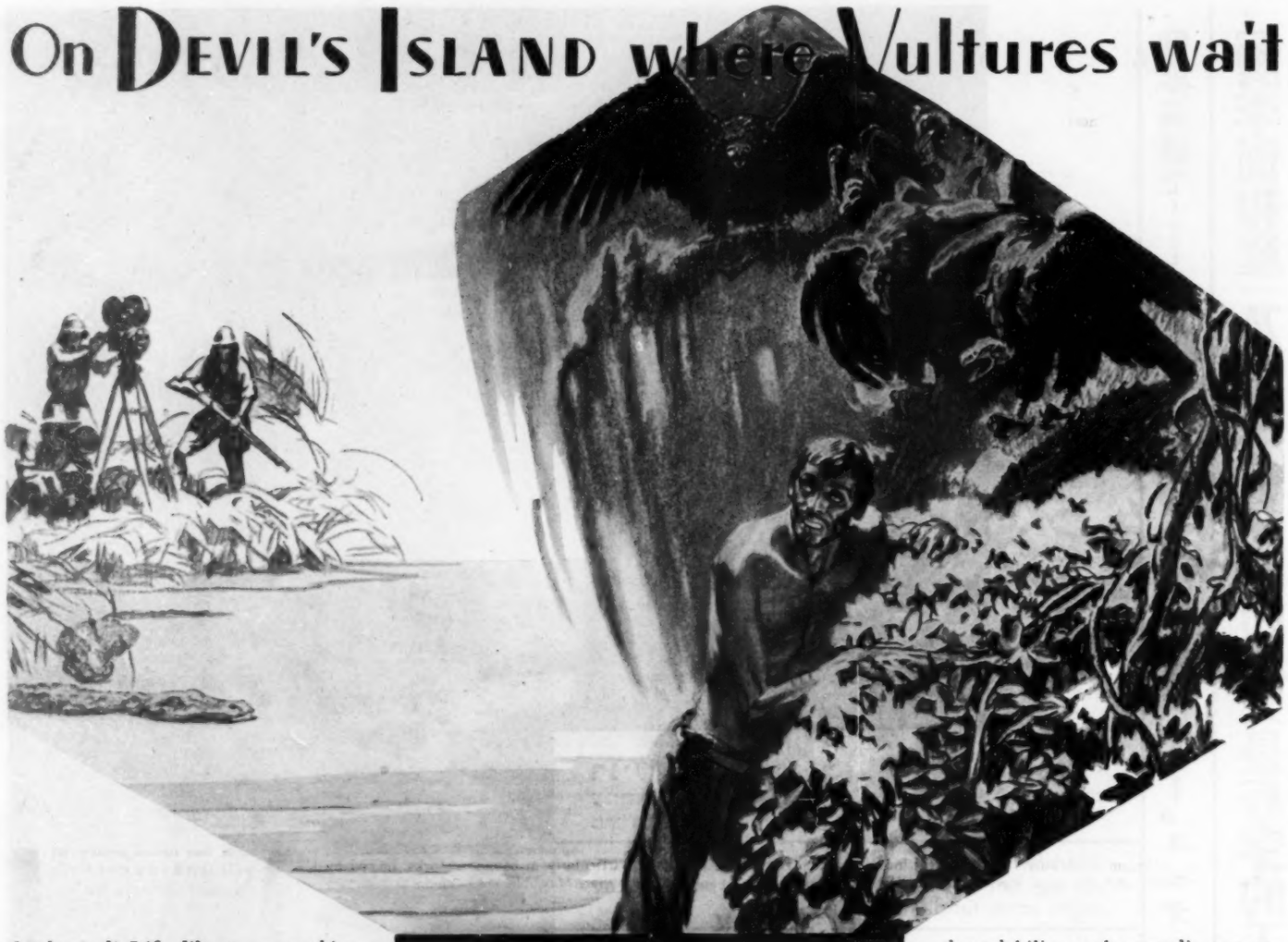
*「麿李倒和羅」及「李夭寅多」係工人最好穿的工塲用的衣服　全世界人民都穿之

On Devil's Island where Vultures wait



Condemned! Life, liberty—everything staked on escape... just as the success of a great movie was staked on the dependability of a camera, made by the makers of

FILMO

Condemned to worse than death on Devil's Island . . . innocent . . . a desperate break for freedom and love, with one chance in thousands for escape . . . while vultures circled closer, awaiting failure . . .

But the producers brooked no failure in taking this intense Samuel Goldwyn picture, "*Condemned.*" Bell & Howell Cameras were depended upon.

For your personal movies, you need choose no less a camera than did the producers of this tale of the French prison isle. For *Filmo* is made by Bell & Howell who manufacture professional cameras for most of the major film producers of the world. *Filmo* is built with the same precision, the same dependability as these studio cameras. Priceless are the movies you take of your children, your family, your sports and your travels. Choose *Filmo* then, and be certain that the movies you take and show are theater-clear. Be sure that in days to come they bring back old times, old places, or the children as they truly were.

(Above) Filmo 57 *Projector in operation. Accurate, silent movement. Powerful direct illumination. Fully automatic.* $190 *and up with carrying case.*

Filmo 70-D. *Master of all personal movie cameras. Seven speeds, three-lens turret, variable view-finder. Compact and finely built.* $245 *and up with Sesame locked Mayfair carrying case.*

Easier than taking snap shots is the trouble-proof operation of *Filmo*. Its smooth, accurate action requires but a peek through the view-finder, a press of the button;—"What you see, you get."

Ask your camera dealer for a demonstration or write today for literature.

All Filmos Take 50 or 100-foot Films

For black and white pictures, Filmo Cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16mm.) in the yellow box—both regular and panchromatic—obtainable at practically all dealers' handling cameras and supplies. *Filmo* Cameras and *Filmo* Projectors are adaptable, under license from Eastman Kodak Company, for use of Eastman Kodacolor film for home movies in full color. Cost of film covers developing, and return postpaid, within the country where processed.

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BELL & HOWELL

Filmo

PERSONAL MOVIE CAMERAS AND PROJECTORS

(Continued from Page 146)

commodity prices rise, there is no general increase in productive wealth, but merely an inflation. However, stock prices should be distinguished from commodity prices, since there is often a corresponding increase in value measured by an increased capitalization. There is a tendency to pay too much attention to the spectacular action of the stock market. But we should remember that the business man, the worker and the farmer are not greatly concerned as such about stock speculation. Their chief interest is in the continuity of business and of the stability of general prices, which serve as a guide to industrial activity and help to maintain employment, wages and profits. . . . To disturb industry merely to prevent stock speculation seems to me to be unwarranted and would work a gross injustice upon the business man and the workingman. This, I suggest, might be the result of an abortive attempt to restrict speculative and investment activities by banking policy."

Beginning on February 6, 1929, the Federal Reserve System changed its policy and put into operation a definite deflation program, which continued without interruption until the disastrous panic of last October. Since that time they have again changed their policy and have again, as in 1927, made money cheap—artificially so this time—and in doing this they have purchased large quantities of government securities and acceptances; and again gold is moving out of the country, this time for the purpose of replenishing the deficient reserves of the banks of Europe.

Federal Reserve Powers

Those people who suffered losses in last fall's panic were the victims of two changes of policy in Federal Reserve operations—the first in the summer of 1927, when inflation was started; and the second in February, 1929, when deflation was started and which was completed in November last. All the optimism from July, 1927, to February, 1929, and the great development that took place were the result of inflation; and the loss of money and property, and harm to business and loss of employment that are now being observed are the result of deflation.

We must all realize that we have vested the power in the Federal Reserve System to inflate and deflate; and as now operated, this power is being used not only to protect the gold reserve and the total volume of credit but to increase and decrease or maintain the general levels of prices.

Not only in commodities but through the exercise of control over the use that banks make of their credit is the price of securities also affected. We must always remember that the Federal Reserve System has three great powers—the discount rate, the open-market operations, and publicity—and we must now understand that there are two ways, at least, to use publicity—one, public announcements; and the other, the small voice direct to the member banks through the officers of the Federal Reserve Banks.

In view of all that has transpired since I began to make suggestions months ago, may I be justly accused of being hypercritical of the Federal Reserve Board when we consider, in the light of the market crash of last fall, what did result from its "abortive attempt to restrict speculative and investment activities by banking policy"?

Passage of the Federal Reserve Act in 1913 was in response to a public demand for a financial system that would provide this country with liquidity of money and credit when it had become thoroughly obvious that our existing financial structure was not measuring up to our increasing financial requirements. There was still fresh in our minds the unpleasant recollection of the panics and stringencies of 1893 and 1894, the sound-money discussions of 1896 and the recurring stringencies of 1898, which culminated in the panic of 1907. Study and discussion of such conditions, directed by the Monetary Commission, justified the belief that a solution could be found through the mobilization of the reserves of our banks into a fund under the management of a central board or a central bank. Political exigencies, as usual in formative legislation, dictated a compromise, and a decentralized system of twelve banks with a central board was created, and through the centralization of member banks' legal reserves into a common reservoir a plan for the rediscount of commercial paper was rendered effective.

Virtually for the first time in our history, a classification of obligations was accomplished. Certain standards of eligibility were established. All this upon the theory that industry and commerce could best be served through a commercial banking system, by making possible the rediscount of short-time paper representing a settlement of a commercial transaction, or paper originating from a sale or based upon commodities in transit. Those engaged in writing the law setting up the new financial system advanced the theory that as business increased or decreased, the requirements for money and credit would increase and decrease in unison with the creation of this paper covering the sale of the country's commercial products. Therefore, access to the reservoir of credit was practically limited, so far as flexibility was concerned, to the rediscount of paper representing short-time commercial transactions.

Supervision of Credit

In as much as twelve separate reservoirs in the form of as many Federal Reserve Banks were proposed, it was thought best to locate at Washington a general supervisory board, and accordingly the Federal Reserve Board was created, and there were embodied in the law various provisions covering its duties and responsibilities, and those of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks. One of the principal responsibilities imposed upon the Board was supervision of the total volume of credit, if only to insure elasticity in supplying the needs of commerce and industry as they increased or diminished.

It is not within the scope of this article even to attempt to review the enormous amount of changes our financial, business and commercial interests have undergone since the passage of the original Federal Reserve Act. The Act itself has not escaped the influence of those changes for which the World War was partly responsible. Commerce and industry in this country have expanded to unprecedented proportions and are not issuing eligible paper to the extent that was contemplated when the Act was first molded. Funds for needed expansion have been obtained through the sale of securities. As a result, we find a great expansion of investment securities, particularly in common stocks, owned by millions of people, not alone in this country but throughout the world. No longer are stocks owned by the wealthy. There is a wide distribution of ownership, such as was never contemplated when the original Federal Reserve Act passed. The investment banking house, the investment trust, result from this. But that is another story.

THE DIAMOND CURB

(Continued from Page 46)

Completely officeless, however, they all are not. Sometimes a number of them band together and rent a hole in the wall—a place just big enough to hold a telephone, a pair of scales, and their mail. Others hang up their hats in various offices—wherever they may be. But as for staying in these offices, except to keep out of a heavy rain—business isn't very active on rainy days, as diamonds can't be fairly judged when it's cloudy—the curb wouldn't think of it.

Another excellent reason why the curb does not deal with strangers is the fantastic credit these men extend each other. Frequently no memorandum is given. Goods worth thousands of dollars are passed from hand to hand with only the word of the dealer as bond, and when the final sale is made, checks are passed all down the line, each man's commission being deducted, until the ultimate seller is reached. Members of the curb known to the wholesale trade frequently take out merchandise worth up to $100,000 without even a receipt.

It might be thought that there is no selling by the curb to private individuals, the amateur being in no position to cope with the shrewdness of the street. On the contrary, almost all these men have their private customers. One dealer, who was formerly a court interpreter in Brooklyn, numbers among his clients many of the city employes in the courts—lawyers, judges, court attachés, and so forth. Another broker has as pet client a man who once rushed up to him on the street and demanded a diamond for an engagement ring. He had $300 to spend for the stone, and said so. Shown a stone, he asked the dealer to wait five minutes, came back with an appraiser, was told the price was right, and bought it. After that he became a regular customer of this broker, and every Christmas went to him to buy gifts, spending in the thousands. But when all is said and done, this is not the way for the lay person to buy gems. When a man buys gems he wants the reputation of an established jeweler behind his purchase. Only an expert who can back his own judgment can afford to buy indiscriminately.

DRAWN BY CARL E. SCHULTZE

"Mrs. Monk, Mr. Monk Says He Will Be Right Up After Just One More Bridge Hand!"

The John Street curb is not the only market of its kind in the world. In Dutch Street, near John Street, is an offshoot of the mother curb; but this market carries on only at noontime and is composed of men who are regular workers in other branches of the jewelry industry. London has its curb. Paris has several; but here, as one would expect, the men meet in cafés—which are largely on the sidewalks—a number of which are located on the Rue Lafayette. Here the men sit about, drink together, pass their gem papers back and forth across the tables, and conduct their business much the same as on John Street. Antwerp and Amsterdam have their curbs, but here it is rather in the nature of a club conducted in a room to which only accredited buyers and sellers resort. Wherever diamonds are a major interest, some such method of disposing of small goods out of the regular channels of trade seems always to spring up—a curious and colorful phase of the life of a great city.

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Weber Artists' Colors, because of color strength and lasting brilliance, are ideal for tinting heavy paints and enamels . . . for decorating . . . stenciling . . . lamp shade painting . . . and a host of other household purposes.
Weber Artists' Colors are sold by art, stationery, heavy paint and department stores, everywhere. Color outfits in all price ranges.
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THE COLORS THE OLD MASTERS WOULD HAVE USED

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The Will-to-Serve, the warm friendliness, the personal effort to make you comfortable . . . that's what you will first appreciate at Hotel Knickerbocker. Then . . . larger, handsome rooms . . . and the most luxuriously comfortable beds that money can buy. With all that comes lower rates that show our spirit of fairness to the public . . . our wish to merit public recognition as a great institution, not merely a "mere" hotel. 3 minutes to the city-center . . . it's quiet, restful, and accessible here . . . When are you coming to Chicago? At your service!
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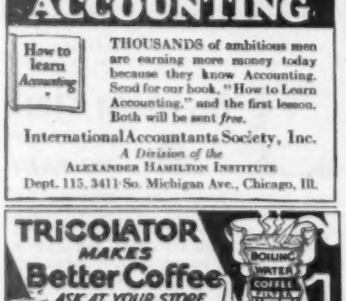
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THE PARTY OF THE WORST PART

(Continued from Page 35)

"How 'bout this, Florian? We is willin' to pay you twenty-five dollars fo' a two-day option on Magnolius at that price."

"Done," snapped Florian, "but when us draws the 'greement you can put in there that details of employment is to be arranged later."

"What you mean by that?"

"I mean plenty," said Florian grimly, "an' you can take it or either leave it."

Orifice took it, and that night a frantic wire was dispatched to the Magnolius Ricketts enthusiasts in New York:

YOUR TELEGRAM RECEIVED STOP OUR OPINION YOU IS ALL WRONG ABOUT RICKETTS STOP HE AINT NOTHING BUT PUNK EXTRA STOP ALSO HE HAS GOT HIMSELF A MANAGER WHICH WE AINT CRAZY ABOUT AND SAID MANAGER DEMANDS ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK FOR FIRST YEAR FOR RICKETTS STOP SHALL WE PAY THIS OR KICK MAGNOLIUS AND MANAGER BOTH OUT OF STUDIO STOP WE PREFER TO DO THIS AND HAVE SOME GOOD KICKERS HERE STOP PLEASE WIRE ADVICE IMMEDIATE

ORIFICE R. LATIMER

And that evening, after a day of worry and conferences, a warm wire was delivered to the president:

DONT BE A FOOL STOP SIGN MAGNOLIUS RICKETTS ANY PRICE STOP HE IS BARGAIN AT ONE HUNDRED STOP AND IF YOU DON'T SIGN HIM QUICK SOMEBODY ELSE WILL

Reluctantly, Florian was called into the office of the chief executive. Latimer gazed mournfully at the self-confident little manager of the new discovery. "Us is willin' to take a chance, Brother Slappey. We has decided to assept yo' offer to pay Magnolius one hundred dollars a week fo' one yeah. Then each yeah thereafter, fo' five yeahs, his sal'ry will be boosted twenty-five dollars a week."

"We assept," said Florian promptly.

"Fine!" announced the president. "Now us draws the contrack."

"You does. An' how!"

Something in Florian's voice warned Latimer. "What you mean by that?"

The smile fled from Mr. Slappey's face. "I'll tell you just exackly what I mean, Orifice Latimer. I mean that Magnolius Ricketts ain't gwine be salisfried to work on the same foot with these punk actors you got heah. Nos-suh! An' what I deman' fo' him not on'y ain't that much money but also he has got to be starred!"

A gasp from the president.

"Wh-what you mean?"

"Just this: You has got four featured players on this lot—Opus Randall, Welford Potts, Glorious Fizz and Sicily Clump. An' when you title yo' pitcher you announce the title an' then say 'With Opus Randall' or whichever bum actor it is. Now, my Magnolius ain't gwine stand fo' nothin' like that."

"What is he gwine stan' fo'?"

"His name has got to come fust an' on top. It's got to read 'Magnolius Ricketts in So-an'-So.'"

Latimer conferred with Evans Chew. They agreed that more time was essential, and Chew made a proposition:

"Tell you what we is willin' to do, Brother Slappey. Makin' a man a star is a dangerous proceedin'. We got to know is he good enough an' also whether his swell work in this fust pitcher was just a flash in the pantry. Now, I take it fo' granted you is willin' to play fair. Is that the troof?"

"It sholy is."

"Then I ask you how about lettin' us feature Magnolius in a swell pitcher—just one pitcher. Fo' that we pay him two hund'ed dollars cash money. If he does as good in that pitcher as he done in the fust, then we pay him how much money you has ast fo', an' also we make him a star."

Florian saw the logic and justice of their position. He was supremely confident of Magnolius' ability to make good, and so he accepted. Besides, should Midnight decide not to go through with the contract, Florian would then have one more picture to show prospective customers. A memorandum of agreement was drafted by which Magnolius was to be featured in a single two-reel picture which was to be completed in three weeks. Within two weeks from that time Midnight was privileged to contract for the long, tall man's permanent services at a starting salary of one hundred dollars per week, with the stipulation that he was to be starred.

The best men on the Midnight lot were summoned into conference. Author Forcep Swain was delegated to write the best and funniest story he could think of; Julian Fever, chief electrician, was ordered to see that his lighting was perfect; Exotic Hines, head cameraman, was exhorted to devise new effects; Callous Deech was instructed to work like a Trojan over his sound mixing; and Mercury Smith, the highly temperamental chief of the art department, was begged to do the best arting which Midnight had ever seen.

Welford Potts and Opus Randall, male leads and bitter rivals, were eying each other in hostile fashion. They knew that this was going to be the swellest two-reeler Midnight had ever produced. Welford voiced the question which was on the mind of each:

"Who plays the lead in this pitcher, Orifice—me or that big fat hunk of tripe, Opus Randall?"

Latimer frowned. "Neither!"

They were dazed. "But somebody has got to play the male lead."

"Sholy," agreed Orifice, "an' the man which plays it, his name is Magnolius Ricketts."

There was a moment of horrified silence, followed by a broadside of hysterical questions. President Latimer tolerated it for a while, and then his nerves snapped.

He explained matters to Welford and Opus in graphic and rather profane language. Before he finished, their eyes were popping and their jaws sagging. They lurched from the room, staggered to Welford's dressing room and stared mournfully at each other.

Opus was large and fat; Welford small and skinny. Since the birth of Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., they had shared the acting spotlight and had been devout enemies. Now, in this community of misery, their enmity was forgotten. Without a direct word it was tacitly agreed that they must present a united front to this amazing enemy.

"Makin' him a star!"

"Over us! Cain't you see that billin', Welford—'Magnolius Ricketts in Such-An'-Such, With Welford Potts an' Opus Randall'? Or maybe they don't use our names a-tall."

Mr. Potts pressed an aching forehead.

"Whoa is us! An' there ain't nothin' we can do 'bout it."

They rambled from the lot together, a pair of dark and mournful comedians. They dined at an obscure lunch room on Fourth Avenue, eschewing the delights of Bud Peaglar's succulent barbecue. Then they went for a long walk. Mr. Potts reintroduced the subject without a word of preamble:

"Magnolius Ricketts is the dumbest man what is."

"That ain't no news to me, Welford."

"An' he ain't used to flatterment."

"No, he ain't. . . . Say, what at is you drivin'?"

"Plenty," snapped Mr. Potts. "I has just schum a scheme which maybe it will work an' maybe it won't. But us is sunk anyway, so it don't hurt to try. An' does things come out right, we is bofe gwine be sitting pretty, an' President Latimer won't have nothin' fo' us only gratitude."

"What's yo' scheme?"

"Well," said Welford softly, "it's all based on the idea that Magnolius is so dumb he wouldn't know he was alive if he didn't sometimes have a toothache. An' the fust thing we has to do is make him believe we is his friends."

"An' after that ——"

"After that," finished Mr. Potts firmly, "we really start doin' somethin'."

The following morning the conspirators made their first moves in the campaign to win the affection of Magnolius Ricketts. They did not work crudely. They knew that for more than three years the large and brainless Magnolius had labored as an extra on the Midnight lot, and they realized that for fully three years he had looked up to them as magnificent personages. Therefore, at the outset, they merely treated Magnolius nicely, without entirely eliminating the barriers between them.

They patronized him and congratulated him mildly on his work in the last two-reel talkie. They offered to teach him something of the fine points of acting, and they made it quite clear that they wished him plenty of good luck. For three days they continued these tactics and had the pleasure of seeing the susceptible Magnolius become pop-eyed with gratitude.

"Honest," said the simple Magnolius, "you-all fellers ain't got no right treatin' me so swell. I ain't nothin' but a po' no-'count iggorant feller, while you-all two is somethin' elegant."

"Shuh!" Opus patted the tall man on the shoulder. "We is all actors together, ain't we?"

"Maybe we is all together, Mistuh Randall, but we ain't all actors. Leastaways I never could be a fine actor like you an' Brother Potts."

Welford glanced at Opus Randall. Such colossal gullibility had been more than they had dared expect. And that night they discussed the matter.

"Never befo' has I seen a guy as dumb as him, Opus."

"There never was one such. But don't you ever forget this, Brother Potts—that feller is a swell actor, an' does us not work fast we is gwine be on the outside lookin' in."

"You is right. . . . Gosh, I wisht he didn't have Florian Slappey fo' a manager!"

"I ain't worryin' 'bout Florian. Thing to do is git busy on Magnolius right away."

The following night the two actors worked cheerfully and skillfully with the ignorant Magnolius. They took him for a ride and filled him with barbecue and apple pie and flattery. Then they visited Welford's room in Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored, where they commenced to joke about Magnolius' status with Midnight.

"Somebody was tellin' us you has got a manager."

Magnolius swelled with pride. "Sholy I has. Florian Slappey."

"Oh, shuh! We don't b'lieve that, Brother Ricketts."

"How come you don't?"

"Well, you is a nice feller an' all that, but Florian Slappey is an impawtant pusson an' he woul'n't waste his time on no sech small fry as you."

Mr. Ricketts rose with such dignity as he could muster: "I bet you I has a contrack with Florian."

"An' we'll bet you haven't. We'll bet you fifty dollars cash money."

Magnolius whipped out his wallet and produced fifty dollars, which the others covered. Then he started for the door.

"Ise gwine fetch that contrack an' win you-all's money."

"Wish you luck," murmured Welford. "But remember this: If you has got a contrack, there must be two copies of it, an' unless you bring bofe them copies we ain't gwine pay the bet."

As soon as the door closed behind the tall man, Opus and Welford leaped into action. From a bureau drawer they extracted several sheets of blank paper, legal size. These they divided into two piles and each pile was folded twice, so that—in the

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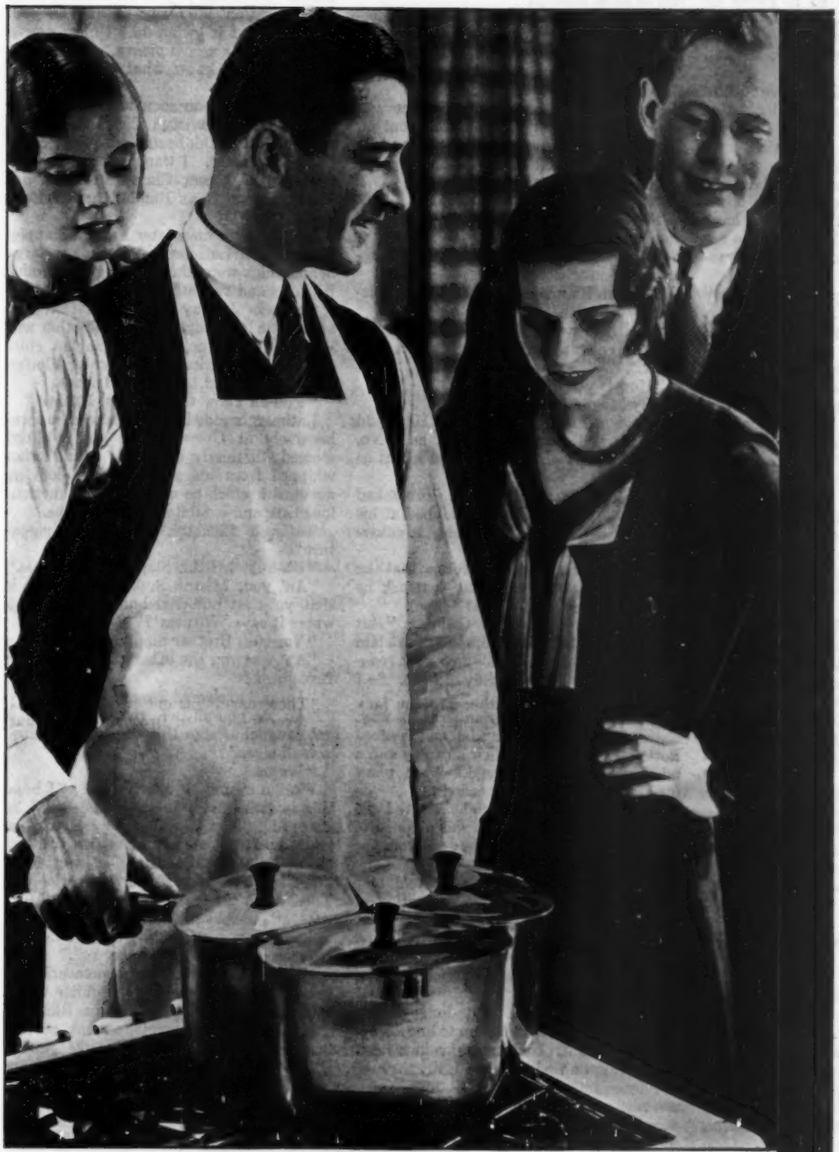
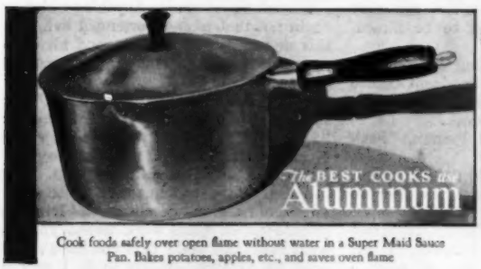
INVITE YOUR FRIENDS ●

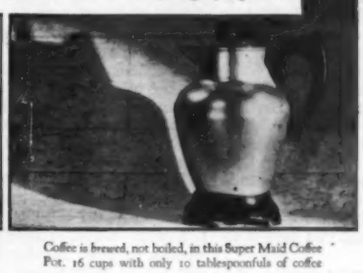
and be our guests at dinner in your own home



Cook entire meal over one small burner with Triplicate Set. Saved gas pays for it



Cook foods safely over open flame without water in a Super Maid Sauce Pan. Bakes potatoes, apples, etc., and saves oven flame



Coffee is brewed, not boiled, in this Super Maid Coffee Pot. 16 cups with only 10 tablespoonfuls of coffee

WE WILL FURNISH THE FOOD AND COOK IT

WE ARE IN EARNEST about this invitation. We want you and your friends to get together at your house on an evening that's convenient for you—and we'll cook you a dinner that will be talked about for months.

It will be the most delicious roast beef dinner you ever ate. With vegetables, fruit, coffee and dessert. There will be plenty of food for six or eight couples—and it won't cost you a cent. There won't be one word about buying anything at this dinner—nothing whatever to embarrass you or your friends. We will leave your kitchen as spick and span as we found it.

Why are we giving this dinner? And how can we promise you a revelation in tastiness?

Your home the only place to learn about this new method of cooking

Frankly, we make and sell Super Maid Cook-ware. And this is the only way we can conclusively show you that it's the most substantial, the most beautiful and the most economical cook-ware ever made—or the finest you can obtain for cooking the waterless way. We have to arrange for demonstrations in the home because stores and store salesmen have neither the time nor the equipment to engage in such highly specialized work.

Some one has said Americans are starving on three full meals a day. Untold nutrition goes into kitchen sinks. Boiled out! The vitamins, the natural salts and iron, so vital to vigorous health and even to life itself—go down the drain with the water food is boiled in.

Cooking foods in their own delicious juices not only saves the important food elements, but it saves the real flavor that Nature puts into meats, vegetables, cereals and fruits. You can't cook foods this way in ordinary cook-ware.

Super Maid Cook-ware is designed right—scientifically. It is built right—to last you a lifetime. It is cast from super-aluminum. Cast—because only through casting can the superior Super Maid design be carried out. The extra-thick sides taper gradually to the top for perfect heat distribution. The extra-thick bottoms permit slow, even cooking over a very low, economical fire or faster cooking without the usual risk of burning. The top edges, which tightly hug the perfectly balanced lids, are *not rolled or grooved* and therefore are easily cleaned. There is *not one single rivet* to work loose and defeat sanitation.

We believe that no cook-ware made will last as long in your home, or pay for itself as surely or as quickly, or so satisfy your love of beautiful things. And that opinion is also recorded in thousands of letters that may be seen at any time in our files.

The Super Maid demonstrator is waiting for permission to visit your home. Remember, he is equipped to render you and your community—*which is his community*—a real service. He serves not only your health and appetite, but your pocketbook—because he shows you how Super Maid Cook-ware saves fuel, time and replacements as well as nourishment. Thousands of Super Maid demonstrations are given each week in America's finest homes. We will gladly serve this free dinner to you and your friends. Simply write your name on a postcard and send to Super Maid Cook-ware Corporation, 2742 West 36th Place, Chicago, Ill.

SUPER MAID COOK-WARE

P.S.—We can use some more representatives. Write us. It's a real opportunity.

SUPER MAID • COOK-WARE

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hand—it resembled a document of some sort. Then Opus slipped both these dummies into his pocket.

In due course Magnolius returned. He waved both copies of the contract triumphantly under Welford's nose. The little star inspected them closely. They were exact duplicates and both signed by Magnolius and Florian.

"Do I win?" asked Magnolius.

"It looks so." Welford passed the two contracts and their envelopes over to Opus Randall. Mr. Randall retired to a distant corner, while Welford earnestly engaged Magnolius in conversation.

But the large actor did not bother to read the contracts. Instead he put them in his pocket and substituted two wads of blank paper. Then both actors apologized humbly to Magnolius for having presumed to doubt the existence of his contract. They cheerfully paid him the fifty dollars which he had won, and when they hustled him from the room they—and not Magnolius—had the two copies of the contract which Florian's protégé had brought to them.

Feeling the necessity for swift action, Opus and Welford hurried to the home of President Latimer. Orifice was asleep, but they roused him and forced him into conference. At first he was sullen, but the tense excitement of his two visitors rubbed the sleep from his eyes.

Welford acted as spokesman and came straight to the point: "Orifice, does you think Magnolius is a good actor?"

"Uh-huh."

"Do you crave to make him a star?"

"I don't crave to have no stars at all, but I got to do such on account Florian Slappey is slick an' he has got us where he wants."

"But what you would most crave would be to give Magnolius good parts an' not have to star him, wouldn't you?"

"Uh-huh. But you boys is talkin' silliment."

"Maybe so, an' maybe not. Now I ask you this: Sposin' I an' Opus could arrange fo' you to git Magnolius without havin' to star him an' also at seventy-five dollars a week; would you be willin' to spend a li'l' money fo' that?"

"Would I?" Latimer was visibly excited. "Hot ziggity dam, boys, there ain't nothin' I would be fonder of!"

"A'right then; heah's our plan: We is tellin' you to go ahead an' deal direck with Magnolius. Don't worry 'bout Florian Slappey a-tall. Take our advice an' git Lawyer Chew down to his office tonight an' have them contracks all drawed up. You can make Magnolius' sal'ry seventy-five dollars a week fo' five years without no raise each year. An' git Magnolius to sign it quick an' sudden."

"But he won't."

"Who says he won't?"

"I do. Why should he?"

"Because," sizzled Welford, "we has got another idea. Down at one of these auto agencies there is a swell automobile sedan which is all painted red an' has yaller fenders. It looks like a bran'-new car an' it's in swell condition. You can buy it fo' six hund'ed dollars cash money. Now, I an' you bofe know just how dumb Magnolius is, an' we reelize that when you say he can have that wonderful car fo' just signin' his name, he's most likely gwine knock you down gittin' to the fountain pen. Ain't that so?"

"Yes, it is," agreed Orifice, "but what good is his siggature gwine be to Midnight when a'ready Magnolius has got a contrack with Florian Slappey?"

"Who says he has?"

"Ev'ybody."

"Well, ev'ybody is wrong. An' just to prove what kind of feilers us is, we aim to exhibit these."

Magnificently they opened the two copies of the Slappey-Ricketts contract which had been handed them by Magnolius. Welford, eying his chief executive, spoke earnestly:

"Us ain't gittin' suggestive that you should become a party to this, Orifice. You don't even have to look at these papers real good, so was anything to come up later you could swear you never had saw 'em.

"We got plenty of reasons fo' doin' this, Brother Latimer. In the fust place, we don't crave to have nobody starred over our heads. Second, we ain't happy to see Midnight helt up by no slicker like Florian Slappey. An' third, Orifice, after we tear up these papers which we is holdin', you can take our word fo' it that whatever contrack you sign Magnolius up to is gwine be mighty particular binding on him."

With a noble gesture Welford destroyed the contracts. Latimer was impressed and frightened.

"Remember, fellers, I didn't have nothin' to do with that. I never even looked at them things."

"Tha's right, Orifice. You ain't seen nothin' an' don't know nothin'."

"Right. An' there's one mo' thing: If anything goes wrong, you-all bofe is responsible—which means that you will have to take the blame an' also stand the expense of that six-hund'ed-dollar automobile."

Opus and Welford grinned. "There cain't nothin' go wrong, Brother Latimer. But if it does, we pays fo' the car an' ev'ything else."

The following morning Latimer summoned Magnolius Ricketts and conducted him to the shelter shed used by the transportation department. There, alongside the location truck and three battered touring cars, was a scintillant sedan of crimson and ocher. Magnolius' eyes almost popped from their sockets.

"Golla," he murmured, "I never seen nothin' as fine as that in my whole bawn life."

Latimer patted his shoulder. "Tha's the kind of car an actor like you ought to have, Magnolius."

"You is kiddin' me. Where at would I git a wonderful automobile like that?"

"We-e-ell, would you do a favor fo' me if I was to give you that car as a present?"

"Would I?" The large lower jaw of Mr. Ricketts seemed about to detach itself from the rest of his countenance. "I—I don't think it's right nice of you to poke fun at me, Mistuh President."

Latimer guided Magnolius to his office. He produced two copies of a contract.

"Ise gwine read you these papers, Magnolius. An' when I completes doin' such, you can sign 'em bofe. An' the minute you sign 'em that swell red-an'-yaller automobile is yours!"

"Gimme that pen."

"You better heah what's in these contracks."

"I don't care what's in 'em. Fo' that much automobile Ise willin' to sign ev'ything you got in the office."

Five minutes later Mr. Magnolius Ricketts, having been granted a one-day holiday, seated himself at the wheel of his gorgeous automobile and departed from the lot in a cloud of dust. Orifice Latimer, Opus Randall and Welford Potts held a meeting of thanksgiving.

But less than half an hour after that a slender light-complected gemmun swung unannounced into the office of Midnight's president. Mr. Slappey came to the point with disconcerting directness:

"What you up to, Orifice?"

The face of the chief executive reflected innocence. "What you mean, Brother Slappey?"

"I mean plenty. Just now I seen Magnolius bustin' ev'y traffic law in the whole state of Alabama. He was drivin' a brand-new secon'hand red car, an' when I slowed him down an' ast him whose car it was, he 'lowed it was hisn, an' that you gave it to him."

"There ain't nothin' wrong, Florian. We Midnight 'ficials regard Mistuh Ricketts as one of our most vallible actors an' we give him that car as a totem of our high esteem."

"Fo' what?" demanded Florian.

"Fo' signin' a contrack with us fo' five yeahs at seventy-five dollahs a week; under which contrack he ain't gwine be starred unless we choose—which we won't."

"Oh, is that so? Well, Mistuh Orifice R. Latimer, you is just out one good automobile, 'cause my contrack binds Magnolius a durn sight tighter than yourn."

"Yeh? Where at is yo' contrack with Magnolius?"

Florian opened the door. "I'll be back in twenty minutes with it. An' I reckon, Mistuh Latimer, this is gwine teach you not to be so smarty."

Florian did not return in twenty minutes. But three-quarters of an hour later he staggered into the room, and President Latimer almost found it in his heart to pity the stricken little Beau Brummel.

Florian looked haggard. His face was ashen, beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, his necktie was awry and he was clutching some sheafs of blank paper in trembling fingers.

"Crook!" he gasped hoarsely.

"What you mean, Florian? How come you call me names?"

"You stoled my contracks with Magnolius. You tricked me!"

"Mistuh Slappey! You does me injustice."

"Well, Ise gwine do you plenty mo'. Ise goin' to co't an' prove that I had a contrack."

"How is you gwine prove it?"

"By Magnolius."

President Latimer chuckled. "He would make a swell witness, woul'n't he? No, Florian, you is whupped an' you might as well admit it."

Mr. Slappey paced the floor. He smoked cigarette after cigarette; he dabbed at his forehead with a limp, lavender handkerchief. And finally he turned:

"I spose you told Magnolius that he was to forget all about that contrack he signed with me, didn't you?"

"No, indeedy," smiled Orifice. "But befo' I gave him that automobile I ast him did he remember signin' any such contrack, an' he said he suttinly did not. So I felt that Midnight was safe."

Alone and forlorn, Florian went his way. Latimer notified Opus Randall and Welford Potts of the success of their strategy and a hilarious meeting was held. Then plans for a new picture were speeded up.

Two days later Midnight started rehearsing a two-reeler which was planned to be the finest thing ever to be sent from the Midnight lot.

J. Cæsar Clump personally took the megaphone. There was no suggestion of economy in the production—lights were used lavishly, handsome sets were built, and the astute Mr. Latimer planned to make a truly great picture out of Magnolius' debut as a featured player.

As for Magnolius, that long, lanky, ebony gentleman didn't seem to know what it was all about. He learned his lines readily enough, and he slouched lazily through the screen action—a languid, indifferent figure with a drawling, tired voice which later came back from the screen in a manner to send one off in convulsions of mirth.

And then, five days after the picture went into actual production, when two-thirds of it had been shot and the most important third remained to be filmed, something happened.

A smiling, slender, young colored man walked into the office of President Orifice R. Latimer and draped himself over the corner of that dignitary's desk.

"Well, Orifice," smiled Florian, "heah I is back."

Latimer scowled. "Yeh, an' the sooner you removes yo'se'f to somewhere else, the more satisfried I will be."

Florian waved insouciantly. "Time enough fo' that, Brother Latimer. I just wanted to congratulate you on what a swell pitcher you is makin'. Shootin' the works, ain't you? I reckon this pitcher must of a'ready cost you about ten thousan' dollars."

"Well, what of it?"

"Oh, nothin'; on'y I was thinkin' what a shame it is gwine be that all yo' ten thousan' dollars is plumb wasted an' th'owed away."

Latimer sat up very straight. Instinct informed him that Florian Slappey was not speaking idly.

"What kind of foolishment is you talkin'?"

"'Tain't foolishment," answered Florian suavely. "Because befo' tonight this pitcher is gwine be tied up tight by injunction, an' you ain't gwine be permitted to go ahead. I has the papers all drawed th'oo my lawyer an' all ready to slap on you, which same I is gwine do. Unless you is willin' to come across plenty."

"I—I don't know what you is talkin' about."

"No? Well, you soon will. Now, you take my advice, Mistuh Slick Latimer, an' git some folks in this heah room quick, 'cause I aims to confer. I want you an' Lawyer Chew an' J. Cæsar Clump an' them no-'count actors, Opus Randall an' Welford Potts."

Less than an hour later Florian Slappey reappeared in Latimer's office. Bulking large behind him were the gangling Magnolius Ricketts and two other persons.

One was Johnny Skidd, the thin and apologetic little supervisor. The other was Simeon Broughton, brobdingnagian chief of Midnight's grips department. Florian Slappey gestured toward his friends.

"You-all know these fellers, I think."

Latimer nodded and glanced apprehensively at Chew. Opus and Welford seemed distinctly unhappy as Florian whipped from his pocket a legal-looking document which he unfolded with meticulous care and exhibited to Magnolius.

"Mistuh Ricketts, is that yo' siggature?"

"Uh-huh, Mistuh Slappey, it sholy is."

"An' you, Mistuh Supervisor Skidd, is that yo' own pussonal handwritin' under where it says 'Witness'?"

"Yas-suh, Brother Slappey."

"An' was you the other witness, Simeon Broughton?"

"I was," answered Simeon.

"An' do you-all bofe remember seein' I an' Magnolius sign this ve'y paper before you-all signed?"

"We do."

Florian swung on his enemies. "I hope this is gwine be a lesson to you-all," he snapped. "Fum the fust I espected that you would try some funniment, an' so I had the real contracks hid out. The ones which you-all seen an' then stoled was just copies. These heah originals was with me all the time, an', believe me, I was good an' careful to have them witnessed by the two honestest men on the Midnight pay roll."

Florian's attention was momentarily attracted by something very peculiar which was being done by Mr. Magnolius Ricketts.

Ever since the commencement of Mr. Slappey's impassioned oration, Magnolius had been rambling about the room, apparently indifferent to what was being said. Florian had seen him come to a halt by a book rack which stood on the corner table, and he had seen Mr. Ricketts pick up a book and, with a quick, furtive gesture, slip the volume under his coat.

Florian was stunned. Anything which he could not understand portended evil, and this was most positively beyond his comprehension. With a great effort he resumed his speech:

"Now, git this, all you slick fellers." He continued, with one eye on Magnolius: "Did you let me alone there wasn't gwine be any squabblin'. But now there's gwine be plenty, an' you is goin' to like it. You has been usin' Magnolius in this pitcher on a basis of fraud an' deception, an' fum this minute on he quits work unless you do what I say. An' seein' that you has a'ready sunk ten thousan' dollars in it, I reckon there ain't gwine be much argument.

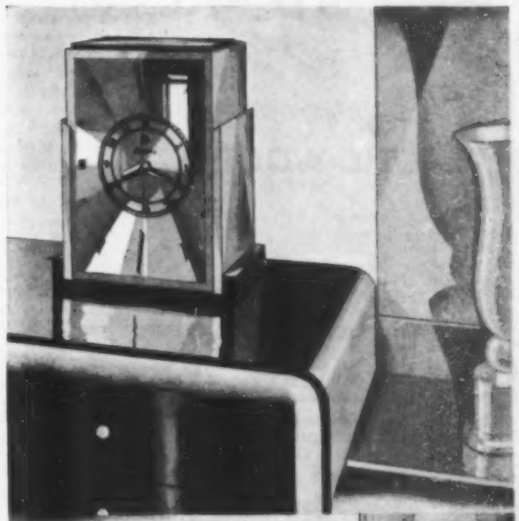
"Heah's my terms, an' the contrack is all drawed: Opus Randall an' Welford Potts each gits one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week sal'ry. Magnoliuz is better than them, so he gits a five-yeah contrack which

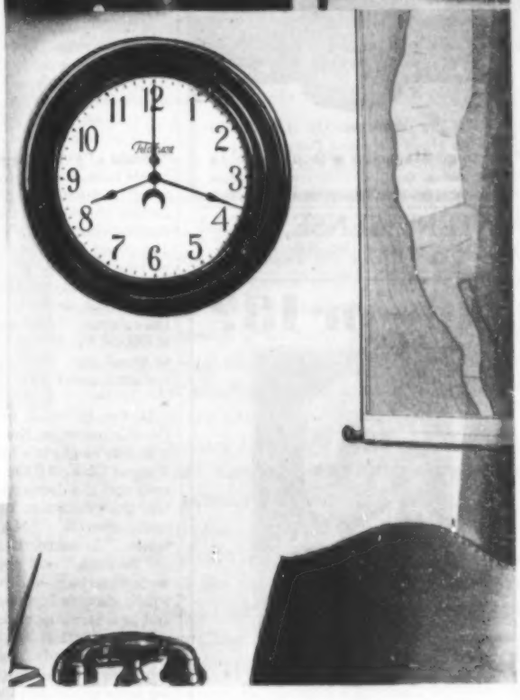
(Continued on Page 154)

now a tiny wire tells time!

PLUG YOUR TELECHRON CLOCK INTO AN ELECTRIC OUTLET . . . ITS INFALLIBLE ACCURACY IS ASSURED BY THE TELECHRON MASTER CLOCK IN THE POWER HOUSE

ADD TO THE OTHER WONDERS of this electric age, the accuracy of electric time! Over the same slender wire that now brings light and power, time will come to you . . . silent, precise, unquestioned . . . not for one day or eight, but for months and years . . . through Telechron Electric Clocks. • You can connect any Telechron with an electric outlet, set it and forget it. Its tiny motor is driven directly by impulses of alternating current from an infallible Telechron Master Clock at the power station. It eliminates completely the bother of winding, oiling, cleaning and regulating. And because it has no temperamental springs or escapements, Telechron is immeasurably more accurate and efficient. Its word can't be questioned! • Telechron time has been made as decorative as it is dependable. And inexpensive too. There are period and modern models for every purpose. Skilfully designed, richly wrought of fine woods and metals. Clocks for mantel, desk or dressing-table. Some with chimes. Some with illuminated dials. Wall clocks, kitchen clocks, even alarm clocks. Three are pictured on this page. There are many more at your dealer's. He'll gladly display them. Prices range from $9.95 to $55.* And every model provides the same uncanny accuracy! • Warren Telechron Co., Ashland, Massachusetts.





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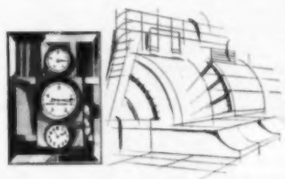

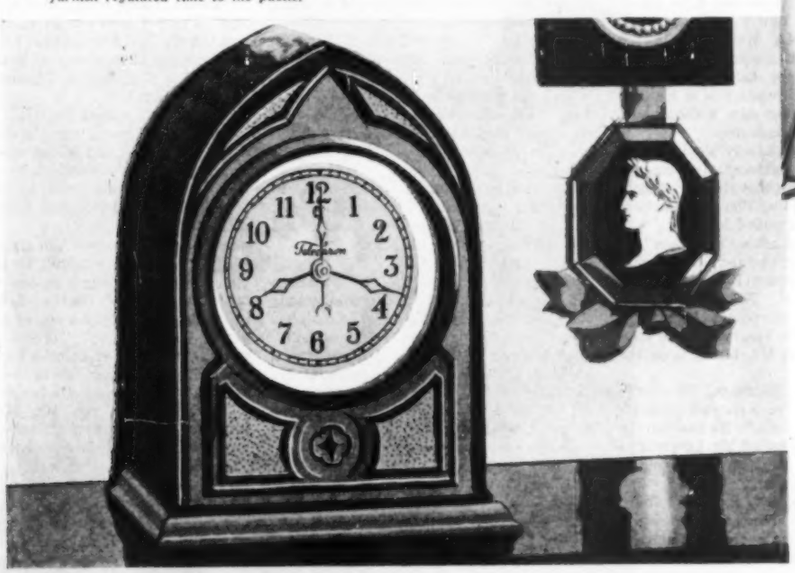

top, above: *Modernique, for the home of today—and tomorrow. Designed by Paul Frankl, foremost exponent of modern decorative art. Metal case with brushed silver finish. Height 7¾". Price $50.*

above: *406, for business or commercial use indoors. Metal case, finished in statuary bronze or white enamel. 12" dial with sweep-second hand. Price $28.*

left: *Cathedral, an inexpensive clock for desk or dressing-table. Gothic design. Bakelite case with mottled walnut finish. Three-inch silvered dial. Height 7 3/16". Price $9.95.*

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Please send me your offer.

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Street .....

City ..... State .....

(Continued from Page 152)

starts at one hundred and twenty-six dollars a week, which makes him the highest paid actor on the Midnight lot. Also, you has got to give him two swell suits of clothes fo' signin', an', also, you agree to star him in ev'y pitcher, an' nobody else gets equal billin' without my premission."

"An'," interrupted Magnolius, "what about my red automobile?"

"You keep that," said Florian. "They gave you that of their own free will an' discord fo' signin' a paper, an' it's yourn."

Latimer whirled on Opus and Welford: "You-all got me into this!" he howled. "An', believe me, you is gwine pay fo' that automobile! You was so smart ——"

"Yeh, wasn't they?" smiled Florian. "Such a heap of trouble they went to gittin' them fake contracks which I put there so they could get 'em. An' when Magnolius tol' me that they just the same as gave him fifty dollars cash money ——"

Latimer came down to business: "You got us hooked, Florian. On'y fo' these two hunks of ham, ev'ything would of been happy fum the fust. But I ain't blamin' you fo' holdin' us up. Let's see the contrack you has got drawed, an' if Lawyer Chew says it's O. K., we'll sign it right now."

And so, a few minutes later, the proper signatures had created Magnolius Ricketts Midnight's first star and highest-paid actor. They crowded about the new luminary and pumped his hand, but Florian's elation was tinctured with worry. He grabbed Magnolius by the arm and hustled him into a dressing room.

"Now," demanded Mr. Slappey fiercely, "what's up?"

The face of Mr. Ricketts was guileless: "I don't understand you, Brother Slappey."

"I'll make you understan' me soon enough. Back yonder while I was makin' my speech I seen you snoopin' aroun' Orifice Latimer's bookcase. An' with my ve'y own eyes I seen you swipe a book an' stick it under yo' coat. Ain't that so?"

"Golla, yes!" Magnolius readily produced the pilfered volume. "Heah it is, Florian, an', b'lieve me, you better be glad I tooken it."

Mr. Slappey gazed at the book and found his bewilderment complete.

"Fo' gosh sakes!" he gasped. "What in the world did you swipe a dictionary for?"

Magnolius beamed.

"Brother Slappey," he explained seriously, "I had plenty good reason. Just suppose that befo' us had finished signin' that contrack President Latimer had discovered this!"

Mr. Ricketts thumbed swiftly through the pages. At length he found the word which had alarmed him. With pop-eyed amazement Mr. Slappey read a single definition:

CONTRACT—To make smaller.

LIONS ARE LOWER TODAY

(Continued from Page 40)

no doubt about it. Jonathan Lowry. "Well," he thought, "I expect they've been getting money from father. Now what use could that be?" Aloud he said, "Why, McKinstry must be McKinstry and Mann. You know, the sporting goods or what-not firm."

"Very likely," agreed Ann. "But to return to the bear—he wouldn't pay for it. I believe he told everyone it was ruined in mounting, so they wrote it off, or whatever they do."

"It looks swell to me," said Jonathan, gazing out at it.

"Well, you see," Ann continued, "all you have to do is sell the bear to Mr. McKinstry. Suppose," she said, "you just run up and do that. It's only two o'clock. Come back afterward and we'll have tea."

"Oh—ah—fine," stammered Jonathan.

"Furthermore," said Ann, looking at him steadily, "you can just send those lion heads back, please. I do appreciate it very much, and I suppose you didn't, in the comforting phrase, mean any harm. Well, none has been done. You'll have to take the cat, I'm afraid, but I've finally thought out one or two things ——" She dropped a forefinger suddenly on the letterhead, the nail resting just under the Jonathan Lowry in the column. "So I suppose you can afford it. Good-by, Mr. Lowry, and don't bother to thank me. We'll just struggle along in our antiquated way."

It was half-past two by the handsome clock balanced on the immense forehead of a bronze elephant's head in the hall of the Nimrod Club. All the other heads were real ones and the display deserved more attention than Jonathan Lowry in his agitation could give it. "Mr. McKinstry in the house?" he asked the doorman.

"Perhaps," said the doorman, who had devised a rough-and-ready rule of his own which classified young men without hats and in a hurry as undesirable.

"Just say that Mr. Lowry would like to see him," urged Jonathan, advancing so firmly on the doorman that there was nothing to do but let him by. The doorman consulted his chart and pulled his ear. "Mr. McKinstry is in the office, I believe," he said at last. "He can't be disturbed there."

"Oh," said Jonathan Lowry, nettled, "you'd be astonished. The office is practically ideal for my purposes. Ring it up and ask whether Mr. Lowry can see him. In fact, tell him that Mr. Lowry is on the way to see him."

"Well," said the doorman, "if you're Mr. Lowry and on the way, just go down that passage to the right." He took up the telephone. "A chap called Mr. Lowry says he wants to see Mr. McKinstry," he told it. "Shall I send him away?"

The telephone appeared abruptly to burn him. He dropped it and waddled violently down the passage to the right. Jonathan Lowry had just paused, finding himself facing the side door. "Slight mistake, sir," panted the doorman. "Passage to the left was what I meant to say. Mr. McKinstry wants you to come right in."

"The first twenty years are the hardest," said Jonathan mildly. "After you've been here a while you'll have it figured out. I'm the man who's going to bring you a nice new bear to play with." The doorman preceded him hastily, swung open a glazed door and closed it after him.

Mr. McKinstry was alone in a small office. He had stood up, large, ruddy and amiable looking, but he hesitated, astonished now.

"Mr. McKinstry?" said Jonathan. "This is Mr. Lowry. I'm delighted to meet you, I'm sure. Are you interested in bears today?"

The chairman of the house committee regarded him, stupefied. "It seems very unlikely," he said at last. "Come in again sometime when I'm out. There appears to have been a slight mistake in names. Good afternoon, Mr.—er—Lowry."

"That's all right," said Jonathan, sitting down with what aplomb he could muster. "My business is bears—grizzly bears, stuffed ones. Just what you need in the hall. *Ursi horribiles*, I guess you call them. In fact, I'm the big bear expert from one of the premier stuffing houses. Now, we have an especially fine grizzly bear ——"

"All right, young man," nodded Mr. McKinstry, "I'm rather busy now ——"

"Just a minute," begged Jonathan. "I'm just trying to do you a favor, Mr. McKinstry. I heard the Saskatchewan trip wasn't a success. No bear. Well, what are you going to do? Go to all the expense of fitting out another ——"

"The door," observed Mr. McKinstry, "is just behind you. Or would you rather be escorted?"

"It's not good sense," maintained Jonathan. "Expeditions cost money. You know all about that, Mr. McKinstry. Why, you're in the expedition outfitting business, aren't you?"

Mr. McKinstry appeared taken aback. "Sit down, young man," he said carefully. "I'd like to hear just a little more about that reference to my business. What the devil do you mean?"

"Well, now you mention it," Jonathan said, "why not? There isn't anything wrong with your business, is there? The club has to get outfitted somewhere, doesn't it? Don't tell me you deliberately discredited a fine bear, probably father of a large family, just so you could send another expedition?"

"No, no ——" Mr. McKinstry made alarming noises in his throat. Jonathan eyed him with exhilarated interest.

"Look here, young man," rumbled Mr. McKinstry, finding his voice, "just what are you after? To be perfectly frank, I've taken an extraordinary dislike to your face, but if you have anything to say, I may listen to it."

Jonathan Lowry sighed. "All right," he agreed. "What happened to the bear? I didn't see it outside. You weren't short on money or anything, were you? You haven't got it pawned?"

Mr. McKinstry had grown slightly purple. "You accuse me of misappropriation?" he roared. "You imply ——"

"Now, let's not go into that," said Jonathan, pained. "Suppose you were to tell me all about it, and then my father were to ask. I couldn't lie to him, could I? Of course not. Suppose I were to say to him that Mr. McKinstry had the swellest bear he was holding out on the club. They might poke around and want all the figures or something. They might ask you where you did your outfitting ——"

"You're Jonathan Lowry's son," nodded Mr. McKinstry. "Well, young man, there may be something in what you say. Let's hear the proposition."

"I want to sell you your bear, Mr. McKinstry," said Jonathan. "I won't charge you for anything but the tailoring, and I want a check. In fact, I want the club's check. Then you and I will run right down and get this splendid specimen. How's that?"

"Not so good," grunted Mr. McKinstry. He produced a check book.

"One minute," begged Jonathan Lowry. "How about some lions, Mr. McKinstry? Five absolutely topnotch lions going begging." He paused significantly. "These aren't a luxury, these are a necessity, Mr. McKinstry. So just make out the check ——"

"Listen, young man," said Mr. McKinstry: "I'm not sure I'm justified in giving you the club's check for that bear. But as for lions, we have plenty of lions. Dining room's full of them. So I guess we won't be taking any."

"All right," agreed Jonathan, "give me your personal check for the lions. Just what McKinstry and Mann needs. Liven up the second floor wonderfully. I'm sorry there are only five of them, but they ought to do for a start. I'll let you know if I hear of any more."

Mr. McKinstry eyed him grimly. "Well, well," he said, "I wouldn't be surprised if you were even a bigger success than your father, Mr. Lowry. On the whole, five will be plenty. No, I'll trust you to get the bear here." He stood up. "If you happen to remember any other animals I need, you'll find me up in the bar, ten to one. How did you get in on this, by the way?"

"I'm not there yet, Mr. McKinstry," protested Jonathan. "Just stumbling around." He folded the checks together. "But listen, Mr. McKinstry, we extortionists have to stick together. Don't let anyone happen to stop payment on these, because what I don't know I can make up, and it might be worse than it is."

(Continued on Page 158)

AS ESSENTIAL AS GOOD MANNERS

WHETHER your home is a modest cottage or a mansion, there are certain details in every room which must be complete as a courtesy to others. In the bathroom this is the toilet seat. Too often a worn, shabby toilet seat makes the entire bathroom appear unsightly, antiquated — a fault which can be corrected at little expense by installing a new, immaculate Church Sani-White or Church Colored Toilet Seat.

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QUESTIONS:

Are spare parts quickly available?

Can I sample it free?

What is the strength of this material?

How much is the upkeep?

Have they other patterns?

How can I preserve the finish?

Is this preparation suited to my skin?

Must this be washed or dry cleaned?

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PRINTER ☐ USER OF PRINTING ☐
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AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET
Auto-Strop BLADE

(Continued from Page 154)

From the potato-shaped head Albert removed his somewhat worn black bowler. Jonathan Lowry bounded up from the bench in the hall, releasing his hair. "You seem to be back," he admitted.

"Yes, Mr. Jonathan."

"Well, shoot the works, Albert," he begged. "You delivered the note?"

"Ah—yes, sir," said Albert.

"And Miss Truesdale said?"

"She—ah—did not open it, sir."

Jonathan groaned. "All right," he urged, "get it over, Albert."

"I delivered the checks, sir. I have here Mr. Truesdale's—ah—refund in exchange for the check from Mr. McKinstry and the—ah—trophies, are delivered, sir. I also explained about the—ah—bear."

"And didn't she say anything?"

"She thanked me very kindly, Mr. Jonathan," admitted Albert, opening and closing his mouth doubtfully. "In regard to the—ah—now, cat, Mr. Jonathan."

"I do seem to remember something about it," snapped Jonathan.

"I wish to recall to you, Mr. Jonathan, a certain—ah—promise you were good enough to make to me in that connection."

"Yes," agreed Jonathan, "I wasn't to throw it at anyone. And I won't. I'll probably break it over your head if you don't manage to talk faster. Spit it out, Albert; have a heart!"

"I didn't mean to refer to the disposal of the animal, Mr. Jonathan."

"Don't," begged Jonathan tugging his hair, "be coy, Albert. I'm not going to do your sister out of it."

"I was referring to your mention of—ah—matrimony."

"Listen," shouted Jonathan, "I'll tell you now that you needn't worry. The only intentions of matrimony as you put it that I kept in stock concerned Miss Truesdale."

"Ah—yes, sir. I presumed as much. What you engaged yourself to avoid was precipitate action before Mr. Lowry's return."

"Just because your mind is melting away, don't think mine is," groaned Jonathan.

"Ah, now, Mr. Jonathan, while I confess that my anxiety in regard to Mr. Lowry's attitude is considerably mitigated by my recent observations, I must still rely on your adherence to the promise mentioned."

"Well," roared Jonathan, "wind yourself up. What did Ann say?"

"She—ah—mentioned something about tea, sir," Albert confessed, "if you should be at liberty when I returned."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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3 to 12 years — Watch these years when your children's sturdy bodies are at stake

It's the "three to twelve" years that doctors agree are so critical in building the strong, sturdy bodies—the ruddy health—that is every child's birthright. And it's these years, most of all, when they need an abundance of the *sunshine vitamin* that plays so important a part in building strong bones and sound, well-developed teeth.

Most foods, you know, are lacking entirely in this precious vitamin. And especially now, during the winter months when the sun's rays themselves are least effective, you'll find doctors urging Cocomalt as part of every child's regular diet to supply this vital need.

But Cocomalt is much more than a delightful "something-to-drink" that contains Vitamin D. It is really a completely balanced *natural* food drink that combines in scientific proportion the nourishing elements ideally suited to growing children. And it's *so* delicious, with a flavor so definitely its *own*, that youngsters take to it as eagerly as they take to playtime.

Not too rich or heavy. Not too sweet. Wholesome. Easy to digest—it helps digest other foods. A wonderfully inviting hot drink for breakfast, a "Mother-may-I-mix-it-myself?" treat—hot or cold after school . . . Why not start now to make it a part of your children's daily diet—and your own as well? You may get Cocomalt at your grocer's in half pound, one pound, and the economical five pound family size.

MORE PRECIOUS THAN DIAMONDS

Few natural foods contain this precious rare vitamin. Yet doctors say Vitamin D—the *Sunshine Vitamin*—is one of the most important elements for building strength and vitality. That's why Cocomalt should be a part of every child's (and grown-up's) regular diet. It aids in the prevention of rickets (soft bones, bowed legs) and helps build strong bones, sound teeth and sturdy bodies.

How does Vitamin D make bones strong and healthy? • Read the fascinating story of the Sunshine Vitamin and how it works in the body, as told in the booklet "Children of the Sun." It's FREE—Send the Coupon.

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TONCAN!

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But Toncan means more than just permanence. It means life-long economy. Frequent repairs are unnecessary . . maintenance costs are low . . . deterioration becomes a minor factor to the owner.

For no other ferrous metal wages a more stubborn fight against rust and corrosion than Toncan Iron . . the rust and corrosion that attack down-spoutings, flashing, cornices, ventilators and window frames. Architects, engineers and contractors find hundreds of uses for this remarkable alloy of pure iron, copper and molybdenum.

Industry, too, turns to Toncan for piping, furnaces, stoves, refrigerators, culverts and innumerable other products where resistance to rust is all important.

Look for the Toncan label . . . and wherever you find it, consider it your guarantee of permanence and life-long economy.

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TONCAN
COPPER
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This is a BOW TIE *year!*

IN HOLLYWOOD, Palm Beach and Broadway—the *bow* tie is unmistakably *the* tie style. And how fortunate for mankind that this week—and each succeeding week—you'll see a pronouncedly larger number of young men wearing smart bow ties.

In the first place, a bow tie is the most sensible tie any man can wear. It is truly correct. It is jaunty. A horizontal dash of tie-color is the dominant note of man's otherwise drab attire—and it relieves the monotony of vertical lines. It registers alertness. It breathes good grooming. It brings out the best in any man's face. It's on in a jiffy and amazingly comfortable with soft, semi-soft or starched collar.

The smartest bow ties are Spur Ties—the choice of millions. Tied by expert feminine fingers—they stay tied. And that secret of the phenomenal success of Spur Tie—the concealed, patented "Innerform"—permits you to adjust the wings to suit your *personal* fancy. You owe it to yourself to wear a Spur Tie—the smartest tie that ever set tie style. Step into a young men's store today and see those wonderful new spring Spur Tie colors and patterns—the smartest and most sensible ties that ever adorned masculine necks.

JOHN BOLES

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John Boles, "The Golden Tenor of the talking screen," caps his great successes in "The Desert Song" and "Rio Rita" with "La Marseillaise"—the story of the song that inflamed a nation to red revolt and triumph. Laura LaPlante is the co-star in this burning love story.

Insist that the Spur Tie red label shown above is on every tie and avoid inferior imitations. You can shape a Spur Tie in any way you like—fluffy or flat, severe or sportive—and the patented H-shaped Innerform holds it that way.

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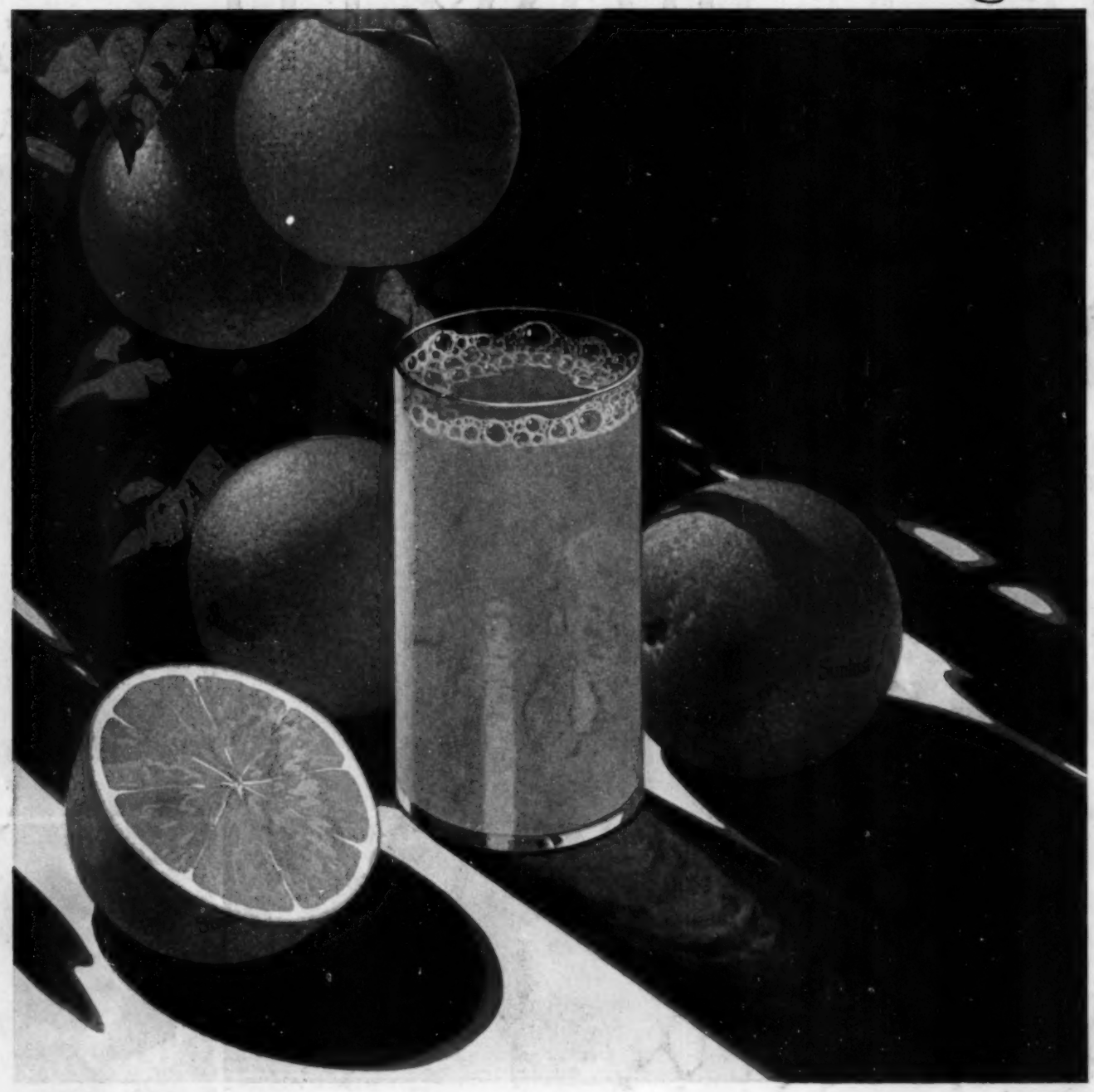
Sunkist Seedless Navel Oranges



CALIFORNIA'S all-year sunshine, invigorating air and mountain snow-waters *grow into* Sunkist Seedless Navel Oranges a deliciousness and wealth of health-building essentials that is unequalled. That is why science today recognizes as an established fact what your taste has always told you:—

CALIFORNIA ORANGES HAVE THE RICHEST JUICE AND FINEST FLAVOR

To make the findings of science even more visibly impressive to you, compare the deep color and full-bodied juice of Sunkist Oranges with the juice of oranges grown under other conditions. Sunkist superiority is instantly apparent.

California Sunkist Navel Oranges are deservedly the nation's "*First Call for Breakfast!*" And, having firm, but tender and juicy meat, are greatly to be preferred for salads and desserts. *Higher flavored and seedless,* they are also much easier to prepare—peel, separate or slice *thin*—without the usual annoying and wasteful mussiness.

Sunkist *California* Orange Juice

Richest Juice . . . Finest Flavor

Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor. Simple to operate; only two instantly removable parts to clean after use. Extracts ALL the Orange or Lemon Juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. Obtainable with alabaster glass bowl. $14.95 delivered in U. S. A. If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order to address below. Canada delivery price $19.95. Send for new free catalog of "Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories."

Dealers using the Sunkist Extractor make drinks to your order from fresh Oranges and Lemons rather than serve synthetic compounds. Look for this machine. It is visible assurance of the use of fresh fruit juice. PROSPECTIVE Buyers: Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this speedy, efficient machine. Write for full information and terms to the address below. Please state business.

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DEPT. 102, BOX 530, STATION "C," LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Exceeding all other points, however, is the important *quantity* of minerals and vitamins contained in California Oranges—*the only oranges in the market fresh every day in the year.* You may even increase their already rich health value by adding the *fresh* juice of half a California Sunkist Lemon to each glass of fresh Orange Juice. Both oranges and lemons are among the chief sources of vitamin "C" which cannot be stored in the body longer than 24 hours and must be replenished every day. Two 8-ounce glasses of the combined juices form an adequate daily supply of vitamin "C."

While acid in taste, California Sunkist Oranges and Lemons are *alkaline in reaction* in the body and help prevent or correct Acidosis. Send to the address at the left for a popular free book "Telling Fortunes with Foods." It discusses Acidosis and supplies normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing menus approved by an eminent authority.

California Sunkist *Seedless Navels* are identified by their radiant orange color and by the trademark "Sunkist" on skin and wrapper. © 1930 C. F. G. E.